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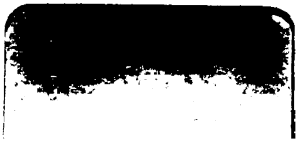

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THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT

AND

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

EDITORS:

MRS. S. S. ALLEN, REV. C. STONE, WILLIAM C. BROWN

"Her house
Was ordered well; her children taught the way
Of life; who, rising up in honor, called
Her blessed. Best pleased to be admired at home,
And hear reflected from her husband's praise
Her own, she sought no grace of foreign eye;
His praise alone, and faithful love and trust
Reposed, was happiness enough for her."—POLLOCK.

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A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

Dear Readers, whoever you are,
Permit us to count you as dear;
You have pondered our pages thus far,
And we wish you a happy New Year.
Our object has been, in the past,
Your duties to urge and explain,
That you may be happy at last,
Nor we fear to meet you again.

The Old Year has vanished, and fled
Are its bright hopes and promises too,—
All numbered and left with the dead,—
Yet live we to welcome the New.
If Memory lingers a while
To shed o'er the buried a tear,
Sweet Hope doth enchantingly smile
To welcome another new year.

It is true grizzly Death, with his wand,
Has touched many sweet blooming flowers,
And borne to his shadowy land
The good and the lovely of ours.
O'er the havoc his sceptre has made,
O'er the hopes he has nipped in their bloom,
What fond hearts in anguish have bled,
And wept at the gates of the tomb!

Old age with the wrinkles of time,
And manhood perplexed with its cares,
Maternity's glory and prime,
And the smile infant innocence wears
With wisdom and beauty and worth,
Have tranquilly fallen asleep,
To rest on the bosom of earth,
While Memory lingers to weep!

Yet we our fond labors renew,
The loved ones still living to bless,
Still bringing old virtues to view,
With the charms of a lovelier dress.
In accents of kindness and love
We speak to Maternity's ear,
And hope by our efforts to prove
That we wish all a happy New Year.

With skill which we boast not as ours,
Here Genius rich chaplets hath twined,
With Music, Engravings, and Flowers,
For the eye and the ear and the mind.
While duties of mothers and wives
Here shine like a necklace of pearls,
For them to wear during their lives,
And then to transmit to their girls.

And lest we should seem in your eyes
Engaged in this great work alone,
Our Hookers and Humphrey and Wise,
Phelps, Alcott, and Abbott and Stone,
With Shepherd and Kittredge and Knight,
And Maxwell and Eddy and Dyer,
Are pledged for our columns to write,
With others whom you will admire.

No pains shall we spare to supply
Such reading as mothers demand;
The best that our money can buy,
And some of the best in the land.
For this do we prizes afford
For Essays of excellence rare;
Some unto the men we award,
And some are borne off by the fair.

Our poets still better will write
(The same who have written before),
Save one who has passed from our sight,
Whose muse will enchant us no more.
She sang of the wonderful scenes
Which checkered the life of her Lord,
And now on his bosom she leans,
And sees him by angels adored.

One tear for the vanished from earth,
For the minstrel departed one sigh;
But joy that a soul of such worth
Has found a new harp in the sky.
We think of the dead, and we mourn,
We drop the sad tear of regret,
And then to the living we turn,
In the hope we may profit them yet.

Afford us, then, only the means
Our work to enrich and improve,
And then through life's beautiful scenes
We 'll lead you with labors of love,

Till the heart of each mother shall thrill
With new and increasing delight,
O'er the pages we labor to fill
With the best thoughts that sages can write;

Till not only mothers, but wives,
Whose standard of duty is high,
Shall count it one joy of their lives
To cast o'er our pages an eye;
While beauty shall linger to learn
That the hue of her cheek must decay,
And the youthful, admonished, shall turn
From their youthful excesses away.

Thus useful, contented, and blest,
Still seeking that happier clime,
Whose flowerets have never been pressed
By the terrible foot-prints of time,
We 'll pass through each dreary defile,
With hearts full of courage and cheer,
Rejoicing in hope of that smile
Which alone makes a happy New Year.

A GEM.

BY MRS. S. A. B. CURRIER.

THERE is a gem of rarer beauty than the diamond that sparkles from the crown of earth's greatest monarch. *That* may dazzle the eye, but the other charms the heart. The *one* can be worn but by the few, the *other* may grace the person of every son and daughter of intelligence. Wouldst thou possess this priceless treasure? Take then the gem to thy bosom, and learn that it is that "charity that worketh by love and purifieth the heart;" that ever radiant and imperishable love which "thinketh no evil," which "all things beareth, all things hopeth, and all things endureth."

Its heavenly lustre may
Encircle thee around,
And as a chain of purest gold
Thy gentle spirit e'er enfold,
To shield unseen thy pilgrim way,
And constant in thy heart be found.

SYMPATHY, THE BOND OF MARRIAGE.

BY REV. E. F. CUTTER.

Alone, along the lyre of Nature sighed
The master chord, to which no chord replied.
For Man, while bliss and beauty reigned around,
For Man alone, no fellowship was found;
No fond companion, in whose dearer breast
His heart, repining in his own, might rest.
For, born to love, the heart delights to roam,—
A kindred bosom is its happiest home.
On earth's green lap, the father of mankind,
In mild subjection, thoughtfully reclined;
Soft o'er his eyes a sealing slumber crept,
And fancy soothed him, while reflection slept.
Then God, who thus would make his counsel known,
Counsel that willed not man to dwell alone,
Created Woman, with a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her on her face!
The patriarch's eyelids opened on his bride,
The morn of beauty risen from his side;
He gazed with new-born rapture on her charms,
And Love's first whispers won her to his arms;
Then, tuned through all the chords, supremely sweet,
Exulting nature found her lyre complete,
And from the key of each harmonious sphere
Struck music worthy of her Maker's ear!

MONTGOMERY.

We ever read with deep interest the opening pages of the Bible; for there we find the only record of the origin of all things. There, too, we learn the earliest human relations, and the reason why man was bound to such relations; a reason which lies deep in his natural constitution, and teaches that the bonds of social life are not artificial, but natural and necessary to man. He was created for them, and without them he cannot exist.

Hence we trace, with deep interest, the progressive work of creation during the six days in which the wonderful skill and power of God gave shape and beauty to the world. The earth was without form and void, wrapped about with clouds and darkness. It was the undisturbed reign of "chaos and old night." Then brooded the Spirit of God upon the face of the waters, light beamed upon the

darkness, and order succeeded to confusion. Amid the silence, the Almighty uttered his voice, and light dawned at his word. The broad, blue firmament spanned the earth as the arch of heaven, and suns and stars began their glittering orbits. The dry land was clothed with verdure and flowers, and teemed with life. The broad oceans and seas rolled within appointed bounds; rapid streams flowed from every mountain side, and in earth, air and water, there were life and music. Man, too, was then made in the image and likeness of God, lord over all the earth. He was holy and happy in his new world. God himself, at each successive stage, pronounced the work good. It was good; good in design, good in execution.

Man had now a beautiful home, well stored with abundant provision for physical and intellectual enjoyment. There was everything good for food, and everything pleasant to the eye; all that appetite might crave, or taste demand. Trees loaded with fruit, flowers blooming in beauty, bright, sunny skies, and clear, rippling streams, made Eden, the garden of God. There was music, too, in the whispering wind, the rustling leaf, the rushing stream, the sweet melody of birds, and the varying tone of insects and beasts of every name. The silence and darkness of chaos had all passed away. There was active life in air, earth and sea, and man received the homage of every created thing.

Yet, as God looked on this favored creature, he saw his work was not complete. There was a craving in his nature that was not supplied. Of all the varied and beautiful creation around him, there was none like him, — none equal to him. The wild dove had his mate, and each beast of the field his fellow; but for man was no help-meet found. The subordinate creation might minister to his wants, and afford much gratification to his sense, but they could not commune with him in affection, thought, or in speech. He was alone; and God had so created him, that solitude was not congenial to his nature. As the Creator looked upon his work, he saw that one more gift was essential, alike to the full development of man's nature, and to perfect the bliss of Eden. That gift was woman; made bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh; like to him in mind, affection and destiny. They twain were one flesh; of one nature, one image; one in thought, affection and sympathy; of one speech, fitted to communion and fellowship; "one heart, one soul in both." "So God created man in his own image; in the image of God cre-

ated he him; male and female created he them." And God saw everything he had made, and behold it was *very* good. It was finished and perfect. No creature was alone, but each had his helpmeet and fellow. The earth was the home of social life, alike to man and to all the lower orders of creation.

This is the record of the institution of marriage. It teaches clearly the end why such an institution was made, coëval with man. It was to meet the craving of intelligent being for sympathy; and sympathy is the true bond of marriage. They twain are one, as though they had but one body, one spirit, felt the pulsations of one heart, and yielded to the guidance of one will. It is a relation peculiar and distinct from all others, and holds the first and highest place in its claim to regard. "For this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave unto his wife; and they twain shall be one flesh." He may not part from her, for she is a part and parcel of himself. Milton has expressed this idea, with matchless beauty of language, in his description of the first transgression. Thus Eve, after she had eaten the forbidden fruit, soliloquizes, in view of meeting Adam:

> "Confirmed, then, I resolve
> Adam shall share with me in bliss or woe;
> So dear I love him, that with him all deaths
> I could endure, — without him live no life."

And Adam, when she tempts him to taste the fruit, thus expresses his oneness with her in death or in life:

> "However, I with thee have fixed my lot,
> Certain to undergo like doom; if death
> Consort with thee, death is to me as life;
> So forcible within my heart I feel
> The bond of nature draw me to my own;
> My own in thee, for what thou art is mine;
> Our state cannot be severed; we are one,
> One flesh; to lose thee were to lose myself."

They were one; one in Eden, one in transgression, one in punishment. Their history is as the record of one life in its holiness and its sin, in its bliss and its woe, in its rewards and its penalties. It is a history of married life, as it was from the beginning; and we make it the type of marriage under all conditions, and in all ages of the world.

We should far exceed the limits allotted us, should we attempt to follow out this idea of sympathy, through all the forms in which it affects and controls the marriage relation, for it enters into every duty, and is everywhere present. We can only touch upon a few more prominent points, which, however, are sufficient to establish our position, that it is the bond of marriage. Where it is wanting, the girdle is broken; there is no union, no happiness; the parties are yet twain; they live alone, though they live together. When it is weak, the girdle sits loosely; there is no perfect communion; there may be a quiet apathy which prevents any apparent collision, but there is no blending into one nature, — no full absorption into one being. This is found alone where sympathy is strong. Then they are indeed one; heart beats to heart, eye responds to eye, hand joins to hand;

> "Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
> With boundless confidence; for naught but love
> Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

In the original institution of marriage, every provision was made to link the man and his wife in the bond of perfect sympathy. The man was made of the dust, but the woman was taken out of the man, that she might be part and parcel of himself. She was given unto him for the express reason that it was not good for him to be alone. Hence she was formed as his equal, his companion, his friend; an help-meet in all the circumstances of his life. Matthew Henry expresses the true idea of her position in a beautiful though quaint illustration. "The woman was made of a rib out of the side of Adam; not made out of his head to top him, nor out of his feet to be trampled upon by him; but out of his side, to be equal with him; under his arm, to be protected, and near his heart, to be beloved." God smiled on the union, and blessed the happy pair, whom he had made for each other, and so united that they twain were one. "God, as her Father," says Henry, "brought the woman to the man, as his second self, and an help-meet for him. When he had made her, he did not leave her to her own disposal. She was his child, and must not marry without his consent. Marriages (they say) are made in heaven. We are sure this was; for the man, the woman and the match, were all God's own work. He, by his power, made them *both*, and now, by his ordinance, made them *one*. This was a marriage made in perfect innocency, and so

was never any marriage since." This is a beautiful picture — the sympathetic union of two holy beings in a holy home, each made an help-meet to the other, and both married into one by God himself.

Even under the changes sin has wrought, the nature of human relations is unchanged. True marriage now, as then, is sympathy, — the union of two hearts in one. And all the circumstances which attend its formation, or its progress, show clearly this truth. It is not the relation of infancy; for the infant is wrapped up in a mother's deep sympathies, and knows not, nor cares for, other love. Every want of its nature is met in the watchful affection which guards its cradle, and pillows its head on a mother's bosom. Nor is it the relation of childhood. The laughing child satisfies its sympathies in the companionship of sisters and brothers at home, and its chosen companions at school. But when the bonds of infancy are severed, and though a mother's love still blesses the path of life as pure sunlight, there is no more that deep, close-linking sympathy which made mother and infant as one; and when childhood's hour is passed, and the early associates, though yet dear to the heart, are no longer knit together in the guileless, trusting confidence of young affection, then man feels alone. He craves sympathy. He desires one to whom his heart may turn, and upon whom he may lean, as in infancy he reposed on a mother's love, or in childhood he turned to his mates. It is, we believe, with young men especially, the most critical period of life; and more are ruined in its passage than at any other point. They have left their early home, and have no home of their own. Craving companionship, they seek it wherever it may be found, and fall, by bad example and evil associations, into vice and crime. In such an hour, the marriage tie is formed, and, early formed, it has saved thousands from the ruin of which we have spoken. It binds up the broken links of infancy and childhood, and by a sweeter, closer union, reünites the lone man to his kind.

Under these circumstances, marriage makes for man a home, — a new home, — dearer and more peculiarly his own than his early home. But one other shares it with him, and she, in all its weal and woe, like himself. To them both, there is now no other home on earth. It is a thought of deep and solemn interest, how many early associations have been given up, how many early ties have been sundered, to be all blended and united in the one mystic tie of marriage. But yesterday, the woman sat with a happy and lov-

ing group around her, in the home of affection, where her infancy had been cradled, and her childhood sped its golden hours. A father's eye watched her with pride; a mother's love blessed her path; a band of brothers and sisters circled her with deep and true affection. It was her home,— the only home she had ever known, — rich in all the memories of many happy years. Can she leave it,— leave it forever, no more to know it as *her* home? To-day she sits in another home, with but one by her side. He alone shares it with her, can alone join with her in calling it home. For him and with him she has forsaken the old home and its long-tried friends, and bound up her life and her love with him. What an over-mastering sympathy, which can thus snap so many endearing ties, that they twain may share one home. And yet they are happy, if the marriage be true marriage; they need no more and ask no more than what they find in the union of heart and spirit to one home, one love, and one life, forever.

Within this home new relations are formed; but they are relations common to both husband and wife. To each the relatives of the other are now brought into kindred, and the circle of family attachments is enlarged. With a fellow-sympathy they look round upon this circle as their own, for whoever claims kindred blood to the one is linked in like relationship to the other. It is one of the blessed influences of marriage, that it binds the hearts of two to such sympathetic union, that the long-cherished affections of years are commingled and made to flow together, and there is mutual sympathy as well in the attachments of the past as in the joys of the present and the hopes of the future. The husband and the wife alike own and are owned by a new father, a new mother, and new brethren and sisters; and two households to them become as one.

A yet more endearing relation is formed in the home which unites them parents,— one relation to them both, which they alone may share. As the mother clasps the babe to her bosom and whispers, "Mine, *my* child," the father bends over her, and whispers, "Mine also, *my* child." No other may participate in the claim. Each sees in *their* child the blended image of both, and to each the little one looks for a parent's love, care and teaching. How strong and sweet this new link of union! How closely round their child bind the affections of the husband and wife; and in the common object of love they have one sympathy, and they share it alone. No

other holds like relation, knows like affection, or is bound by like responsibility. In all the training of that child, they are one. In its life their life is bound up. In its death, should death nip the beautiful flower, they mourn together. The pulsations of their hearts beat as one heart toward the child, for each sees in it a second self.

In all the *duties* of the marriage relation, there is a like demand for sympathy. The vows of espousal are mutual vows, binding husband to wife and wife to husband, in love, fidelity, and unchanging truth, all "life's journey through." No pledge is given on the one hand that is not answered by a mutual pledge on the other. Hearts and hands are united, so that they are henceforth to walk heart to heart and hand in hand. Thus they enter their new home. To fulfil truly their vows, it must be a home hallowed by religion. There must be sympathy with God and with one another. It was so in the first marriage, the purest and most blissful earth has ever known. Adam and Eve were in sympathy with God, and the nuptial hour was hallowed by prayer and praise. It was a home of peace, which knew no discordant note till sin entered, and, separating between man and God, created alienation also between man and woman; for Adam boldly accused her, who had been given him to cheer his loneliness with the sweet sympathy his nature so strongly craved, as his tempter to transgression. Especially should there be sympathy between the husband and wife in religious faith and feeling. "Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers," is not more a precept of the Bible than of sound reason. It is an unequal yoke. It destroys the sympathetic union; for on one great theme, and that a theme so important and engrossing as to fill the heart, they have no feeling in common. They cannot come together to God in prayer, cannot commune together of Christ, nor can they rejoice together in the hope of heaven. What a closing up of the deepest, purest sympathies of our nature. Payson has well illustrated such an union by the figure of a bird, one of whose wings is broken, and its flight toward heaven is painful and impeded.

Life is a checkered scene,— "alternate sunshine, bitter tears." It has its joys and its sorrows, its hopes and its fears, its light and its darkness. In all these it is not good for man to be alone. The cup of joy is sweeter when he shares it with another, who can relish it with enjoyment like himself; the cup of woe is more

tolerable when another shares and sympathizes with him in its bitterness. This sympathy he must find, if anywhere in the wide world, at home, with his wife. If her eye and heart do not respond to his under every successive change, he is alone. The like sympathy from him must bless her, or she has no true home, but dwells in solitude. In all the petty cares of each passing day, in all the little incidents of common life, this mutual sympathy must show itself, or the full measure of duty and blessing is not attained. Sympathy felt in all which pertains to their common home is the bond of perfectness between husband and wife. Sympathy expressed on all occasions is the music of home. Nothing can supply its place, or fill "the aching void" always found where it is not.

We have thus briefly and imperfectly carried out our idea of marriage as it was in the beginning. It would follow as a necessary consequence that there could be no such union unless in marriage to one wife. The heart cannot be divided in its sympathies, so as to make of more than twain one flesh. Hence we read, without wonder, the declaration of the wise man, that, among a thousand, he had not found one woman. We doubt not there were among the thousand many, who, if he had chosen one of them alone, and bound up his heart to her heart in true marriage, would have blessed him with woman's devoted and faithful love. But no woman could give her whole heart for the thousandth part of a man's. And no man, who divides his affections among a thousand, could know the blessedness of loving only one. There can be no sympathy unless heart be given for heart.

Sin has marred this institution of God. It has made many unhappy marriages, by perverting the ordinance to lust, the love of wealth, fashion, and the mere caprice of seeking a home. Hence marriages are made without any sympathy between the parties, on the principles of bargain and sale. Dr. Watts thus humorously satirizes such matches:

> Say, mighty love, and teach my song,
> To whom thy sweetest joys belong,
> And who the happy pairs;
> Whose yielding hearts and joining hands
> Find blessings twisted with their bands,
> To soften all their cares!

Not the wild herd of nymphs and swains
Who thoughtless fly into the chains,
As custom leads the way;
If there be bliss without design,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as blest as they.

Not sordid souls of earthly mould,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of gold,
To dull embraces move;
So two rich mountains of Peru
May rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the dull pairs whose marble form
None of the melting passions warm
Can mingle hearts and hands;
Logs of green wood, which quench the coals,
Are married just like stoic souls,
With osiers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy strain,
Still silent, or that still complain,
Can the dear bondage bless;
As well may heavenly concerts spring
From two old lutes with ne'er a string,
Or none beside the bass.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold
Two jarring souls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen;
Samson's young foxes might as well
In bands of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With fire-brands tied between.

Nor let the gentle fetters bind
A gentle to a savage mind,
For LOVE abhors the sight;
Loose the fierce tiger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Rise and forbid delight.

Two kindest souls alone must meet;
'T is friendship makes the bondage sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves;
Bright VENUS, on her rolling throne,
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupids yoke the doves.

This amusing satire well paints the folly of those who are "paired, not matched." Such unions are not marriage. They lack its essential element,— mutual sympathy. Of course, all duties are either neglected, or so ceremoniously rendered as to afford no solid bliss. To such there is no true home, and the married are even more alone than the single; for they are shut up to companionship without sympathy, and bound in fellowship without love. The records of the fashionable would unfold many such histories, painful and degrading to human nature, which serve to show how sin has polluted the only ordinance which remains to man of his primeval holiness and bliss.

We find in the New Testament the fullest and most striking development of the principles we have stated. There is everywhere the recognition of the oneness of those bound by marriage ties, and the duties of the relation are all based on that fact. Thus our Saviour restored the institution from the glosses and corruptions the Jews had gathered round it, and made it the permanent union of twain into one, which only crime or death could dissolve. And Paul, with peculiar boldness, makes the relation so close and intimate, that the husband, sinning against the wife, sins against himself. He in like spirit exhorts "husbands to love their wives as their own bodies; he that loveth his wife loveth himself." This is the grand key to the whole mystery. It opens the whole routine of duty and obligation, so that all may understand what is to be done, and how it is to be done. With this idea our English word, husband, beautifully accords; of which Bloomfield happily remarks, "I know no term, in any language, so significant or so expressive of the duties annexed to that state, as our *husband;* that is, the house-band, or bond of the house."

The most beautiful symbol of marriage love is that given by Paul in Ephesians 5: "Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it." The same idea is conveyed in those passages, scattered over the prophetic writings, which speak of the church as the bride, to be married unto Christ. We feel at once the appropriateness of the emblem, founded on the only human relation which was known to man while undefiled by sin. While yet his union with God was perfect and unbroken, he was united to the woman in holy marriage; and the heart, linked to God in supreme affection, was closely knit unto his wife in loving sym-

pathy, which knew no sin. In that love was no fear, for it was perfect; and sweet was the communion of them one with another, and with God. But under other and widely different circumstances were other human relations formed. The bonds of parent and child, and of brethren and sisters, were not known till after the curse had fallen, and fears, infirmities, and sinful passion, had marred the pure affection. In sorrow and pain Eve became a mother, and tears of bitterness might well mingle with her joy as she clasped the child to her bosom, for, by her sin, that child was born under the condemnation and the curse. How different from the hour of her espousals! an hour on which God smiled, and her heart knew no fear. Where else can we find a symbol of the union of Christ and the church; the elect people over whom, in the beautiful language of the prophet, "God rejoiceth with the joy of the bridegroom"? The church is the bride, the Lamb's wife; and the marriage shall be holy and happy; a renewing of the bliss and love of Eden, and a reëntering into the Paradise of God, where no seducing tempter can come to blight and destroy.

To this end Christ became one with us, that we might be one with him. He took on him our nature, robed himself in our flesh, and partook of our trials and changes. How fully Paul develops this idea in the Epistle to the Hebrews! "Forasmuch, then, as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their lifetime subject to bondage. For verily he took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behoves him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted. For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." This is true ground for sympathy, and for an union which, like marriage, shall of twain make one. Christ thus became one with us, sympathizing with us in life's trials and changes, and in the dread agonies of death. This is the bond of our union to him. This idea of *likeness* and *oneness* to Christ is the true idea of the

church in its highest state of exaltation. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but when he shall appear we shall be *like* him;" we shall bear his image and his name, and be clothed in a glorious body like unto his own glorious body. We shall be *one* with him, and dwell with him forever. Christ is all and in all. There is one likeness, one name, one home, one love; and this is the marriage "of Christ and the church;" the great mystery whereof Paul speaks.

It were easy to carry out the idea, and show how, all along the pathway of Christian life, Christ and his flock are one. As Eve was derived from Adam, so the church draws her life from Christ, and lives by him alone. In her espousals she gives herself wholly to him. No rival affection can be admitted. Without him she can do nothing. He, on his part, never leaves or forsakes her. There is perfect sympathy: on the one side the trusting faith of one who feels the need of support; on the other, the strong arm which is never withdrawn. In all the way they walk hand in hand, and heart in heart. Christ is bound to the church, and the church bound to Christ, and not death itself sunders the union, for it is cemented and made perfect beyond the grave. "Each disciple has a share in the heart and affections of the glorious Bridegroom, and all, combined in one mystical body, constitute the happy bride," for whom Christ is now preparing an eternal home of joy and love.

This is true sympathy,—the highest, most enduring bond of union, by which Christ and the church are one,—one on earth and one in heaven. Blessed are they who are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb. And blessed are they whose marriage on earth is hallowed by union with Christ; for that marriage alone has all the original elements of bliss which joins into one those who have mutual sympathy with God in Christ, as well as with each other. Such was the blissful marriage of Eden, and blessed is that union in which the ruin wrought by the fall is restored in Christ Jesus. In him alone may man now commune with God without fear,—in him alone find the sting of death taken away,—in him alone hope for reünion in the eternal home with the friends torn from his earthly household. If then there be a bond on earth which ought to be hallowed by prayer and faith in Christ, it is the marriage bond; for thus alone is reared one altar, one home, and one sure refuge amid life's storms and death's sweeping billows; for they alone that are *one* in Christ can never be sundered.

ACROSTIC.

BY MRS. S. A. B. CURRIER.

'T is the sweetest hour of life, — the long-sought
H our, when, as the evening shadows darken earth,
E ach nestling seeks its own loved place at prayer.
M other, released from care and weary toil,
O f all the happy, seems the happiest.
T rustful alike the household gather round
H er chair, whose presence fills them with delight.
E ach in their turn their artless questions ask,
R evolving oft in mind their Eden home.
S erenely sweet this model group appears.
A Christian mother and her little ones,
S weetly retired from human view or thought,
S hielded by love divine, enjoying all,
I n that dear sanctum of domestic life,
S anctioned by heaven and by heaven's Lord,
T he happiness that faith and virtue yield.
A ssured of mutual love and confidence,
'N eath the parental roof, 'mid praise and prayer,
T he fond maternal smile, whose radiant hope,
A lternately with anxious thoughts, seemed breathed,
N e'er served them to discourage, but to love, —
D eep, holy love, and filial trust incite.
Y outh, childhood, infancy, with merry laugh
O f winning artlessness, were there, with minds
U nfolding every hour, to catch the words,
N or less the look of *her*, who, thoughtfully,
G ave sanction to the words of "holy writ,"
L ying in reverence open at her side.
A sk ye who seek your home *away* from home,
D aziling in splendor 'mid unhallowed mirth,
Y our household group deserting, what there is
S o lovely and bewitching in this scene?
F ew minds like thine e'er know the secret mine
R evealed within this "Book of books," the all-
I nspiring motive to a mother's love.
E ternity will show *her* work of faith.
N ot weary of her task, she still imparts,
D eep in each heart, true love to God and home.

THE GIFT.—ENVY.

He that would reap must sow.

And now the dinner-hour had come,—
George entered with a smile;
For George knew how to cheer his home,
And weary hours beguile.

Now by its "tongue" he gayly drew
A handsome yellow sled;
Around it was a stripe of blue,
The tongue was painted red.

And on this sled there was a Book,
Gilt-edged and neatly bound;
I read the title with a look,
And soon the secret found.

A handsome box beside it stood,
With partings, and a wheel;
The box was made of maple-wood,
And polished bright as steel.

"I made this pretty box for you,"
Said Georgy to his mother;
"This yellow sled, with stripes of blue,
I now present to brother.

"But dear grandma I know will prize
This Bible more than all;
So large the print, I think her eyes
Could read it on the wall."

You should have seen the grateful tear
Upon that withered cheek;
Her words of thanks we did not hear,
For grandma could not speak.

But all that generous boys require
Is but a happy look.
"I have," thought George, "what I desire;
I 'm paid for box and book."

But for the sled he did not feel
Himself so richly paid,
For Samuel's eye did not reveal
The thanks he should have said.

'T was very strange, but yet 't was true,
When selfish Samuel saw
The smiles that generous Georgy drew,
Envy began to gnaw;

And while this greedy monster fed
Upon his wretched heart,

The sight of his new yellow sled
No pleasure could impart.

You ask why Samuel should complain, —
Why envy thus his brother?
Could he no smile from grandma gain,
No loving look from mother?

O yes, he could, — the slightest deed,
Born of a generous thought,
Would soon have gained this precious meed,
For love with love is bought.

Who will not labor shall not eat;
Patience the honey hives;
But selfish drones would sip the sweet
For which another strives.

But he who wishes much a friend,
Himself must friendly show;
This principle, without an end,
Doth no beginning know.

Who asks for love must love impart,
Nor seek his own to keep;
Send it outgushing from the heart,
In rivers broad and deep;

And rivers broad and deep will flow
Back to the heart again,
As surely as the rain and snow
Return from whence they came.

For goodly grain we till the soil,
The tares no labor need, —
All things worth having cost us toil,
Else we must reap the weed.

Yet there are those, we know full well,
Who can't receive this truth,
And for a "mess of pottage" sell
This birth-right in their youth.

And then through life they idly fret,
Talk of a "favored few,"
Who what they want can always get, —
Love-light, sunshine and dew

Holiday Melodies.

PARENTAL DUTY.

BY REV. J. C. WEBSTER.

FILIAL duty cannot be urged too strenuously upon children. At the same time, may it not be well to inquire whether there is a proportionate attention given to parental duty? While the parent teaches the child to obey, is he equally faithful in teaching himself to be worthy of obedience? Does he as often make the impression upon the mind of his child that he as earnestly desires to govern aright, as he does to be obeyed? And, in this matter of parental government, does the child, in fact, stand an equal chance to secure his own rights? Does not the parent, in reality, have a great advantage? Is it not manifestly in his power to exact obedience, when the child can do or say nothing to secure worthiness of obedience in the parent? The relation indeed which God has established between parent and child, renders it indispensable that it should be

so. But, since it be a fact that the child cannot often speak and act for himself, is it not more the duty for some one to act and speak on his behalf? I confess that I am quite inclined to take the part of the child in this matter. My sympathies naturally flow out toward the weaker party.

It is said that, under some circumstances, frequent use is made, by the spiritual as well as the civil authorities, of the apostolic injunction, "Servants, be obedient to your masters;" while little is heard of that other injunction, which rests upon the same divine authority, "Masters, render unto your servants that which is just and equal." Now, may it not be said, with some propriety, that there is a disproportion, even in the best of Christian families, between the use of the apostle's exhortation to children to "obey their parents in all things," and his exhortation to "fathers not to provoke their children to wrath"?

In order to secure most effectually the great ends of government, it is essential that both governors and governed recognize their mutual obligations. Their duties are reciprocal; and this principle is of as vital practical importance in the family as in the church or state. It is the duty of the subject to obey. But it is the duty of the ruler, in a proper manner, to exact only the obedience which should be rendered. It is the duty of the child to obey his parent. But it is no less the duty of the parent to govern him aright. Both are alike subject to a higher law, and the child can obey aright, or the highest ends of obedience can be secured for the child, only as the parent governs aright, or in accordance with the injunctions of the law of God. A disregard of this fundamental principle in government can work only evil to both rulers and ruled, parents and children.

It is true that the natural heart is opposed to the law of God. Its opposition is manifested in early childhood. It is common alike to parent and child. Therefore the parent may err in governing, as well as the child in obeying. But the parent, in the correct discharge of his duty, will often be the innocent occasion of wrong feeling and conduct in the child. The restraints and requisitions of the law alone will often bring out the wicked passions of the heart even of a child. They will provoke his wrath. But if a parent, while acting properly, as the legitimate agent of the Supreme Ruler, occasions his child to err in feeling and conduct, that is, if the

wrath of the child is excited against the divine law as executed by the parent, the child alone must bear the consequences. For disobedience in such a case, the parent is not accountable. But when the error of the child is the legitimate result of the parent's wrong, the case is different. If the parent, by his own mismanagement, provoke his child to wrath as against himself, instead of, or as well as, the law of God, will he not justly be held responsible for being at least a partaker in the sins of his child? What else could the apostle mean by the injunction, "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath"? As if he would say, "Your children are by nature at enmity with God; they do not love the divine law; they are restive under its requirements; hence the more need that you do nothing, in addition, unnecessarily to excite their evil passions." Or as if, by the apostle, God would say to all parents, "I will hold your children responsible to me for their violation of my law. You need not feel concerned about the legitimate and certain effects of pressing its claims upon them. No matter if their hearts do rebel; no matter if they are angry against *me;* but I warn you to beware how *you* provoke them to wrath." A very important inquiry, therefore, is, how parents are in danger of provoking their children to wrath. A reply is reserved for a future occasion.

REV. GORDON HALL.

[See Engraving.]

BY REV. H. BARDWELL.

THE work of foreign missions to the heathen forms an era in the history of the churches in this country, an era in which originated most of those Christian institutions of benevolence which are the glory and hope of the land.

The commencement of such a work, under the circumstances of doubt and embarrassment which then existed, demanded qualities of character, in the first missionaries, of no ordinary stamp. God, in his good providence, raised up such men for the work, and among them the name of GORDON HALL will ever be remembered and honored.

The first mission of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was commenced, in 1812, at Bombay, on the western coast of India, under embarrassments of no ordinary character, — embarrassments unforeseen and unprovided for; the removal of which, and the permanent establishment of the mission, demanded, on the part of the missionaries, a maturity of wisdom, faith and zeal, which could hardly be expected in men of their youth and inexperience. But the work was of God, who furnished his servants for the peculiar exigencies of the case, by giving them that wisdom of plan, firmness of purpose, and strength of endurance, which led to a happy issue.

Mr. Hall was eminently a self-sacrificing and laborious man in all the details of missionary life. In addition to the great work of translating the Scriptures into the Mahratta language, and thus laying a foundation for a Christian literature among twelve millions of pagans, — a work in which he bore a distinguished part, — Mr. Hall devoted a portion of every day to the preaching of the gospel to the heathen. In the performance of this, he was not satisfied in confining his labors to the hundreds of thousands on the island of Bombay, but devoted no small portion of his time and strength in itinerating tours on the adjoining islands and continent.

These tours were attended with much fatigue. It was necessary to walk from village to village, to sleep on a mat or blanket spread in some veranda or open shed, and to depend on his own resources for food; not that the people are inhospitable in their disposition and habits, but the principle of caste forbids the ordinary acts of hospitality to any one of another religion.

Mr. Hall's last tour, and the one on which he died, was commenced March 2d, 1826. His object was to visit Treembukeshwer and Nasseek, two populous and celebrated places on the continent, about one hundred miles from Bombay. He took with him, as assistants, two Christian lads from the mission family at home. When he arrived at Treembukeshwer, on the 11th, he found the whole population in dismay on account of the cholera, which had just made its appearance. He remained, however, four days, preaching the gospel, distributing Christian books, and administering medicine to the sick.

He arrived at Nasseek on the evening of the 15th, where he found the ravages of the same dreadful disease. More than two

hundred died the day after his arrival. Throwing himself between the living and the dead, he spent three days in preaching the gospel and administering medicine to the sick. His stock of books and of medicine was now exhausted, and himself worn down by the labors and excitement of his tour. On the morning of the 18th he left Nasseek, and set his face homeward. On the next evening at ten o'clock, having travelled thirty miles, he arrived at Doorle Dhapoor; and spreading his mat in the open veranda of a pagan temple, he lay down to rest his weary limbs and aching head. Here the sick and the dying were around him. Being unable to rest, he rose from his mat about four in the morning, and, calling the lads who attended him, he was about to resume his journey, when he was suddenly seized with the cholera. The spasms were so immediate and violent, that he fell helpless to the ground. Being laid upon his mat, he took the last portion of medicine which remained in his possession, but it was immediately rejected. All hope of recovery had now fled. As his strength would permit, in the intervals of the spasms, he gave directions to the lads concerning his watch and clothes, and especially in regard to the manner in which they should inter his body after his decease. The inmates of the temple were now around him, whom he affectionately exhorted to forsake their idols and embrace the faith and hope of the gospel. Earnestly did he pray for his dear wife and children, for his missionary brethren, and the heathen around him. With his soul filled with the consolations and hope of the gospel, he three times repeated, "*Glory to thee, O God!*" then yielded up his spirit.

The lads immediately engaged in the mournful service assigned them by their departed friend. With much difficulty they succeeded in procuring a grave. They then shrouded him in his own blanket, and, according to his own directions, laid him, coffinless, in his humble bed.

Thus died, and thus was buried, one of the first missionaries of the American Board, in the forty-second year of his age, after an illness of about eight hours. A stone monument, bearing, both in English and Mahratta, his name, office and age, marks the lonely spot of his interment.*

* See the excellent Life of Gordon Hall, published some years since, by Flagg, Gould and Newman, Andover, Mass., and New York city.

" Strange olive brows with tears were wet,
As a lone grave was made,
And there, 'mid Asia's arid sands,
Salvation's herald laid ;
But bright that shroudless clay shall burst
From its uncoffined bed,
When the archangel's joyful trump
Convokes the righteous dead."

THE BROKEN FLOWER.

BY MRS. A. B. M.

"MOTHER," said a little girl of seven or eight years, "while playing, I accidentally broke off this beautiful japonica with a stick I had in my hand. I will be more careful next time; it was all an accident; please forgive me, mother."

"I guess you will be more careful next time," said the mother. "Take that to help you remember," giving her a smart slap upon the ear. "I never saw such a child as you are, — so careless and troublesome, and always in some mischief. Now go to your room, and don't you leave it till the tea-bell rings; and don't you step into the flower-garden again for a whole month, nor even then, without you can be more careful. Just to think of my beautiful japonica being broken by you! I had set my heart upon wearing this flower in my hair to Mrs. L.'s party to-morrow evening. Go to your room, naughty child."

The little, honest, frank-hearted, truth-telling child leaves her mother, her eyes filled with tears, her heart almost broken, and goes to her little room, to spend the lonely hours of the afternoon. Let us follow her. Listen; she is talking to herself. "Next time I break a thing, or do any mischief, I won't tell mother of it. Oh, that old japonica — I wish I had staid out of the garden. I almost wish I had broken it all to pieces. Oh, how my ear burns. I was feeling so sorry about breaking the beautiful flower, when mother boxed my ear so, but that made me so angry I did not care much about it. I think it was enough to box my ears, without shutting me up here this afternoon, — the only holiday I have in the week."

Thus this little girl brooded over her conduct and its punish-

ment, till the tea-bell called her to meet her mother again. With a stealthy step she creeps to the door of the dining-room, and looks in to see how matters are, and if there will be any danger of a renewal of the storm, if she ventures to the table. Her mother is sitting at the head of the table, her face all smiles and sunlight, just as though all the japonicas in the world, whole or broken, could not drive that bright smile away. The lady friend, who is taking tea with her, and chatting so pleasantly, little thinks what a terrible breeze was stirred up by the breaking of a single flower only a few hours before. Did I say a single flower? A flower more beautiful and more fair than the most delicate white japonica eye ever saw was bent, if not broken; an honest, truth-telling, loving little heart has been crushed, and its delicate petals will bear the seared marks as long as time lasts! That broken japonica, that aching ear, the angry words of that mother, the long, desolate afternoon spent in that little room, will never be forgotten. These things are written, as it were, with a pen of iron, on that loving, sensitive heart, and time can never erase them. Could we but turn the pages of memory's book, years from this time, we should see this scene just as bright and distinctly as the first hour of its enactment. The sight of a japonica, with its fair, smooth petals and delicate perfume, will cause that child, that young lady, that middle-aged woman, a feeling of pain; for the whole scene will spring up to view, as it were, by magic, and she will feel that she was not justly dealt with. But does it affect that child's principles? That we can tell from

Scene Second. — A few months have passed. The mother has forgotten the broken japonica. Not so with little Ella. It is a bright summer morning. She has been playing in the garden, and enjoying herself so much, that it is school-time before she is aware of it. Hastening to the house for her books, she finds one missing, and while looking for it, she exclaims, "O, dear me, there goes the school-bell! I shall be tardy, I am afraid. Where could I have put my geography? O dear, what shall I do? Ah! I see it." In her haste to get the book, she does not notice the inkstand which is upon the other side of the table, and down it went, its contents falling upon the carpet! "O! what shall I do? What will mother say? I will run and tell her all about it, just how I happened to do it. Perhaps she will forgive me. But I forgot the broken japonica. I won't go; I'll run to school, and

if she asks me about it when I get home, I will tell her I don't know anything about it. I am not going to get another headache, and spend another holiday afternoon in my room."

When Ella returned from school, her mother called her to her room, and questioned her about the ink. "I don't know anything about it, mother. I was playing in the garden all the morning, and did not go into the room but once, and then only to get my satchel of books, which hung in its place. I think pussy might have done it, for I saw her running about the room."

"Well," said the mother, "possibly she might have done it. I remember, when I opened the door, she hurried past me. I must have puss attended to." Upon this, Ella bounded into the garden, rejoicing at her escape, and congratulating herself in language something like this: "I was a lucky girl; did n't I get off nicely? Well, I shall know how to fix it next time. But it is not right; O dear, I know it is not right; but what could I do? If mother had not scolded me so harshly about breaking the japonica, I should have told her the truth. I know I was a naughty, careless girl, and deserved scolding; and if she had only scolded me kindly, that is, more gently, I should have told all to-day. I know it is wrong to tell a lie, but I could not bear the thought of spending another such afternoon in my little room."

What would have been that mother's feeling had she known all?

Scene Third. — This very afternoon Ella spent with Amelia Peneman, a little friend of hers. While there, Amelia met with an accident similar to the one of the japonica; but we will let her tell her own story. Some time in the afternoon, the two little girls hurried into the parlor, where Mrs. Peneman was, almost out of breath. Amelia exclaimed, "Mamma, only see what I have done!" upon which she laid a large double variegated dahlia in her lap. "I have broken your beautiful dahlia. I am sorry, mother, and I was careless about it, too. I was going down the walk, swinging my bonnet by the strings, and talking so busily with Ella, that I did not notice where I was, or what I was doing, till this beautiful flower fell. I am very sorry, mamma." As she uttered this, she laid her head in her mother's lap and wept. "But that is not all. I know it will make you feel badly when I tell you I thought of deceiving you. The thought came into my mind that if I let the flower lie in the walk, you might think the wind broke it

off, or that somebody else did it. Then I thought how often you had told me it was wrong to deceive, and how kindly you talk to me when I tell you of my naughty actions and faults. Will you forgive me, mamma?"

Mrs. Peneman drew the little girl to her side. "Amelia, my dear, I am very, very sorry you have broken this beautiful flower; but I should rather have all my dahlias spoiled than that you should deceive me, or tell an untruth. I should have found it out soon, if I had not seen you do it. There is little wind this afternoon, not enough to break this flower; besides, I knew you was playing in the garden, and should have asked you about it; and if you had denied it, I should have known you were telling a falsehood, for I saw you do it. I was at my chamber window, and saw you swinging your bonnet, and was upon the point of calling to you to tell you that you would break the flower if you were not careful, when it fell to the ground. I then concluded not to say anything about it, but leave you free to act as you thought best. I thank God that he gave you grace to overcome temptation. O, my dear! never deceive or tell an untruth. By so doing you may escape punishment for the time, but 'God sees you,' and your sin will find you out. I trust you will learn a lesson from the breaking of this flower, and always speak the truth, even though it may be against you. Now, my dear, put the dahlia in water, — possibly it will keep bright till Aunt Lizzie comes; and then you may go to the garden again, if you will be careful and do no more mischief. Don't swing your bonnet by the strings in any place; it will only injure it."

"Mamma, I will not swing it in the garden again, for if I begin, the thoughts of this broken dahlia will spring up in my mind and stop me." With tearful eyes, this little one kissed her mother, again promised to be careful, and again begged her to forgive her, saying, "I am so sorry, mamma!"

Ella witnessed the whole scene. In her mind she drew the contrast between the broken japonica and broken dahlia, and between the method of punishment for each offence. Every word about truth and deception sunk into her heart. She thought of the ink and sighed. This lesson was not lost upon Ella, for she resolved to tell the truth, let whatever might be the consequence; and when she went home she told her mother of the broken dahlia and of the spilled ink, and why she had told a falsehood about it.

That mother gathered instruction from the recital, and never again did she reprove Ella so sharply for a trifling fault, or punish her till she had thoroughly investigated the matter.

Do not parents sometimes injure their children by punishing a slight fault with greater severity than it really deserves? There are times when severe punishment may seem necessary; then inflict it; but let it be tempered with calmness, and not administered in anger, nor until after the case has been thoroughly examined. We all know that kind and gentle words sink very deep into the tender hearts of children.

A YEAR FROM TO-DAY.

BY B. J. SPRAGUE.

"A YEAR from to-day! Where shall I be? In heaven? God only knows." Such was the language of one whom God in his providence had seen fit sorely to afflict, in depriving of a dearly beloved sister. Long and lingering had been the illness of that sister, and dark indeed to her who remained was the hour when her eyelids closed in death. Yet not long had she to tread alone this gloomy vale. One month passed by, and side by side the sisters lay. Rest they in heaven? God only knows.

One year from to-day! Glad, yet solemn words. How dread to every one this thought of the future! How full of hope, and yet of fear how full! How variegated this mantle which enshrouds the future! One year from to-day! Who can tell the results it shall bring to us, of gladness, sorrow, joy, or woe? Ah! even less than that, and we may be in eternity, the clay-cold clod may have entombed us, and we may have become the nourishment of the worm on which we careless tread.

One year from to-day! Is not the thought to you, dear reader, one of great and fearful import? Does not the question come to your mind, "Where shall *I* be?"

Are you a Christian parent? If so, God has entrusted to you a great charge, and placed upon you great responsibilities, and upon your action may hang results the most momentous. The germ of an immortal mind is yours. It has been implanted by the

Eternal, and is now entrusted to you as his steward. It is yours to guide, yours to instruct, yours to bless, and thereby to bless the world. To you is entrusted the culture of this immortal part, in that most teachable of all periods of human life, the infancy of its being. "Give me," says an ancient infidel, "the first ten years of a child's training, and I care not what afterward shall be its instructions." He knew well the weight of first teachings on the youthful mind. He knew well the power of the parent, and that its voice could impress principles on the breast which, though they may be in a measure overcome in the cold conflicts of the world, yet can never be wholly eradicated. It is in your power to mould, form and fashion this immortal as you desire. What, then, as a Christian parent, is your duty? Ask yourself the question, and answer it before the bar of your own conscience and your God. In these days of religious and Sabbath-school privileges, it is much to be feared lest the instructions belonging to parents should be entrusted to ministers and teachers, rather than to make it a duty of personal responsibility. Think not that others are more competent than yourself. Let not Satan delude you by such thoughts. None can teach as you can. None can press home upon the heart and conscience the subject of religion with the tenderness and affection of a loving parent. You may have lived these many years, and never have given a word of religious instruction to your child. But this solemn duty cannot be delegated to another. Whatever be the age or situation of your child, it is your duty, as a parent, to know its religious feeling.

Have you never conversed with your child of its soul's salvation? Have you never warned him of vice and sin, and pointed out the path to heaven? Where may *you* be a year hence? You are now permitted to pray with that child, and perhaps may be instrumental of its salvation; but before this year's end, God may have taken that which he hath given, or have hushed the parent's voice, and silenced forever its teachings, save as they come up from the cold covering of the grave. Let it then, with the commencement of this new year, be thy first care now to give those counsels which shall never be forgot, and to impart those instructions which can never die.

Are you a Christian, and is thy prospect of an eternal day still brightening as thy years glide past? Then truly blessed art thou,

though it may have been written against thee, "This year shall thy body die, and thy soul commence its eternal year!" Live, O Christian, as if thou knew a year from this time you should be in heaven. Live as a Christian, imparting that instruction which the counsels and daily walk and conversation of a Christian only can impart. Many a "happy new year" greeting has gladdened thy household hearth. Let this, by thy holy life, be a "happy new year," should it prove thy last on earth.

But if not a Christian, can this be to thee a "happy new year?" Canst thou be happy so long as thou sharest the bounty of thy Lord, but never returnest the prayer of thankfulness? Happy, when thou livest on his goodness, and yet livest under his curse for thy sins? Impossible! Ask thy own conscience, Where should I be, not a year or a month hence, but to-day, should I now be called into judgment? God not only knows, but thou also, that thy eternal condemnation would be just.

Remember, as thou enterest on this year, thou hast no surety to behold its close. Remember, thou treadest nearer than thou ever before hast on the confines of eternity, and that the revolution of one short year, month or day, yes, the next moment, may land you in eternal bliss or woe. Haste, then, and make this thy happy new year, — the year of thy happy choice of God as thy Father and eternal portion.

ADVICE IN LOVE.

BY MRS. S. A. B. CURRIER.

ARE there any sick in your midst? Then go, as an angel of mercy, and soothe their pains. Bathe the fevered temples, and moisten, with a draught from the rippling fountain, the parched lips. Whisper in the ear of suffering, "*Jesus lives.*"

Seest thou the mourner? Extend the hand of sympathy to the smitten one. Let freely fall thy tears, and listen to the tale of woe. The cup of grief, perchance, thou mayst mitigate, and cause the heart, bleeding with anguish, to bury its sorrows in the bosom of its Saviour.

Seest one in adversity? Encourage him to look for the morning,

and heed the lesson God designs to teach by the cloud of darkness.

Seest thou those on whom prosperity shines propitiously? Gently remind such of the golden opportunity of dispensing light and happiness to the poor and disconsolate around them.

Seest thou one fallen a victim to the passion of strong drink? Run and raise thy fallen brother. Show, by acts and words of kindness, that you have a heart to feel, and would gladly elevate those sunken in vice.

Seest thou a Sabbath-breaker? Point him, affectionately, to the high commands of heaven, and persuade him, by affection's voice, to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

Seest thou a profaner of God's holy name, a gambler, or one degraded by vicious and lustful passions? Win him back, if thou canst, to the paths of reverence, honesty and virtue. Let not the golden moments of life pass wastefully along. Thou hast but one life to improve. Live, then, every moment in diligence, and "whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

THE FACE.

THE human face is a marvellous book,
  And it opens whenever we heed;
Time hath its tale in each wrinkle and nook,
Life hath its legend in every look;
  And he that runneth may read.

Our summers are deepening the dimple of mirth,
  Our winters the crow's-foot of care,
Till years have worn thread-bare the velvet of birth,
And left it a lesson of beauty's light worth,
  Of promises gone to the air.

The beatings of hearts that are breaking unseen—
  The secrets of closeted thought—
As the hand of the clock tells the working within
The innermost hours of the breast and the brain
  Are known by the furrows without.

How closely these sorrowful miniatures stand,
  And preach to the pulses of youth,
Forever around us their voiceless command,
Their mute, inexpressible warnings at hand,
  The passionless presence of truth.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE TUNER'S GUIDE. Boston: Oliver Ditson.

This is "a complete treatise on tuning the Piano Forte, Organ, Melodeon, and Seraphine; together with a specification of defects and their remedies."

NORTON'S LITERARY REGISTER, —

Containing the usual calendar of the months, and 118 pages of matter on libraries in the United States, and kindred subjects of a literary character.

CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE. Boston: E. H. Wade.

But little attention has yet been given in this country to the voice, beyond instruction in the rudiments of vocal music. The cultivation of the voice has been almost entirely neglected.

This volume is prepared by B. F. Baker and L. H. Southard, of this city, and is illustrated by numerous and comprehensive examples and solfeggios from celebrated European authors.

EASY STUDIES FOR THE PIANO FORTE. By Franz Petersillea. Published by Oliver Ditson.

Twenty-one pages of lessons and instructions, admirably adapted to the capacity of the young student.

Also, by the same, the following pieces of music: — *Merrily over the Waves, Charming May*, and *The Mourner's Vigil.*

THE CHRISTIAN ALMANAC for 1853, published by the American Tract Society, is every way worthy of general patronage.

LIFE OF MARY LYON. Compiled by Dr. Hitchcock, and published by Hopkins, Bridgman, & Co., Northampton, Mass.

Miss Lyon is too well known as the successful principal of the Mt. Holyoke Seminary to make it necessary, at this time, for us to enter upon a sketch of her life, especially as this was given in the December number of this publication, in an article entitled *Polished Corner Stones.* But it affords us pleasure to recommend to our readers this deeply interesting memoir, and to recommend its perusal, especially to the young. Here is an example of Christian benevolence well worthy of their study and imitation.

It contains 486 pages, and is illustrated by the portrait of Miss Lyon, a picture of her birth-place, a view of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and of the monument erected to her memory.

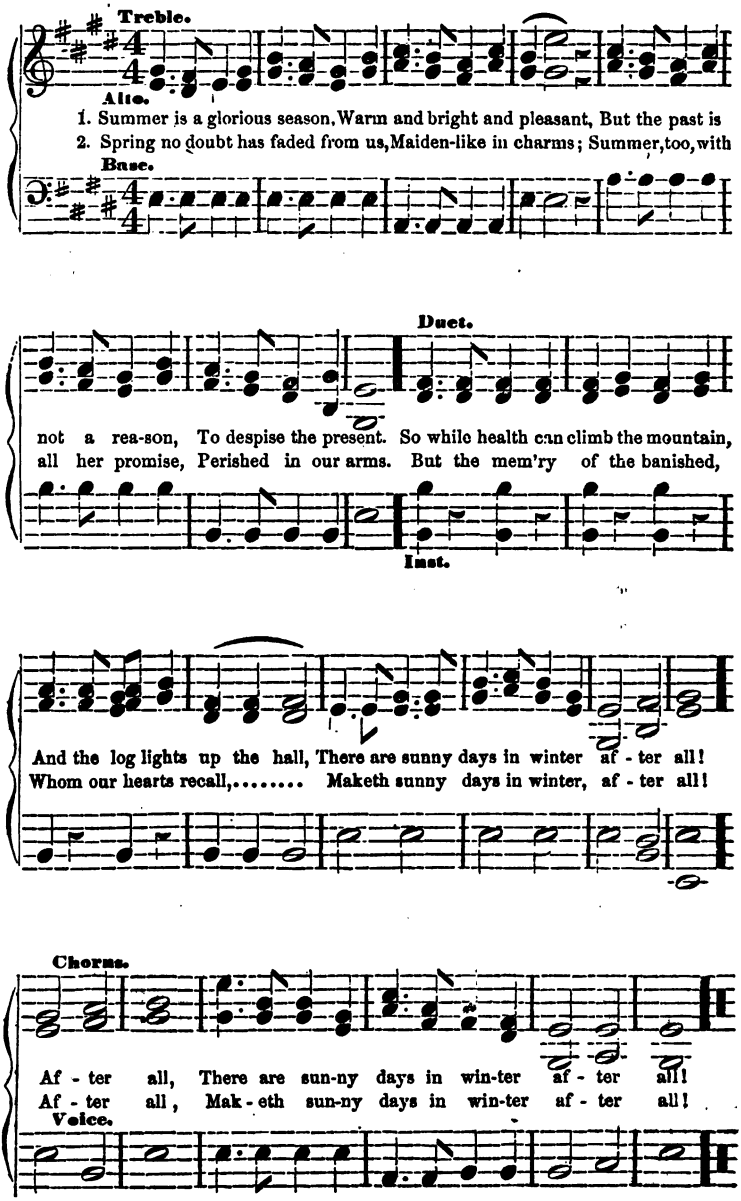
PARLEY'S CABINET LIBRARY. Boston: Published by Geo. C. Rand & Co.

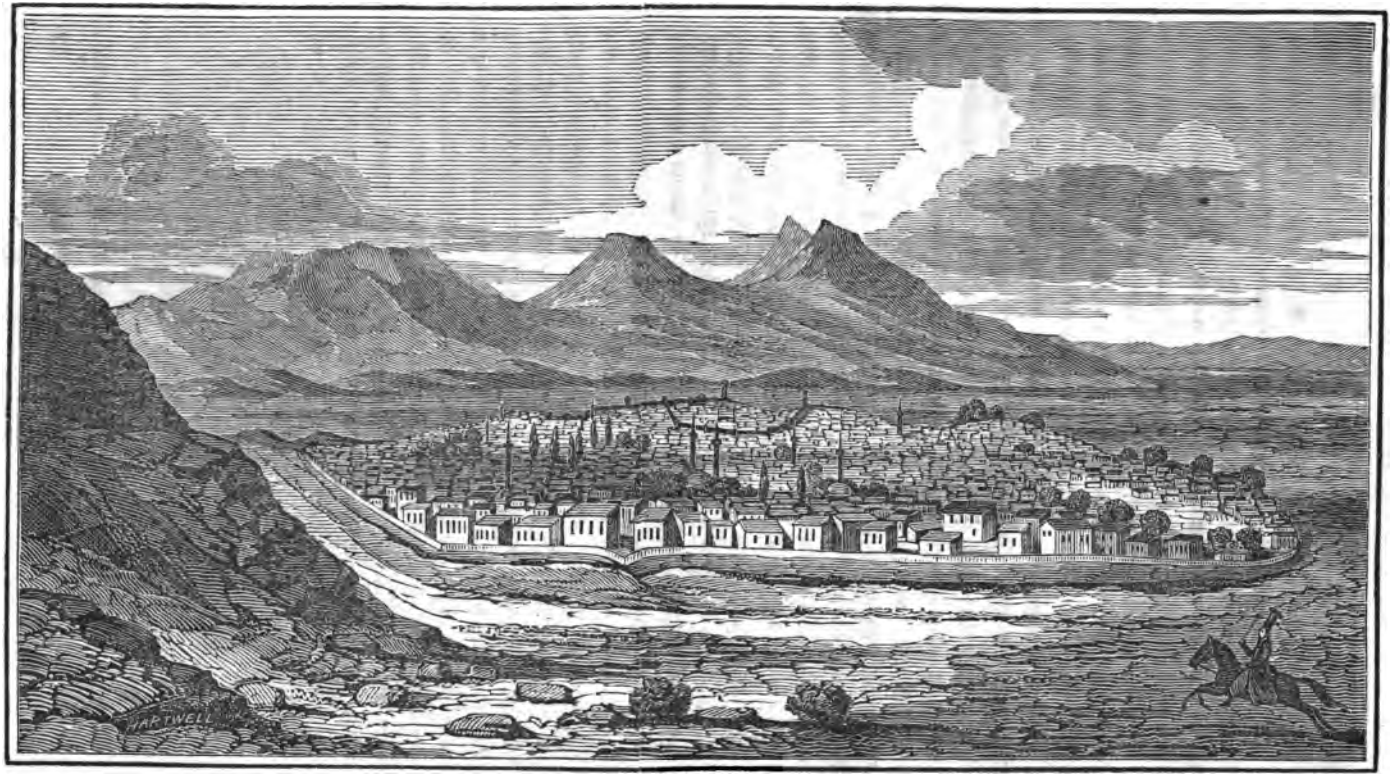
This work is intended for schools and families. It consists of twenty volumes, the first six of which are Biographical, the next six Historical, and the remainder Miscellaneous. It is illustrated by five hundred engravings.

It gives us pleasure to recommend these volumes, because, in this age of literary trash, something should constantly be done to divert the minds of the young, especially, from the ruinous tendency of a great proportion of the popular literature. The style of Peter Parley is concise, clear and attractive, and cannot fail strongly to enlist the attention of the reader, while useful instruction is gained from every page.

SUNNY DAYS IN WINTER.

Words by D. F. MACARTHY. Music by J. C. JOHNSON.


Treble.
Alto.
1. Summer is a glorious season, Warm and bright and pleasant, But the past is
2. Spring no doubt has faded from us, Maiden-like in charms; Summer, too, with
Base.
Duet.
not a rea-son, To despise the present. So while health can climb the mountain,
all her promise, Perished in our arms. But the mem'ry of the banished,
Inst.
And the log lights up the hall, There are sunny days in winter af - ter all!
Whom our hearts recall,..... Maketh sunny days in winter, af - ter all!
Chorus.
Af - ter all, There are sun-ny days in win-ter af - ter all!
Af - ter all, Mak - eth sun-ny days in win-ter af - ter all!
Voice.



ERZEROOM.

JULIA LITCHFIELD AND HELEN MAY.

BY S. S. A.

JULIA LITCHFIELD was a rather pretty girl, in her sixteenth year. She was the only child of Mr. Thomas Litchfield, a New York merchant in good business, who lived in considerable style in Tenth street. Julia's mother had been dead five years, and during that time Mr. Litchfield was too much engrossed in business to pay very particular attention to his daughter. He had invited a cousin to live with them as her companion, and had sent her to a fashionable institution, with a direction that she should be taught all the accomplishments usual to genteel young ladies. A week's illness which had confined him to the house, had opened his eyes to some defects in her education, and he had, consequently, induced a maiden sister, a pious, cultivated, sensible, energetic woman, to reside in his family, and to her he gave the management of his daughter.

Miss Litchfield had been a month in the family, during which time she had been an attentive observer of her niece, and had ventured some little experiments, but not with very remarkable success. She loved her brother and felt deeply interested in his child, whom she found a vain, indolent, wilful girl, who had acquired a superficial smattering of many things, but who knew nothing well. She played a little, attended to drawing a little, spoke French a little, and for the rest, she was contented to lie upon a sofa and read Mrs. Gore's novels. She was, however, perfectly truthful, and showed an occasional gleam of feeling and generosity; and the aunt was not without hope that she might be influenced to exert herself for something better and higher than she had hitherto done. But how were long habits of indolence to be overcome? How was wilfulness to be turned into perseverance? How was a rational desire for self-improvement to supersede the cravings of vanity? How was duty to be made the rule of action in a mind accustomed only to thoughtless self-indulgence? The aunt pondered these things in her mind, and was obliged to confess, that the prospect was rather unpromising. She determined,

however, to lose no opportunity in trying to root out the weeds, and to plant in their stead those good seeds which should produce flowers and fruit. She was a woman of acute mind, and had her own way of viewing and doing things. She perceived that direct opposition or powerful coercion would be of little avail, and might destroy her own influence, which she was anxious to increase and establish. They were sitting one morning in the handsomely furnished back parlor, when the following conversation took place between them:—

Miss Litchfield—You look languid this morning, my dear.

Julia—I feel so, I am a little dyspeptic.

Miss L.—Had you not better take a walk in the open air?

Julia—I would rather sit here and cut the leaves of this new magazine. I really don't feel able to do any thing else this morning.

Miss L.—Did you ever reflect, my dear, how important good health and the power of endurance are to a woman?

Julia—It may be necessary for country-women, and those who have to work for a living, but I have always thought a *lady* was

Miss L.—Do you like to feel languid and listless?

Julia—I should not mind it, if it were not for the head-ache I always have with it.

As this did not answer her purpose, her aunt thought she would try another chord. If I can rouse her in any way, thought she, I may be able to direct her afterward.

Miss L.—I observe that all the heroines of your novels are represented as having plump necks and arms, and well-developed persons; that they all move easily and gracefully, which cannot be done, you know, without some strength of limb and firmness of muscle. How do *they* acquire it?

Julia—I never thought of it. I suppose they practice Calisthenics, and use dumb-bells, and ride on horseback. I am sure I do not know what I shall do when I go into society with my scrawny neck and lean arms. I must have a pony.

Miss L.—Suppose you were to make your own bed and sweep your own room of a morning.

Julia—Would you have me turn chamber-maid and do my own work? My father is able to keep servants enough for that.

Miss L.—But suppose you were to do it with special reference to the improvement of your neck, and arms, and bust. Health and beauty generally go together, and they are both desirable. The activity which would give you muscular strength, would be of vast advantage to you for other and higher purposes.

Julia—I will swing dumb-bells if you wish me to; but to make beds and sweep and dust! I could not think of doing any thing so unlady-like. What would Mrs. Douglass say?

Mrs. Douglass was a neighbor of Mr. Litchfield. She was a woman of great wealth and refinement, and moved in the very first society. Julia knew her but slightly, but was acquainted with her general standing, and it was her great ambition when she should go into company, to enter the same circle with Mrs. Douglass and her daughters. If she had known Mrs. Douglass better, she would, perhaps, have understood how very little her opinions, as above expressed, were likely to raise her in that lady's estimation.

Julia went for her dumb-bells and swung them for about five minutes, when she called a servant to put them away, and spent the rest of the morning in reading magazine stories.

Two or three days after this Mr. Litchfield brought home two gentlemen to dine with him. They were intelligent, educated men, and conversed extremely well. One of them, who sat next to Julia, addressed his conversation to her. He did not introduce any very abtruse subjects, but spoke upon such topics as a young girl would naturally be supposed to understand. Julia, however, blundered, and showed herself so ignorant of even common subjects, that the gentleman desisted, and addressed the remainder of his conversation to her aunt. The latter observed Julia without appearing to notice her, and was glad to see that she blushed and seemed to be uncomfortable. If she never feels her deficiencies, thought she, she will never improve.

In the evening, she said, "Well, Julia, how did you like Mr. Taylor?"

Julia—I thought him the most conceited, disagreeable person I ever saw. I hope I shall never see him again.

Miss L.—How we differ in opinion. I thought him sensible and modest.

Julia—Sensible or not, I care very little about him, or what he thinks of me. I have no ambition to be wise and knowing. If I can dress well, dance well, and have plenty of money, I shall make my way well enough.

Miss L.—Would it not be a pleasant thing to be well informed and agreeable in conversation? Do you not think it would be more gratifying to please a person of sense and discrimination by being able to converse agreeably, than to excite a momentary admiration by dress and dancing? Beside, my dear niece, let me speak sincerely to you, what is to be the fate of one who can only dress and dance, when she is no longer young? Every one despises a mere dressing and dancing old woman. Such an one must inevitably sink into utter insignificance in society, and when at home with her own family, it must be still worse. But with good sense, a good education, taste, and a habit of activity, a woman can make life agreeable whatever may be her situation. Advancing age has no terrors for her, for she can depend upon her own resources. And she can also depend upon friends, for such a mind never loses the power of interesting others. But these are merely worldly considerations, motives of expediency. We have a higher law, which commands and urges us to constant effort. "*Be not slothful. Work while the day lasts. Bury not your talent. Get wisdom, get understanding,*" and many other imperative commands of similar import, teach us that God wills and expects us to improve our time and our power to the utmost. It may not be necessary for you at present to labor with your hands, though every woman should thoroughly understand the appropriate branches of female industry; but it is plainly your duty to improve your own powers, to increase the happiness of those about you, to make yourself happy by bringing your mind into harmony with the laws of God and your own nature. All privileges are connected with duties. Your father gives you every advantage of position and education. You could contribute

to his respectability, you could gratify his fatherly pride, you could satisfy his parental tenderness, by strenuous exertion to become interested in that which is truly interesting, and studious of that which is really worth knowing. Ah! my dear Julia, Love and Knowledge are the keys which unlock the rich treasures of life. I do not mean *love* merely as the passion depicted in novels, but love of goodness, of truth, of nature, of family, of friends, of God.

Miss Litchfield was a plain woman of forty, but she became really beautiful as her countenance lighted with enthusiasm, and beamed with affectionate earnestness. She was truly a good illustration of her own theory.

Julia's better nature was touched. For a moment she felt a strong desire for improvement. She loved her father, and the thought of gratifying him, roused her to a short-lived exertion. But the habits of indolence and self-indulgence, are not to be overcome by a single word or a single effort. The labor of thought, and the trouble of thoroughness and exactness by which alone any thing valuable in education is to be secured, were extremely distasteful, and soon given up. But she was no longer easy and self-contented. She felt her own deficiencies, and began to fear she should not be able to take the high standing in society to which her wishes led her. Like most school-girls, she had looked forward to eighteen as the period when her education was to close; she thought it was too late to alter, and she became irritable and dissatisfied.

May had come, and Spring was beautiful, even in the city. Miss Litchfield proposed to her niece that they should make a visit to a family of relations who resided about thirty miles distant in the country. Julia turned red and hesitated. "Do you not wish to go?" said her aunt.

"Why, aunt Jane," said Julia, "They are so poor; you know my uncle lost almost all his property by endorsing, as they call it, for another person, and they removed into the country for the sake of living cheap. We should only be a burden to them."

"We can make them presents sufficient to repay them."

"But," replied Julia, "don't you think they will be mortified

to have us visit them, to have us see their poor way of living, and their mean dressing? You know Helen May is only eighteen, and there is no mother, and there are four younger children to take care of."

"I should like to go at any rate," said Miss Litchfield, "it might give them great pleasure to see us."

"Well, aunt," said Julia, "you may think me very proud, but I confess I should not like to see them here."

"Why not, Julia."

"Why, aunt, you know very well that no city people like to see their poor, awkward relations about them. If they come once they will come again, for father has often proposed inviting them; and just think of Mrs. Douglass seeing me about the streets with a company of poor, plain, country cousins. What position should I be able to take in society?"

Notwithstanding Julia's objections, it was decided that she and her aunt should make their country cousins a visit, and accordingly they set off one fine morning on the journey.

Julia was a good deal out of temper. She was much dissatisfied with being obliged to make a visit which she was confident would result in mortification to herself. "Now that papa is getting rich," thought she, "and I am beginning to be noticed in society, to have such a drawback." Soon, however, the beautiful scenery attracted her attention, and feelings long dormant awoke within her bosom. She remembered the time, when six years before she had travelled over the same ground with her mother; and her simple, natural love of nature was re-awakened, as she remembered how enthusiastically her mother had admired the scenery, and how eloquently she had spoken of the Great Originator of all this beauty. This remembrance recalled other early lessons and tastes, and again a deep feeling of regret was awakened that she had not better followed those early lessons.

"O! mother," she exclaimed, internally, "if you had lived, how much better and happier I might have been; but it is too late, now."

Presently they came to a high hill on which was an elegant country seat; while in the valley below, on the borders of a

brook, half-hidden by large trees, was a small, white cottage with two low wings. This was the residence of Mr. May and his five orphan children. Miss Litchfield had hardly alighted from the carriage, when Helen May, followed by her three younger sisters and their little brother, came running out to welcome their "dear aunt Jane," and almost to carry her in their arms into the house. Julia followed in silence. Her cousins, though perfectly polite, were also perfectly at ease. Instead of being over-powered with diffidence on receiving their rich and fashionable cousin, they seemed to regard her merely as a relative whom they were glad to see, and would strive to make happy. Julia was certainly a good deal surprised, and a little piqued; but she kept her feelings to herself, and observed with great interest every thing which went on around her.

The house was furnished with the extreme of simplicity, but every thing was so exquisitely neat and so tastefully arranged, as to present a charming appearance of comfort. The dress of the girls was of the same description, simple, yet neat and tasteful. They all had fine hair, and with their clear complexions and bright, intelligent countenances, they struck the eye of a stranger as an extremely beautiful group of girls. But what filled Julia with wonder and almost with envy, was the artist-like development of neck, arms, and bust; the arrow-like straightness, and the freedom and grace of movement which they all possessed from the oldest to the youngest. But, ah! there was one draw-back; the hands though handsomely shaped, were certainly somewhat large and brown, and Julia looked with complacency at her own delicate and aristocratic fingers.

The first evening was devoted to the amusement of the visitors. At tea-time Julia was rather surprised to discover that they kept a servant, a good natured looking maid-of-all-work, though she did scarcely anything about the table.

The next morning Miss Litchfield begged Helen not to put herself out on their account, but to go on with her affairs in her usual way. The day passed. When Julia retired to her chamber at night, she began to think. A new phase of life had been

opened before her; new ideas had dawned upon her mind. She had seen this family of five managed with love and kindness by the eldest among them, scarcely yet eighteen. She had heard this girl, early in the morning, read a chapter in the Bible and offer an appropriate prayer, while the younger ones knelt around her with simple and touching reverence. Then she saw them as busy as bees and as gay as birds, perform each one her allotted task in the household work. One milked the cow and skimmed the cream. One prepared the table for breakfast. One made the beds and swept the rooms, while the little ones weeded the flower-beds in the garden and in the court yard.

But with all their life and animation, there was a gentle spirit of propriety and a loving tractability entirely different from the rude and hoidenish manners one sometimes meets with in country-bred girls. The little polite observances and delicate attentions of refined life, seemed as much their habit as if it had been innate and not taught. At half-past nine o'clock, the rooms being in perfect order, and the *help* in the neat kitchen, singing a Scotch ditty, and ironing the clothes for the week, the children repaired to a pleasant little apartment in one of the wings, fitted up as a school-room, and where Julia was surprised to find quite a large library, globes, maps, a guitar, a drawing apparatus, &c.. Here she learned that Helen daily taught her sisters and little brother, writing, arithmetic, geography, natural history, and many other things, which their eager desire for improvement led them to strive to acquire.

Helen seemed to have a natural gift at teaching. Here was no weariness, no discouragement. The little minds were as active as the little bodies had been; and when the regular two hours were ended, each one left the room with some little treasure of knowledge or of skill, something which advanced them a step in the scale of mind and consequently of happiness. Then, the run before dinner, the simple meal prepared and cleared away in the same manner, and by the same hands that the breakfast had been, and enlivened by the same exuberant cheerfulness and animated intelligence. After dinner, came a change of dress, but nothing better than a neat calico and a cambric collar, with its

knot of pretty ribbon. Then followed the pleasant afternoon, with needlework and books, the prolonged evening meal, the twilight stroll to a beautiful point of scenery, the sweet singing, the cheerful conversation, the affectionate "good night," with twining arms and beaming looks; all had been observed, and all had read a lesson to Julia which had awakened her indolent and slumbering mind, and now she sat and thought.

"How has she done it all?" said Julia to herself. "What is the secret of her intelligence, her activity, her good spirits, and above all, of her ease and self-reliance? Where did she get her manners? How did one so poor become so lady-like and self-possessed? If I had been left in her situation, I should have been ignorant and miserable; and I am as it is, in comparison with these girls." Tears of mortification and regret forced their way in spite of the pride which endeavored to restrain them.

[*To be concluded.*]

THE WINTER EVENING FIRESIDE.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

I LOVE in Winter's eve to sit beside the genial stove,
And take upon my willing knees the children of my love,
And tell my private history, for thirty years and more,
To ears which listen eagerly to things unheard before;
To see their bright teeth glisten, as I mention something queer,
Or how their young eyes sparkle, as my story wakes a tear.
With queries strange and curious they question me at times,
To learn how some small incident with other matters chimes;
And oft express their wonder, that a gray-haired man like me,
E'er knew so little as *they* know, or such a child could be.
Their little hearts beat merrily, with wild delight and joy,
To learn that I was once a little flaxen-headed boy.
Or if from memory I relate some scene as I proceed,
Which filled my heart with anguish then, and makes it still to bleed,
With kisses of true sympathy, they print my moistened cheek,
And so arouse my pitying love, my lips can scarcely speak.
O, call not that a lovely life the bachelor must lead,
Who has no little hearts to love, no little mouths to feed.
He never knew true happiness, the height of human bliss,
Who has not sat the central source in such a scene as this.

He never tasted pleasure's cup, unmixed with base alloy,
Who has not held on parent knee, his little girl or boy,
And listened to the joyous laugh which falls from childhood's tongue,
To hear what ludicrous events took place when he was young.
Commend me to the hermit's hut, or to the dungeon's cell,
But never to the social world in solitude to dwell.
If I must live, O let me live, a dying world to bless,
Refreshed by woman's soothing love and childhood's warm caress.
When Winter's dreary day is past and all its duties done,
Allow me on my knee to hold a daughter or a son,
And stories of the olden time to tell and laugh and sing,
And what care I for poverty? I'm happy as a king.

[Original.]

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF THE PAST.

"I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER."

"The memory of the just is blessed."

I REMEMBER my Grandfather. His image is before me now, his reverend head, from which years had swept every semblance of hair, except the snow-white ear-locks; his noble forehead, polished like marble, the two prominent points seeming almost to radiate the light; his mild eye; his benign countenance, whose prevailing expression of kindness was heightened by the remarkably fine-looking mouth. As he appeared to my childish eye, he appears now in memory's glass. I see him sitting with the large family Bible before him, reading in solemn tones chapter after chapter from its sacred pages. Its yellow leaves tell the story of his faithfulness to this day, where, on a blank page, are recorded the dates at which he commenced and finished reading it aloud fourteen successive times. Singular and pleasant it is too to notice, that in their early days, when little children were clustered about him who would be wearied by a lengthy service, he was several years in completing its perusal; but as they grew older, and many of them began also to take delight in the daily worship, the period shortened, and at last, when the family were scattered, and he and my grandmother were left alone, they sat long at their morning devotions, and he read, as I said, chapter after chapter,

until the last reading occupied but a little more than one year. I hear again his familiar voice, as he bowed in prayer before that family altar, and remember how he always sought a blessing on "his children and his children's children," to the latest posterity. Well might he trust in covenant mercies. He was the descendant of many generations, "passed into the skies." His ancestors had for more than a hundred years occupied one pulpit in his native State, and he had himself been nearly forty years a watchman on the walls of Zion. How steadfast was his faith, how earnest his devotion to his Master's cause! "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." Often have I heard it said of him, that he was never but once known to be agitated. It was during a severe thunder storm. As he sat with his family around him, the lightning did its deadly work again and again near their dwelling, and the scene was terrific. Peal after peal rolled over their heads, when suddenly a more vivid flash and crashing bolt thrilled all with dread. As it passed harmlessly by, he rose from his chair, and with pallid face and trembling tones, said, "thank God, my children, we are safe."

He was like a solid pillar, on which wife and children and the feeble of his flock leaned in every hour of need. Peace and confidence flowed into their hearts from his unwavering trust. Many were the mournful exclamations in subsequent days, after he had gone to his rest, when trial and affliction came, "O, if he were but living, how he would aid us to bear up under these dark dispensations."

I remember his venerable aspect as he stood in the old pulpit, with its sounding board, seeming nearer heaven than earth, and shall never forget the horror which crept through every fibre of my frame, as I heard him once read a sentence of excommunication against an offending member of his church. "May God have mercy on his soul!" was the closing sentence. How like the knell of execution it sounded, especially as it came from lips so kind.

He lived beyond the allotted period of human life, visited by few human infirmities, and disturbed by few mortal cares. It

was a sad day when news was brought that our revered and honored parent was smitten with an apoplectic stroke, and all hope of his life was vain. Several days he lay insensible, except when roused at intervals for a few brief moments. In one of these, my father said to him, "Father, do you know me?" "Do I know you?" he replied. "Certainly, my son; why do you ask me?" "Father," said he, "you have but a short time to live; your children and your people will wish to know if the faith you have preached so long supports you now." "My son," said the dying man, apparently surprised that any could doubt it, "my son, *my faith is as firm as the everlasting mountains.* Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." They were his last coherent words, though he spent all the following night, his last night on earth, preaching, and his deacons who watched by his bedside, said they had never heard from his living lips, more heart-stirring appeals than he poured forth from that bed of death.

Calm and peaceful as he had ever been in life, he lay in death, and on his funeral day, old and young followed their aged pastor to the grave, feeling that their loss was irretrievable. It was a gloomy, cheerless day in early Spring, and the night closed in drearily.

Our bereaved family gathered around the hearth-stone, each feeling the desolation and heart-sinking which the removal of such a prop must needs occasion, when my father, wishing to cheer us, said, "I have been unable to be reconciled to grandfather's death, until to-night. While sitting here, it has suddenly occurred to me that he is conversing with Paul." It was a delightful thought. It dissipated our selfish grief. It seemingly brought our dear parent to life again, and made us forget our loss in his unspeakable gain. Many years has his converse been with the just made perfect, unfettered by dull mortality. If we may but go to him, we will not wish his return to us.

For the benefit of the mothers who may read this, permit me to repeat the counsel which my grandfather often gave. "Teach your children the catechism," he was wont to say; "I have, in

the course of my ministry, been forcibly impressed with the vast difference in general intelligence and excellence of character between those families in which the catechism is taught and those in which it is not. Especially is it to be observed in times of great religious interest. When young people come to converse with me concerning their soul's welfare, I can immediately tell which have been taught. They have words in which to clothe their ideas of religious truth; they can speak intelligently, because they have been furnished with fit expressions, and the truth makes a deeper impression on them than on those who have been uninstructed, and whose ideas are vague and confused, and whom it is almost impossible to guide aright, because they are so ignorant and their minds so dark. Teach your children the catechism." SIGMA.

"MY MOTHER'S PRAYERS."

BY REV. R. W. ALLEN.

JAMES was an uneasy, restless youth. At the age of twelve, he left the Sunday School, under the pretence that he was two old to be connected with such an institution. Soon his day-school became irksome and unpleasant. His lessons were neglected, for he thought more of play, or places of amusement, than of education.

Unfortunately, his mother was a widow. She had been suddenly deprived by death of the companion of her youth. This afflictive event took place at a time when it would seem that the father's assistance was greatly needed in rearing a numerous family of children. Inscrutable are the ways of Providence. Four sons and three daughters were deprived of a father's counsels, and their early training devolved almost entirely on the mother. James was the youngest child, and but an infant when his father died.

The older children were exceedingly fond of their mother, and were noted for their obedience to her instructions. Most of them had become settled in life with good prospects of success. Such

had been their kindness and gentleness of spirit, and amiable deportment, that they had won the affections of all who knew them. Especially, they had been kind to their mother and attentive to her necessities, and this had greatly endeared them to a large circle of friends.

The mother was deeply pious. She had in early life embraced religion, and connected herself with a Christian church, of which she continued a worthy member. She had labored hard to instruct her children in the ways of virtue and religion, and had been quite successful. Most of her children had become members of the church of Christ, and were walking in the ways of the Lord.

James was very different from the rest of the children. When quite young, he evinced an unhappy disposition. He was often petulent and obstinate. He wanted his own way in every thing, and could not bear restraint. At times, he would make fair promises, but they were soon forgotten. He possessed a roving mind. Nothing pleased him better than to be going from place to place. He seemed never to be satisfied. At the age of eighteen, he became anxious to go to sea. No persuasion could deter him from his purpose. His mother, at length, reluctantly, gave her consent.

She accompanied him to the vessel, and after giving him excellent advice, bade him farewell. Never had she seen such an hour before. She began to reproach herself. "Had I done my duty to him, he would not have left me in this way. It is true, I have advised and warned him faithfully. I have entreated him with tears, to desist from his evil ways. Many a time, I have tried to show him the danger and the ruin to which he was exposed. But all seemed to him like idle tales. I have often prayed with and for him, and I cannot think my prayers will be lost, though I have not been as faithful to him as I should. He will think of my prayers when far away on the boisterous ocean.

Months passed, and she heard nothing from her wayward son. At length she received a letter from one of the officers of the vessel, who was a relative, giving her some particulars of the voyage, and the most heart-cheering intelligence respecting him.

The vessel had encountered a dreadful storm. It was a terrible hour. All expected, every moment, to be launched into eternity. Still some of the sailors appeared unconcerned about their fate. But it was otherwise with James. He was upon his knees, earnestly imploring Divine assistance. His agony of soul became intense.

Occasionally, he was heard to say, "My Mother's Prayers!" and would then add, "can they be lost." The storm abated, and though the vessel was saved, it was a mere wreck. No lives were lost, but all suffered beyond description. A great change had taken place in James, so great that it was observed by all.

"Why did you pray so earnestly," inquired one of the sailors.

"It was *my mother's prayers*," replied James. "My mother, when I was but a child, used to make me kneel by her side, when she would pray earnestly for me. I cannot forget those prayers; it seems now that I can hear her praying for me. The recollection of them made such an impression on my mind, that I could not help crying aloud for the Lord to have mercy on me.

On reaching the nearest port, the crew were dismissed. The vessel had become so disabled that it was impossible to proceed. James was fortunate in obtaining a passage home. He was received joyfully by his mother, who felt that her prayers had been answered.

James was a new creature. His godly life was apparent to all. Often would he say, "I owe all, under God, to *my mother's prayers*." A few years elapsed, and James became a minister of the Gospel. His mother had grown feeble in health, and was invited into his family. Here she breathed her last, and her happy spirit went home to God. James, as he gazed on her lifeless remains for the last time, sighed deeply, and as tears flowed freely from his eyes, he could but give utterance to his oft-repeated expression, "*My mother's prayers*."

Let mothers pray for their children. A mother's prayers cannot be lost!

THE POOR HAPPY WOMAN.

In the beautiful little book, published at this office, entitled, *The Happy New Year*, occurs the following interesting relation, which is illustrated by the picture above. The conversation is between a father and his little daughter, Jane.—Ed.

"I will tell you a very interesting story about a poor woman who was happier than any other person in the town where she lived."

"Do tell it, father, nothing pleases me more than your good stories. I hope it is a long one."

"It is long enough to prove that the poorest person on earth may be very happy. It is about a woman who lived in England. Her husband died very suddenly and left her with three little children, without a cent in the world."

"Poor woman!" exclaimed Jane; "I should think her husband might have earned enough to have left her better off than that, if he was not lazy."

"Perhaps he thought as you do," replied her father jocosely, "that they are happiest who do not work."

"I was saying that the poor woman of whom the story tells, was left with three children to support by her own toil. The eldest was only eight years of age. It was indeed a hard lot. It is a great affliction to be left a widow, even with a plenty of money, and more to be left a widow without any. But then, this poor woman was very happy, and on the evening after her husband was buried, one of the neighbors heard her singing and praising God as cheerfully as ever.

"Was her husband a good man," inquired Jane, evidently much interested.

"Yes, he died very happy, which shows that it may be a Happy New Year to a person, even though he dies.

She lived in a sort of cabin which her husband made of slabs. It was a miserable dwelling, of course, and contained only one room. In a severe storm the rain would beat in so as to wet them. Beside, it was situated in a very lonely place, mostly surrounded by woods."

"How do you know that she was happy there?" asked Jane, as if she thought her father's narrative was guess-work.

"Because," answered Mr. Marlow, "her minister took great interest in her, and wrote about her after she died. And what I was going to tell you of special interest, is what I have learned from him. He was in the habit of sending his son, a lad about twelve years of age, quite often with a basket of provisions to this poor widow's cabin. There had been a long driving storm so that people were not able to go out much. It lasted a week, and the minister began to think that the needy woman would starve before it was over."

"Did she have nothing to eat all this time?" inquired Jane with much surprise.

"Yes, she doubtless had something to eat, but depending much on the kindness of her neighbors, for daily food, she would not be

likely to have much before hand. As I was saying, the minister watched the clouds, to note the first signs of fair weather, and as soon as the storm was over, and the bright sun shone out in his splendor, he filled a basket with various kinds of food, and having laid upon the top that beautiful tract called 'ALL FOR THE BEST,' started off his son upon his errand of mercy. I shall not stop to tell you how the lad reached the cabin, nor the conversation which took place there, but only what occurred when he returned."

"I should like to know," said Jane, "how he found the poor woman and her children. That will be all the best of it."

"You will learn that from what I shall say. He was gone from home nearly two hours. When he returned, he ran into his father's study in great haste, as if he had something very important to communicate, and exclaimed, "Father, you will be astonished at what I have seen, when I tell you!"

"And what have you seen, my son?"

"Why, before I got to Widow D——'s, I heard her singing like a lark."

"Perhaps she was happy at seeing the sun once more," said his father.

"I don't know what she was happy for, but I never knew any one who seemed happier. She kept on singing till I got right up to the door, which was wide open, and she was so engaged that she did not notice me. And what do you think I saw?"

"Perhaps she saw you coming at a distance, and was praising and thanking God for aid," replied his father.

"Not that," said Erasmus (for that was the son's name.) "I saw her sitting at the table with her children, and there was nothing on it but a little piece of bread, not more than a quarter as large as the loaf I carried, and yet she clasped her hands together, and looked up toward heaven, and I heard her say, 'What! all this and Jesus Christ, too! what! all this and Jesus Christ, too.'"

"Happy, happy woman!" said the delighted minister; "fit to be the sister of Paul, who said, 'I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content!'"

"A happy woman, indeed!" cried Erasmus, with much enthu-

siasm; "and I never saw a happier one. When I asked her if she had not been lonesome during the long storm, she smiled, and said, 'No, indeed! I was never happier. The Saviour has been my company all the time. No, my little man, happiness is not made of money, and handsome clothes, and a table full of dainties.'"

Here Jane looked at her mother and smiled. Her eyes revealed what she was thinking about. For you know that we can sometimes tell what a person is thinking about by looking at his eyes.

Erasmus continued saying, "I should'nt have thought it, but I think she is as happy as *you* are."

"I dare say she is much happier," rejoined his father, "because she is much better. The best people are happiest, not the richest and most honored."

Jane interrupted here, by saying "I guess the children were a little happier, if their mother was not, when Erasmus showed his nice great basket full of food."

"I was going to say, Erasmus told his father, that when he produced his basket of food, 'the poor woman did not appear any happier than before, because she seemed as happy as she could be all the time.' She was, indeed, very grateful, and showed her gratitude by saying, '*the Lord provides for us.*'"

Mr. Marlow closed the story just as the clock struck nine, saying, that "ever after this, the woman was no longer known as Widow D——, but was called 'THE HAPPY WOMAN,' because she was the happiest person in town.

"There, Jane," said Mrs. Marlow, who had not spoken before, "what do you think now? Is money so necessary to make a person happy? Did you ever hear of a rich man being so happy as to be called The Happy Man?"

"No," replied Jane, quite satisfied with the story, "I think now that a person may be happy without being rich."

"And do you not see that it is the *mind* which made her happy?" inquired her father. "If she had no money, honor and kindred things to make her happy, then she must have derived her enjoyment from something else. And since her body did not,

and could not yield it, then it must have been her contented mind. And what is so likely to make one happy as a peaceful mind?"

"I understand you now, father," said Jane. "I see that if it is the things which a person owns which give happiness, and not the mind, Widow D. would have been very wretched. Since she had nothing else to make her happy, it must have been the mind."

REMEMBERED LOVE.

BY M. A. COLLIER.

Is not thy cherished image here to-day,
Mournful and meek, thou who hast passed away?
Does not my heart recall thy life's calm close,
As softly this autumnal sunlight throws
All far and wide her floods of amber rays,
Revealing straight to me those distant days;
Brother beloved?

Sickness too soon had paled thy marble brow,
And laid thy youthful form in weakness low,
Again I see the hand so thin and white,
I meet the dark, dark eye so deeply bright,
I see, ah, me! the hallowed vision fades,
Passed like thyself to the still land of shades,
Brother beloved!

But that last, solemn hour of thy sweet life,
That hour of yearning love and deathly strife,
Mournful comes back; again I grieve for thee,
Sad that thy face on earth no more I see,
Light of my childhood! ne'er be thou forgot,
Nor time, nor change shall e'er thine image blot,
Brother beloved!

Thanks, O, Redeemer! that the Spirit's breath
Made holy those slow, waning hours of death;
In bursting hearts 'twas thine to shed abroad,
Gift of all gifts, the conscious love of God!
Thanks for the voice that called, "Come home to me,
Fear not though dark and deep those swellings be;
Brother beloved!"

And now how sweetly hangs above life's waste,
As a star's beams on blackened waters cast,
Glimmering as soft the shining ripples move,
The sweet remembrance of that early love;
On the still margin of life's mystic tide;
Thou wert an angel walking by my side;
Brother beloved!

THE STOLEN SLED.

BY CATHERINE LEICESTER.

It was a fine winter day, the air was clear and cold, the sun shone bright, and a fine depth of snow lay on the ground. Charles hurried home from school in high spirits, and ran up to his mother's room almost out of breath, saying, "Mother, may I take my sled, and coast on the Common till dinner-time. All the boys are going to be there."

"If you'll be sure to return in good season. You will have but half an hour, and you must not stay beyond the time."

"I won't, mother," said Charles, as he ran for his sled. But it was not on the nail where it should have been.

"Where is my sled?" he called out to the cook.

"Where did you put it?" she asked in return.

"Oh! now I know; I left it in the yard last night," said Charles, as he went to look for it, but no sled was there.

He called the cook again. "Mary, it ain't here. Where is it?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I saw it there this morning, when I opened the gate for the milk-man."

"There, my sled is stolen!" said Charles, beginning to cry. "You ought not to have left the gate open, you naughty girl! I've heard mother tell you so. Now somebody's stolen my sled."

"Nobody's been in that I've seen, but some poor boys that I gave cold victuals to, and I don't think they took it," said Mary.

"The mean thieves!" continued the excited boy. "When I'm a man I'll have them put in jail; and I don't like you because you left the gate open."

In great grief and anger he sought his mother, and poured out his complaints to her. She heard them quietly, and then replied,

"My son, I am sorry your sled is stolen, but I am more sorry to see you feel as you do. I heard what you said in the yard; you spoke unkindly to Mary and blamed her, when she was no more to blame than yourself. I told her to keep the gate fastened, but I also told you to keep your sled out of the yard, hung up in its place; so that you alone ought to be blamed for its loss.

Then, you showed a very bad spirit towards the person who took it; a very unkind and unforgiving spirit. Thieving is a great sin, and thieves are very wicked people, but we ought not to be angry and revengeful towards them; instead of being so very desirous of punishing them, we ought to pity them, and try to make them better. Bad people ought to be pitied as well as poor people; for it is a greater evil to be bad than to be poor."

"Do you pity me when I'm bad, mother?"

"Certainly I do, for I know you are wretched then, and if you do not become good, will be more wretched hereafter. I pity you, and try to make you better."

"But I *can't* pity the boy who stole my sled; he is so bad to me."

"When you've thought more about him, and tried to put yourself in his place, you may feel differently. One day I was crossing the Common, and as I passed the coasting-ground, I stopped a minute to see the fun of the boys, and good fun it was. I should think there were a hundred boys with sleds; and you know how they draw them to the top of the hill, start them off on the run, spring upon them, and then down they go, so fast, almost across the common. Sled upon sled, blue sleds and green, black sleds and red, went swiftly down one after the other. The boys appeared very happy, laughing and cheering, and warm with their sport, while their cheeks were red and glowing with their merry sport."

"When was that? I did'nt see you, mother."

"It was one day last week," answered his mother, "and, as I was going to tell you, while I stood looking at the coasters, I noticed a poor boy, with thin and ragged clothes, his shoes both out at the toes, standing near me, eagerly watching the happy boys, and once or twice he asked some of the little ones to let him get on their sleds for one ride, "just one," he said, but they paid no attention to him. I pitied him, and wished I had a sled to give him. Now, perhaps, that is the very boy who took your sled. He had no money to buy one; his parents had none to give him; they could not even buy him good clothes; and he might have thought it is not fair that some boys should have every

thing, warm fires, good clothes and fine sleds, and he have nothing, and so he might have taken your sled, wanting one so very much, and not knowing how else to get it. Very likely, too, he was never taught that it is a wicked thing to steal; but may have been encouraged in stealing by his parents. Now, don't you think such a boy ought to be pitied?"

"Yes, mother," said Charles, "and if I thought he was the one who took it, I should not care so much. I'd be willing he should have it, if you'd buy me another."

"I want you always to think whether you ought not to pity before you blame; whether you ought not to try to make people better, instead of being so fierce to punish them when they are bad. You don't know what strong temptations some people have, and how much they resist before they yield. Poverty brings temptations of which you know nothing. Agar, in the Bible, prays that he may not be poor, lest he should steal and take the name of his God in vain."

It was not many days after this that Charles came running to his mother again. "Mother, I've seen my sled. I saw one on the coasting-ground, and it's just like it, green, with a little yellow stripe, and a little crack in the runner. I'm sure by that, though there's a piece of old carpet nailed over the name; and I think it's the same boy that had it."

"The same boy?" inquired his mother; "who do you mean?"

"The same that you saw trying to get a ride on the other boys' sleds. He's a very poor boy; he had no mittens, and his hands looked very cold. There was a little boy with him, smaller than he is, and they both rode on the sled. The little one was very ragged, indeed. If I see them again, can't I ask them about my sled?"

"No, Charles. You don't know that the sled they have is yours, and if you did, you could not get it without a fight, and the best sled in the world is not worth enough for that."

"I only wanted to ask them; I dont care much about getting it back again, for father has promised me a new one. I pitied them they looked so cold. Can't I give them some of my old mittens, that are too small for me?"

"Yes; I should be glad to have you kind to them."

Charles gave the mittens to the poor boys, and this little act increased his sympathy for them. He obtained his mother's permission to give them some stockings also; but good mittens and stockings alone, will not make a boy comfortable in our severe winters; and Charles saw that the little fellows were still very cold. He was glad when his mother told him to bring them home with him, for she had a bundle for them. He did so, but when they saw where he lived, they seemed ashamed, and started to run away. Charles ran after them, and made them go back to the house with him, telling them kindly, "I have plenty of good clothes, and I don't want you to be so cold. I have more than I can wear, and you haven't half enough."

He got the bundle his mother had made up, opened it, and tried some of the garments on the boys to see how they fitted. They were some which he had outgrown, and as both the boys were smaller than himself, they fitted well. There was an overcoat for one, a thick jacket and worsted scarf for the other and some pants and drawers for both. Charles was delighted that the boys looked so comfortable in them, and wondered that they did not seem delighted too. They even looked more ashamed than before, and could hardly say, "thank you." They went away holding down their heads and talking low to each other.

The next day when Charles came home from school, Mary, the cook, called him, saying, "Charles, Charles, come here! I want to show you something."

He obeyed her call, and Mary showed him his old sled in the yard, just within the gate.

"How came it there?" said Charles.

"I don't know,' said Mary. "The gate was open a little while for the dirtman, and I haven't seen any body else about."

Charles went for his sled, and examined it. It was the same as ever, except here and there a nail hole on the top.

"That's where they had their carpet nailed on over the name," said Charles. I don't know what I shall do with it, he added, "for father has given me a new one so much better."

Charles soon informed his mother of the return of his sled, and added, "now I'm pretty sure, mother, it was those poor boys who stole the sled, because they looked so ashamed when I gave

them the clothes yesterday; and I think that's the reason they brought it back."

"Don't you see now how much kindness may do to make goodness? If you had been able to punish them, as you wanted to, when you first missed your sled, what good do you think it would have done them? They most likely would have been angry and revengeful, and ready to commit some outrage the first time they found a chance; but your pity and kindness has made them ashamed of having done you a wrong, and desirous to repair it. This may be the beginning of great good; an entire change may be going on in the boys, and they may become good and useful men, instead of criminals for life, as you would most likely have made them by putting them in jail. Don't you think now that if you had done so, it would have been more wicked in you than it was in them to steal your sled?"

THE MANIAC.

BY CATHERINE LEICESTER.

They said she was a maniac,
A woman pale and sad,
Who sometimes wrung her hands and sighed,—
And then they called her mad.

She'd sit for hours alone and still,
In cheerless, hopeless grief,
Then lift to heaven her tearful eyes,
As if to find relief.

"Oh, pity, Father, thine own child!
Forgive me, oh, forgive!
And take me to thyself at last,
I cannot longer live."

Day after day it was the same,
"Forgive me!" still her plea,
"And take me home; no friends are here;
Oh, take me, Lord, to thee!

Oh, take me home! Heaven is my home;
There dwell the friends I love,
Mother and sisters wait me there,
They call me from above.

My sisters' arms—give me their clasp,
Give me a mother's kiss!
Her soft, sweet voice upon mine ear,
Would sure be Heaven's bliss."

And there she sat, that woman fair,
For many a weary year,
And prayed that prayer for love and home,
With many a bitter tear.

They said, that she had wed in youth
A selfish heart and vain,
Who sought her in her hour of joy,
And left her in her pain.

When sickness came, and weariness,
Weak woman's doubt and fear,
She met with scorn and cold neglect,
Nor hope nor help was near.

And so she sank in chill despair;
Although her life was left,
Of spirit-life, and life of heart,
And hope and love bereft.

Is there no guilt upon his head,
The author of such death?
Is there no murder of the soul?
No life, but in the breath?

A WORD TO MOTHERS.

BY MRS. E. W. A.

YOUNG MOTHER! take care what you say before that child! See you not how earnestly those little eyes are fixed upon you? Take heed how you drop a careless word in his presence, for those little ears will surely treasure it up, and it may be repeated to you when you would rather not hear it.

Take heed to your actions, also, for every movement you make is watched and remembered. Remembered, too, that it may one day be imitated! Perhaps you think, "O, it is only a little thing," and it passes from your memory. But when the imitation comes, then you are startled and alarmed. But how can you correct the fault when the little offender looks up in your face and says, "mother did so too?"

I have been led to these remarks by an incident which occurred

some time since. It gave me at the time a most impressive view of the fearful responsibility of a mother. Mrs. W. with her little son of three years by her side, was making us a morning call. She held in her hand a beautiful rose, with which the boy seemed very much delighted. But suddenly looking up in her face, he said, "Mother, where did you get this rose?" The blood mounted to the mother's cheek, and she hesitated. "Where *did* you get it, mother?" said the boy, earnestly. At length she said, "I plucked it, my son, as we passed Mr. E.'s garden."

The boy opened his large black eyes, and fixed them upon his mother's face with an expression of wonder. I was sorry for her, for I felt that she had lowered herself in the esteem of her child. She saw it also, and immediately said, "My son, mother did very wrong to pluck the rose without asking leave." "*Yes, you did!*" said the boy, quickly and emphatically.

But he spoke in a mournful tone of voice, at the same time heaving a deep sigh, as though his little heart was at that moment oppressed by a weight unfelt before.

It is probable that he then ascertained for the first time in his life, that his mother could do wrong. And is it wonderful that he should regard her with astonishment, and that his confidence in her should be shaken? He had been taught, and that, too, from her own lips, that the act of which she acknowledged herself guilty, was a great sin — that it was theft, the transgression of the law of God. O! how must that woman have felt, to be thus degraded in the eyes of her pure-minded son!

After he had left the room, she said with much emotion, "I have had a severe lesson to-day. I think I shall be careful where I pick roses again."

She also remarked that she little thought of doing wrong. The act was a thoughtless one, she was passing the garden and saw a branch of roses hanging over the fence and carelessly plucking one, passed on. The boy's attention was engaged at the moment, and he did not observe the act, nor did she realise the impropriety of it, until his innocent questions caused her to blush for her own thoughtlessness.

ERZERUM.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

EDITORIAL.

Erzerum is the principal city of Turkish Armenia. It lies nearly south from the eastern extremity of the Black Sea, and is situated on a plain, at the foot of the Tcheldir mountains, near the sources of the north-arm of the Euphrates, in latitude 31, north. It is on the route principally chosen by travellers and traders. Its inhabitants, about twenty-five years since, previously to the ravages of the plague, were estimated at 100,000; but in 1835, according to Brant, there were not above 15,000. In addition to the losses by the plague, most of the Armenian families, amounting to 23,000 souls, abandoned the city, previously to the invasion of the Turks.

The streets are narrow, crooked and filthy. The houses are mostly constructed of mud, wood, or sun-dried bricks, and generally only one story high. The environs are entirely destitute of trees. There are two Armenian Churches, a Greek Church, and about forty Mosques.

The American Board commenced a mission in this city in 1839, by Rev. W. C. Jackson, then a missionary at Trebizond, not far distant. He states the number of inhabitants at that time to have been 30,000.

The missionaries at this place have encountered many obstacles, and the immediate fruits of their labors are not so apparent as in many places.

Mr. Jackson was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Peabody, who is still there. In 1851, Mr. Peabody states, that among the converts were two Russian subjects, who, when their interest in evangelical religion became known, were much persecuted, and even threatened with banishment. In a subsequent letter, one of these converts is spoken of as a most lovely and interesting youth, and though constantly expecting banishment, he has united with the Church.

In June, 1852, Mr. Peabody writes that this interesting young man had determined to repair to the United States, and prepare for the work of the ministry, from a conviction that he cannot enjoy the rights of conscience in rmenia.

Rev. Mr. Peabody maintains three services on the Sabbath. Although the average attendance, in January, 1852, was only about ten, it was larger than it had been. In June following, it had greatly increased, there having been on two Sabbaths, between sixty and seventy present, though some of these were from a neighboring village.

THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY REV. E. H. WALKER.

A few months since a scene of sadness, the deep gloom of which only the Gospel of Christ could illumine, was passing in a family dear to many hearts. The young wife and mother, wasted by disease, lay waiting in faith and hope for the time of her release. Day after day, hour after hour, friends had expected would be her last, but still she lived. Just then her eldest child, her darling Alice, one of the sweet lambs of the Saviour's fold, sickened; and, in a few hours it was evident the seal of death was upon her brow. From the first she had said she should die; that she and her mother were going home to heaven. For her stricken father and her little sister she "continued instant in prayer;" for herself and her mother she seemed to feel that all was over, and all was well.

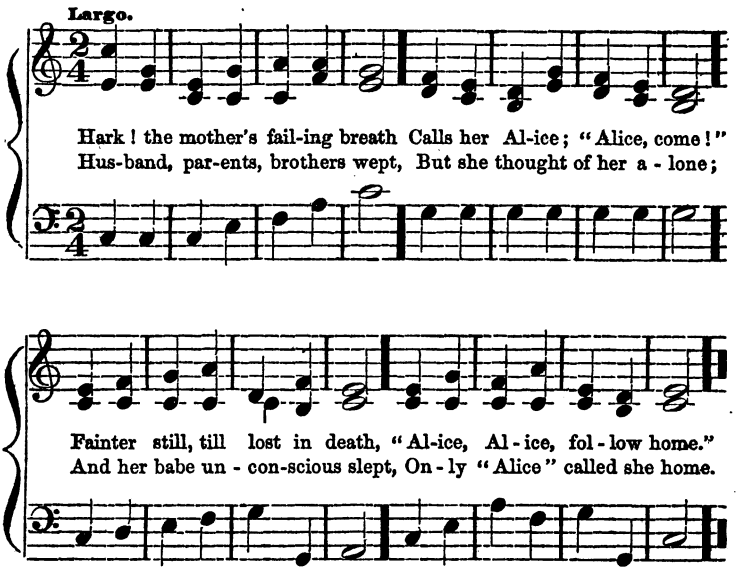
The mother, ignorant of this new and fearful stroke which had fallen upon the companion of her hopes and prayers, was fast passing away. All the last night of her life, she was unconscious, but called incessantly for her darling Alice, — the dying child, wishing her "to go home with her."

She died, and in a few hours, every breath to the last being an utterance of prayer and praise; the daughter followed. Her few short years were ended, but life's great work was done. There was joy in the sorrow, when, on the next Sabbath, those bodies were laid together in the grave.

The lines, on the next page, written when the intelligence of this double bereavement went forth to sorrowing friends, and sent to the stricken father, may, perhaps, meet the eye and the heart of some who have tasted the same bitter cup.

"ALICE, COME."

MUSIC BY L. MARSHALL.


Largo.
Hark! the mother's fail-ing breath Calls her Al-ice; "Alice, come!"
Hus-band, par-ents, brothers wept, But she thought of her a-lone;
Fainter still, till lost in death, "Al-ice, Al-ice, fol-low home."
And her babe un-con-scious slept, On-ly "Alice" called she home.

Was it light beyond our days
  Broke upon her darkening mind?
Entering on the shining ways,
  Heard she footsteps close behind?

Heard she to her Alice said,
  "Suffer such to come to me"?
Father, weeping by thy dead,
  Wouldst thou keep the child with thee?

Weep not, as she hastens on,
  Breathing love and prayer for all;
Weep not, for the Eternal Sun
  Gilds the double funeral pall.

There, beyond life's shadows dim,
  There, before the burning throne,
Joining in their rapturous hymn,
  With the ransomed is their home.

Weep not! 'twas a mother's hand
  Beckoned to that bliss above;
Leads her to that infant band,
  Hymning forth redeeming love.

Alice, may a faith like thine,
  Child believer, loving one,
Round us, living, dying, shine,
  Light our pathway to the throne.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

HEAVEN AND ITS SCRIPTURAL EMBLEMS. By Rev. Rufus W. Clark. Boston: Jewett & Co. 1853.

God has, in great mercy thrown around the human family, motives adapted to every variety of character, for the benevolent purpose of drawing them to himself. Among these, stands prominent, the reward promised to the righteous, which is held in too slight estimation by many christians. Moses had respect unto this recompense of reward, and the fair inference from the Apostle's argument is, that he was sustained in esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt, by the expectation of this reward.

The object of the author is, to "stimulate all believers to press forward toward the mark, for the prize of their high calling, and to meditate, ere their departure thither, upon the vast and splendid inheritance, and the felicities and glories to which they are heirs."

The mechanical execution of the work is, in every respect, in the best style, and it is embellished with five engravings, exceedingly beautiful and impressive.

POEMS. By Mrs. Adaliza C. Phelps. Boston: Jewett & Co. 1853.

Mrs. Phelps died in Jaffrey, N. H., in June last, at the age of 29 years. She is better known, perhaps, to the readers of this publication, as Miss Cutter. She made her first appearance in public, as a writer, in the Assistant, some six or eight years since, in the poem commencing

"I saw him in the coffin lay,"

and which may be found on the 200th page of the volume, and she has since been a constant and valuable contributor.

The principal poem in the volume is entitled "The Life of Christ," in the Spenserian measure.

The poems of Mrs. Phelps are characterized by a loving, sweet, and gentle spirit, rather than by originality of thought, or vigor of expression.

MEMOIR OF JOTHAM SEWALL. By his son, Rev. Jotham Sewall. Boston: Tappan & Whittemore. 1853.

"Father Sewall," as he was familiarly called, was an extraordinary man. We see but few such, in the lapse of three generations, beyond which, his natural life extended, he having died in 1850, at the great age of 90 years and 9 months.

Mr. Sewall was licensed to preach in 1798, and continued to exercise his functions as a minister, up to within a month or two of the close of his life. His time was principally spent in itinerating in answer to invitations from different places. He preached during his life, *twelve thousand five hundred and ninety-three times*, in *four hundred and thirteen* different places, and everywhere exemplified and enforced the doctrines he taught, by his consistent, godly life.

Mr. Sewall accomplished much good during his career, and it will be readily seen, by an examination of his character, that the foundation for this, was his deep, earnest, and consistent piety, and his irrepressible desire to be useful.

The publication of such a book is a blessing to the community, for its perusal cannot fail to stimulate others to imitate his example.

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PYRUS JAPONICA.

THE FAIRIES' FIRE.

The flowers, which cold in prison kept,
Now laugh the frost to scorn.
RICHARD EDWARDS, 1523.

SEE, where the first pale sunbeams of the year
Fall faintly, fearfully, upon the snow,
That rests in wreathed flakes on every twig,
Trained with neat care around the window-frame.
So icy cold is everything around,
That even sunshine trembles to alight,
Lest it be frozen too.
Ha! are *they* out?
My summer friends, the fairies? Surely not;
Yet who but they have lit these tiny fires,
That gleam and glow amid the wintry scene?
Yes, here they are, aweary of the storms,
And wrecking winds, and pinching frosts, that keep
Within their darksome prison-house of earth
The gay and spendthrift flowers; here they are,
Lighting their ruddy beacons at the sun
To melt away the snow. See, how it falls
In drops of crystal from the glowing spray,
Wreathed with deep crimson buds — the fairy fires.
And now that there is something bright on earth,
The clouds are driven from the clear blue sky,
And heaven is brightening too. Serene and calm,
The very air is hushed into repose,
That not a breath may ruffle the young flowers,
Now gently waking into life and light.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY S. A. B. CURRIER.

DEAR NANCY, were I to place a gem upon thy brow, or thy youthful head encircle with a crown, I would from virtue's casket select her purest pearl; and, from the garden of humility, pluck the fairest flowers, and wreathe them into a garland, with which to adorn a Christian life. Be it thine modestly to win the diadem of virtue, that when thou leavest *this* for a holier clime, thy memory may still live, and, deep within the bosoms of thy friends, thy moral excellence be treasured.

PARENTAL DUTY.

BY REV. J. C. WEBSTER.

PLEASURE is more distinctly appreciated in contrast with pain, beauty with deformity, virtue with vice, holiness with sin. Nothing, perhaps, is better adapted to lead us to resume a right path than sad experience in the wrong. Nothing more clearly designates our duty than a faithful exposure of our error. In this way parents may learn how to secure filial love and obedience, by considering some of the methods in which they too often irritate the passions, and thus increase the disobedience, of their children. This is manifestly the reason of the apostolic injunction, "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath."

It is readily granted that children will have their full share of sin to answer for. But they are too often "visited with the iniquities of their fathers." In a variety of ways parents excite their anger, even in their well-meant efforts to do them good.

They sometimes do this by *unreasonable requirements.* In their demands parents do not always sufficiently regard the fact that their children are merely children, and they require of them what ought not to be expected. The service is too difficult. It requires a degree of bodily strength or mental maturity, not to be expected of a child. No argument is necessary to show that it is unreasonable to demand of a child, six or eight years old, what one, twelve or sixteen years of age, in ordinary circumstances, is alone adequate to accomplish. And it cannot reasonably be expected that a thing can be done by a child in a manner suited only to the mature judgment of an adult. What is done by a child, a parent must expect to be done in a child's way; and a child has a right to feel injured if anything more is expected of him. If such a right is not recognized, his angry passions will very likely be aroused.

The same result is produced by *austerity in the exaction of duty.* A demand in itself may be all perfectly right; but the manner of the parent is so repulsive, that the child is provoked. Its repulsiveness may consist in the look, and nothing but the look. We often speak quite as significantly by the eye as by the tongue;

and some have a peculiar faculty to "look daggers." None are more susceptible to the look than children. Who has not observed the intentness with which a very *little* child will sometimes look into a parent's eye to see what he means? Austerity also may be in tone. When the words are all right there is something, at times, in their utterance which is repulsive to the young heart, and the merest child knows that the feelings which prompted the mode of expression are wrong. The tone, and nothing else, may indicate kindness or unkindness; and if it indicate the latter it must produce repulsion. Again, when the look and tone are wrong, they are most often accompanied by a wrong form of expression. "You lazy block-head!" "You impudent rascal!" "I'll take your ears off!" and the like, are expressions too often heard, and which even the child soon learns are exaggerated and revengeful, and only serve to provoke his wrath.

An unreasonable denial of innocent gratification is attended by similar effects. The ideas of parents and children often differ very materially with regard to the nature and degree of indulgence, and the child's first lesson is, that the parent must be the judge in the case. But while it is easy for the parent to be too indulgent, there is danger, at times, on the other hand, that he may not be duly considerate of the real demands of a child's innocent wants. There are certainly joys and pleasures incident to childhood as well as to maturity; and parents are in danger of forgetting that they were once children, and that they needed gratifications which they do not now. Let them remember that their children are only what they once were. As far as possible, let the parent throw himself into the circumstances of his child, and, at times, be a child again, and join in his innocent pleasures. Let him get upon the floor, if you please, and roll marbles, and build block houses; or let him ramble over the fields, and coast down hill with his children. It may even be as much a duty as to go to his shop or counting-room. Such a principle affords no license to indulge one's self, or gratify his children with any wrong or hurtful pleasure. There is a broad distinction in nature between pleasures right and wrong, useful and injurious. And the youthful as well as the adult mind appreciates the difference. Let the distinction be recognized. But while it is right to deny our children, as we would ourselves, a wrong and injurious gratification, it is wrong to deny them the indulgence of a

pleasure that is at once proper and useful. In fact, it is difficult to decide which produces the most injurious effect upon the mind of a child, the indulgence of a wrong, or the denial of an innocent gratification. While the natural tendency of the wrong indulgence is to corrupt the heart and diminish filial regard, the tendency of a denial of what is innocent is to provoke to wrath; and both alike must tend to make the child restive under parental restraint, and more inclined to violate parental authority.

Indiscriminate censure, also, is irritating. The child, as well as any one, knows perfectly that there is enough for which he deserves censure; but he does not relish, any better than his seniors, to be censured when he is not blameworthy. It is very natural, however, if any mischief is done, to presume that the children have done it; whereas it is far better to ascertain, in the first place, whether it may not be attributed to some other source. It is always provoking to be presumed to have done a wrong. It is so, when, although we are guilty, we know it is impossible for any one to prove it. But especially is it so when we know ourselves to be innocent; and the small child, although he may not be able to defend himself, and for that very reason, is quite as sensitive to the injury of such a suspicion as those who are older.

Again; an important distinction exists between *deficiencies in character and wrong doing with a wrong intent.* Mere foibles — childish defects — are not crimes. And if such distinction is not recognized, great injury is the necessary consequence. It is painful to witness a mere peccadillo, a simple mistake, or even a childish freak, regarded as a malignant crime. And if it is painful to witness it, how much more so to feel that one is himself the object of such regard. For a child, who has accidentally, or even carelessly, broken a pitcher, to be harshly blamed, as though he had maliciously dashed it in pieces upon a rock, it can only serve to provoke him to wrath, and make him secretly glad the thing is done. It is sorrow that you wish to excite in the heart for an accident, and remorse for a wrong; two very different effects, which require a corresponding difference in the measures to secure them. A disregard of this difference can only be attended with disastrous results.

Impatience, too, even with the wilful rebellion of a child, is productive only of injury. It aggravates rather than cures the evil. Children, as well as adults, belong to the degenerate race of Adam.

They are not the little innocents which some suppose. At a very early period they give signs of an evil nature. Their ill temper, deception and selfishness bespeak their depravity. These are all well fitted to excite the irritability and impatience of the parent, and there is no particular, probably, in which a parent needs to be so much on his guard. Meeting one wrong with another only produces resistance. The stronger may hold the other in check for a season; but it cannot eradicate it. When we have done wrong, it is only a gratification to our evil nature to see that it produces a wrong feeling in another. Sin, as well as misery, loves company. Sin is bolstered up by sin. Therefore, the child whose wrong produces impatience and fretfulness in a parent, is only encouraged to repeat the wrong. His self-complacency is fed, and he is strengthened in his crime. Anything approaching to anger in the parent only provokes wrath in the child.

Injudicious punishment is another method of exciting the wrong passions of a child. Since folly and sin are bound up in the heart of a child, it is idle for any parent to think of escaping the necessity of punishment. But great discretion is necessary in its infliction, so as to secure its desired result. It may be corporal, in accordance with the instruction of Solomon, who said, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes;" or it may be mental, by arousing his mortification and self-reproach. But, if it be ill-timed, or disproportionate to the offence, or administered in anger, it only excites the wrath of the child, rather than that regret and remorse, which are essential to genuine repentance. Some say that they cannot punish a child unless their own passions are excited. Then they will do quite as well to let him go unpunished. But that, too, is a sad alternative, fraught with untold evils to the parent as well as the child. For the parent only prepares the way for his own accumulated suffering in the increased rebellion of his child; and his only safety is in self-government and the infliction of appropriate punishment with deep parental affection. If the wrath of the child is provoked by such punishment, it is not against the parent who inflicts it, but against himself for having deserved it; which is certainly the desired result.

Once more. *Parents often unconsciously injure their children by assuming that they are actuated by wrong motives.* In very early life we learn that others can know but little about our thoughts

and feelings. Therefore it is not their prerogative to judge of our motives. Every one naturally wishes to be presumed honest; and if we know that such is the presumption respecting us, it is comparatively difficult for us to indulge or act out our depravity. But if we find that we are presumed to be dishonest,—if it is taken for granted that we intend wrong,—the first impulse of the depraved heart is pretty sure to be wrong. And a child is as sensitive to such injury as any one. Let him imbibe the notion that his parents habitually suspect him of mischief, and they are certain to provoke him to wrath, and actually induce him to commit mischief, of which he had never before conceived. The feeling of his young and wicked heart is very likely to be,—"Well, since I am thought no better of, I have no inducement to be any better, and therefore I will be no better. I might as well find some kind of enjoyment, and if I cannot have any credit where I try to do right, I will just abandon such effort, and give loose reins to my passions, and secure such pleasure as I can." Many a child, it is feared, has thus become wayward, and undesignedly turned aside from the path of virtue by his dearest earthly guardians and friends.

Finally; *a betrayal of more self-interest than parental affection*, is sure to work mischief in the heart of a child. It is love which moves the heart, more than a sense of duty. We discharge our duty to our friends, not so much because it is a duty as a pleasure. It is love, not duty, which causes the fond mother to watch with unremitting anxiety over the couch of her sick child. Hence, Christ says, "If ye love me ye will keep my words." Love to God and love to man commends itself to the human mind as the correct fundamental principle of action; and the very little child soon instinctively knows and feels its force, long before he can define and analyze it. He knows and feels that it is what a parent owes to him. At any rate, no one can appreciate it better where it is exercised towards him. Well, now, let the child obtain the notion that such a feeling for him in a parent's heart has been displaced by a predominating selfishness,—let the child imbibe the idea that the parent, in all his requirements, is actuated by his own self-gratification, rather than by any peculiar and fond affection,—and he feels that the parent, *as such*, is worthy of no special reciprocity of regard. Hence, his commands, as *parental*, are spurned, and the child is provoked to wrath to think that one should thus presume to act a parent's part. Every child's

heart yearns for a parent's affection to meet its wants; and if it is met with nothing but the cold demands of sordid self-interest, it must suffer a sad repulse. Under such circumstances, a child may be induced to obey from fear, while he cannot do otherwise; but he can never love to obey with the proper feelings of a child. It can never be his pleasure to do a *parent's* will. He may obey one because he is his *master;* but he can never obey him because he is his *parent.* For there is no ground for the reciprocity of fond parental and filial affection.

It is worthy of remark that the obligations of parents and children are mutual. The obligation is not all on one side. It is not simply the duty of the child to obey; neither is it the sole duty of the parent to exact obedience, regardless of the manner in which it is done. But while it is the duty of the parent to exact obedience, and, at the same time, of the child to obey, the parent owes it to his child to secure his obedience in a manner not needlessly to provoke his wrath. And to this end it is all-important that both parent and child should realize that their mutual obligation rests upon the obligation which they owe in common to their Father in heaven. Let the parent show to the child that it is from the fear and love of God that he lays upon him his commands, and the child will soon learn that, from the same fear and love, he ought to yield his cheerful obedience; and however much disinclined he may be, on the ground of the natural opposition of his heart to God, he will the more readily yield to his earthly parent. Or if he does not yield, he will not be angry with him, because he will feel — his conscience will tell him — that the controversy is really not between him and his earthly parent, but between his heart and his Father in heaven; and though he may even continue to hate God, he may, at the same time, be led by his natural affection to love and obey his earthly parent. Yet, it is in a state of filial obedience that we are naturally to look with most hope for the reconciliation of our children to God.

It is well, also, for parents to consider how much of their children's disobedience and waywardness is justly chargeable upon themselves. It is true the child, as well as the parent, must be held accountable for his own sin; and yet, we must remember that we are so constituted as easily to involve one another in sin. For Paul exhorts Timothy "not to be a partaker of other men's sins;" and the nearer the relations which we sustain in life, the greater the danger of in-

volving one another in transgression. In case of the little child, who, it may be, willingly goes to the dram-shop to get his father's bottle filled with intoxicating drink, who is most to blame, the child or the intemperate father who sends him? Instinct or intuition answers. In case of the child, who is thrown into a pet by the angry look, tone or manner of the parent, who is most to blame? Ought not such questions to modify the passions, to secure more patience, consistency and love, from parents, in all their dealings with their children?

Finally, let parents reflect upon the criminality and cruelty of provoking their own children to wrath. It is melancholy enough to think of exciting such a hateful passion in any one's breast, but much more so in the breast of a beloved child. Let every parent shudder at the thought. Wrath! — anger! — what is it? An essential element of a demon! What should we think of a man who would carelessly expose his children to vipers, reptiles, savage beasts of prey? And yet, how often do parents expose their children to the influence of their own ungodly passions, which, without some powerful antidote, will infect, poison and destroy their immortal souls forever! O, what a fearful responsibility rests upon parents, in view of their capability, and the danger of their exerting that capability, to train up their children to be the companions of devils, who might be angels of light! And, O, the unnatural cruelty involved in being unmindful of such a responsibility!

We need no less parental faithfulness, no less strictness, no less correction, but more of our heavenly Father's love, manifested in causing his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, in sending his only begotten Son to propitiate the divine favor, and forestall the sins of his children by his suffering, and in commissioning the Holy Spirit to lead them to repentance. So that, when the day of retribution must come, when the sentence of condemnation must be pronounced, and the threatened punishment must be inflicted, every mouth must be stopped, and mercy and justice have no contention.

HOPE FOR THE DESPONDING.

THERE is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and stormy night!
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come at morning light!

HOME SACRIFICES.

BY REV. WILLIAM BATES.

It is a general law, both in the natural and moral world, that every prize must be won. Every desired object is to be secured only by appropriate effort, and by sacrificing to its attainment some other real or supposed good.

The man who resolves to be rich must ordinarily sacrifice to this object domestic enjoyment and intellectual improvement, and give himself up to ceaseless toils and wearisome anxieties. Whoever would become learned, obtain a reputation for scholarship, and secure a high and symmetrical mental culture, must present many offerings at the shrine of knowledge. The cultivation and enjoyment of a literary taste have their price. The scholar must give up the contest for wealth, as well as for political promotion; must forsake the paths of pleasure for retired study; must deny himself ease and social enjoyment, for exhausting research and protracted investigation, and must leave to others the accomplishment of philanthropic enterprises. The politician must also pay his price for the honors of office. He must be willing to descend to the low arts of electioneering and political intrigue; to submit to abuse from opposing parties; to have all his foibles exposed to public view, his motives unblushingly impugned, and his character shamelessly defamed in party journals and political speeches.

So is it in all the departments and relations of life. Everything has its price. Every coveted good demands toil and sacrifice.

From this great law in the divine economy, home and the parental relation are not exempt. No home can be what it should be,—the retreat of peace, affection, social enjoyment and sacred confidence,—without the renunciation of many things esteemed desirable. Both the father and the mother must, for the sake of making their home attractive, forego many enjoyments in which they indulged antecedent to marriage. The father must be willing to surrender, in a great measure, his evening pleasures abroad. The reading-room the saloon, the store, the shop, or other resort for political discussion, or for the retailing of gossip, must no longer find him a stated and devoted visitant. That father, who worships with such constancy at the altar of Mammon, or at the shrine of Learning, as to be forgetful

of his duties and privileges as the head of a family, is recreant to his high trusts. He ought never to have assumed the sacred relations of his position, without being willing to abate of his love of riches or knowledge, as much as is requisite to his faithful discharge of the conjugal and parental duties.

The mother, too, must resign some of her former pleasures, to be the ruling spirit and centre of attraction in her home. No longer may she be a wandering star, or be found ambitiously shining as the brilliant belle. If she has a taste for appearing at the place of fashionable resort, and for shining in the crowded drawing-room, this must be superseded by a love for home duties and enjoyments. If she has a literary taste, something of this must be sacrificed. The mother who neglects her husband or her children, in her devotion to music, French or German,— who loves poetry or novels more than the pleasure and duties of home,— dishonors the position of wife and the relation of mother.

"I SAW THE TALL AND REVEREND PRIEST."

BY MARY GRACE HALPING.

I saw the tall and reverend priest,
With his white and flowing hair,
Smile, as he raised his hands to bless
A bright and happy pair.
Upon a couch of softest down,
With costly silk o'erspread,
I saw the first-born darling lie,
Within its cradle bed.

I saw a mournful funeral train
Move slow with solemn tread;
I saw the pale, dead mother lie
Within her coffin bed.
I heard the wails of anguish wild,
I saw the turf laid o'er
Her breast, who was a happy bride
But one short year before!

O! stricken ones, around that sad,
Deserted household hearth,
What are love's nearest, dearest ties?
What are the joys of earth?
Like the bright, gorgeous sunset hour,
As fleeting and as brief;
The fading of the summer flower,
The falling of the leaf.

STRAWBERRY-HILL.

[SEE PLATE.]

On our approaching Twickenham, we go along Strawberry-hill, the elegant villa of the late Horace Walpole, Earl of Oxford.

His lordship constructed this charming habitation after some models selected from Gothic architecture. He has displayed much taste in the numerous ornaments and in the choice of a collection of pictures, statues, antiquities, and of other curiosities which the edifice contains.

The deceased lord appointed, by testament, that the house should be occupied by Madame Damer, generally considered as sculptor, for her genius and good taste.

In pursuing our route, the classic habitation of Pope first strikes our notice. The house was humble and small during the life of the poet, but veneration for his memory has been the cause of the additions which have been made. On the bank of the river stand two weeping willows, planted by the hand of Pope, and preserved with much care; some slips of these trees have been sent into different countries. Catherine, Empress of Russia, caused some of them to be placed in her garden at St. Petersburg. The grotto, formerly so celebrated, is only remarkable as having been constructed under the immediate direction of the bard. The hand of time, aided by the spoliations of travellers, has nearly reduced it to ruins. Pope and his parents are buried in the church of Twickenham.

We pass now before the delightful residence of Baron Howe (Richmond House), the pretty villa of Mr. Drummond, and other charming houses of the country. Then we touch the little isle of Twickenham, which possesses an excellent hotel, named Eel-pie-house (or Pie of Eels), the usual end of aquatic excursions. Steamboats from London are of daily occurrence during the fine season.

Beyond the church of Twickenham is York House, along with a noble habitation built by the late Lady Anne Conolly.

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* * * Virtue
Stands like the sun, and all which roll around,
Drink life and light and glory from her aspect. — Byron.

ANGER; OR, THE HAPPY FAMILY.

BY MRS. S. P. SMITH.

In a small village, a few miles from the city of Boston, lives an aged gentleman with a large family of adult sons and daughters. Some of them are married, and have removed to other homes; but three daughters still remain with their father. It is a pleasant and interesting family. Their mother has been dead some years, and though another for a time filled her place, yet she, too, soon followed. At the time of her death, she left to the care of her husband and his daughters, an idolized child of a former marriage, then about twelve years of age.

To the eye of the casual observer, it would seem that if happiness could be found anywhere in this sinful world, it was certainly beneath that consecrated roof. There the incense of the morning and evening prayer rose like fragrant odors on zephyr's wing, bringing in return Heaven's choicest gift, the smile of an approving God. There, too, science and religion went hand in hand, and the alacrity with which the stern behest of duty was obeyed, convinced the beholder that pleasure was there, with her joyous smiles, attending each weary step, and mitigating each irksome task.

The neighbors loved much to drop in occasionally to spend an hour with those interesting sisters, whose cheerful tones, beaming faces, and intelligent conversation, made the time pass so pleasantly. Strangers were led to their abode, that they might carry away with them the grateful recollection of a pleasant interview. By all who knew them they were emphatically called "The happy family." But where, upon this sin-stained earth, can happiness be found free from some base alloy? The family of whom I write were happy, it is true, and at times it would seem that even Paradise, in its primeval purity, could hardly be more inviting.

And yet, within the bosom of that peaceful home, there lurked a very demon, who, whenever it chose to make itself visible, turned that quiet fireside into a very Pandemonium. This troublesome visitor was Anger, and it always appeared in the person of the young girl above mentioned. She was unusually beautiful in person, and was thought by all, save those who knew her at home, to be lovely

and amiable in disposition. But, alas! she was the victim of unlimited indulgence. While her mother lived, every whim was gratified, every wish granted; and now, though her guardians loved her dearly, and only sought her good, they soon found she was beyond their control. If her desires in everything were not consulted, her face would flush with passion, and her beautiful features become distorted with anger. She, who was once "a mother's pride," and who might have been "a fond father's hope and joy," had given admittance to this foul guest, until it seemed to have made her breast its permanent abode. Yet, if the sad truth had been whispered to those who saw her only in the parlor, it would at once have been pronounced a base and cruel slander. But follow her to the kitchen, and listen to what is passing there, and we have quite another picture. Yet we can hardly believe that those angry tones, which fall with such withering power, can really proceed from the same voice, which, but a few hours since, was as soft and as gentle as the zephyr's breath when it awakens the early flowers of Spring. We rejoiced to hear the clear ringing tones of that silvery laugh, for it spoke to our hearts of innocence and joy. And when the rich cadence of that tuneful voice fell upon our ears, in strains of gushing melody, we almost fancied she had caught some seraph's lyre.

Such scenes were of frequent occurrence in the old gentleman's dwelling. It was enough to move a heart of stone to witness the treatment he received from one, whom for years he had cared for with a mother's tenderness. But now, when the shadows of declining years are about his path, when his head is whitened for the grave, he is made to feel

> "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
> To have a thankless child."

Sometimes he would venture a gentle remonstrance, and exhort to more self-control; but he usually said nothing, and rarely uttered the language of rebuke. He had found that it only added fuel to the fire, and he gave up in despair.

One morning she came down with an expression of countenance, indicating anything but kind feelings. The doors were slammed with violence, and the dishes thrown on to the table with a force that threatened their demolition. If spoken to, she answered with insulting words and looks, which were like daggers to the feeling

soul. The sisters looked at each other, and the deep sigh revealed their anguish. The aged father observed these movements with a tearful eye, but said nothing. Soon the servant came in with several publications and letters, which he had just taken from the post-office. The young furioso immediately caught one of them, and hastily removed the wrapper. It was a number of the Mother's Assistant (July, 1849). She opened it, and her eye fell upon these words: "You resolve and re-resolve, but fragments of broken resolutions strew your daily path." It was truly a word in season. It was a picture of her own experience, and she turned to the commencement of the article, entitled "Temper."* She cast her eye over the pages, and the starting tear betrayed the emotions awakened in her hitherto obdurate bosom. Hastily she rose from her chair, and retired to her chamber, which she did not leave again until the next morning. The sisters also retired to their respective rooms, and again the prayer of faith went up to Heaven for that erring one. Nor did they pray in vain. Alone, in her chamber, she spent the day in communion with her own spirit. And O, what a day was that! During its brief hours what an important revolution is effected! The destiny of an immortal spirit is changed forever! The feet, which so long have been treading with rapid strides the road to ruin, are now diverted from their downward course. That reckless one pauses upon the slippery steep. She perceives the danger to which her steps are tending, and her anxious eye wanders in search of a safer path. And then, far away in the distance, it catches a glimpse of the still waters and the green pastures of righteousness. Shining ones are walking there, and their faces radiant with the glory which streams forth from the throne of the Eternal. But how is that blessed region to be reached? Between that and the anxious soul there yawns a gulf, which no mortal power can pass unaided. And O, what pencil can paint the agony of that soul, as it looks into the pit upon the very verge of which it stands, and then, casting a backward glance upon the path which leads to such fearful peril, exclaims, in bitterness of spirit, "What shall I do to be saved? Who will show me any good?" But a voice comes from the page of inspiration, saying, "Fear not, I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Hope thou in God. He is nigh unto them that are

* By Mrs. Eliza W. Clark.

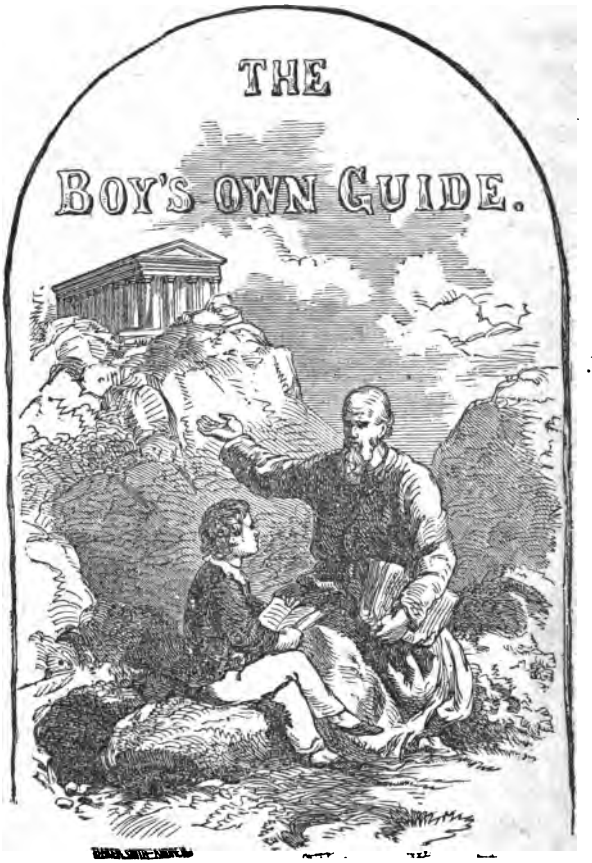
of a broken heart, and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit. His grace is sufficient for thee in the hour of trial, and through him shalt thou gain the victory over every sin."

Such was the substance of that young lady's experience while she held converse with her own spirit, and sought strength from on high. No one was aware of the mighty struggle which was passing there. Little did the family suspect that the soul of that loved one was even then standing on the boundary between life and death; that the influence of that day's decision would extend through eternal ages, and fix the destiny of an immortal soul for weal or woe.

But the change which that decision wrought in her character and movements, was soon observed by all. It seemed as though the lion was transformed to the lamb. Peace reigned where wild contention had formerly held her throne, and joy and gladness pervaded the dwelling which had been turned into a house of mourning by the spirit of discord.

Good reason had that family to prize the periodical which had been the instrument in the hand of God by which this change was brought about. Good reason had they to be grateful to the individual who wrote that short article, which had been so richly blessed. Good reason, also, had that writer to praise God for the inspiration which enabled her to exert an influence of such vast magnitude and extent. I would rather be the author of that story, than to have "shared with Napoleon the triumphs of his blood-bought throne."

What encouragement does this fact impart to those who are seeking to promote the welfare of the young. To such I would say, in the language of another, "Toil on, ye warm-hearted and persevering souls, in your arduous and self-denying task. Ye shall not labor in vain. In some unexpected moment the reward of your toil shall be given you. It may be that, in this world, ye will never know the result of your patient endeavor. Do not tarry to gather fruit. The harvest is not yet, and this is not the time to reap; but go forth and scatter the good seed of the word in this sinful world. Water it with tears of earnest faith and love, and when a few more days of faithful service and patient watching have passed, when a few more rolling suns have ripened the precious sheaves, then shalt thou approach the throne of thy Father and thy God, bringing, with songs of joy and gladness on thy lips, the souls which have been given thee, as the reward of thy labors on earth."



PUBLISHED BY C. C. DEAN, BOSTON.

THE aboved named book is one of the publications of the Mass. S. S. Society. It is intended especially for boys between the ages of ten and sixteen years, as a guide to good principles, habits and manners. We rejoice at the publication of this book, and hope it will in some degree compensate for the neglect of parents and teachers of youth, by whom these matters, namely, good principles, habits and manners, are greatly neglected. All parents who have boys would do well to purchase a copy for them, and read it in connection with them, making, as they proceed, such comments as the subject may naturally suggest.

[CONCLUDED.]

JULIA LITCHFIELD AND HELEN MAY.

EDITORIAL.

A WEEK passed away. Julia had come with the intention of playing the fine lady among her cousins. She did not intend to be familiar with them. She thought that a lady-like reserve and exclusiveness would preserve the distinction which it was proper should exist between them on account of their difference of position; but, somehow, she found things estimated in this family by a standard very different from that to which she had been accustomed. Her vanity was sorely wounded, and she felt deeply mortified; but she would not let it appear. She fell back upon her wealth, and seemed determined in some way to make her cousins feel her superiority. But Helen would not be offended. When Julia put on airs, she would appear not to notice them. She was perseveringly kind and frank, and made her conversation so interesting and agreeable, that it was impossible to resist its charm. By degrees Julia's pride, having nothing to feed it or to oppose it, gave way, and a sincere and honest admiration of her cousin, and desire for her own improvement, took its place. She followed Helen everywhere she went. She watched her modes of instructing and managing the younger ones. She listened and thought, but said very little.

Miss Litchfield busied herself among the children, and was as active and as happy as any of them; but she made no pointed remarks to Julia. She had intended this visit as a practical lesson. She had observed the workings of Julia's mind, and she was willing, for the present, to leave it to circumstances to make their full impression upon her, without any lectering of her own. Instead of disturbing her feelings or wounding her pride, she wisely left her to make her own reflections and comparisons.

One morning, after the children had left the school-room, Julia entered and closed the door. "Helen," said she, "I want to ask you some questions. Will you answer them?"

"I will if I can," said Helen, who looked up in some surprise.

Julia. How have you made yourself so good and so intelligent?

Where have you acquired such information and such clearness of ideas? How did you learn such good manners?

Helen. O, stop! stop! One thing at a time, cousin Julia; and, above all things, do not flatter me in this way. I shall not know what to say to you.

Julia. Helen, I came here a proud, vain, ignorant girl. I am so now; but I am ashamed of myself. I want to know how you have made yourself what you are. But first tell me if you are really as poor as I heard you were?

Helen. We are poor, Julia. When my father failed he gave up all, and his health has never permitted him to engage in active business since. He has an office in the town, which yields him a little income, but it is a very small one.

Julia. Yet you can afford to keep a servant, and you have time for study, and reading and amusement of various kinds. I thought poor people had to work all the time.

Helen. We are obliged to make nice calculations, Julia. We have to choose between many things. What we gain in one way we sacrifice in another. We aim at the greatest good, which, next to love and piety, seems to me to be a good education, health and leisure. I believe that many persons in our situation would think it most important to dress handsomely, and would devote their money and their time to this purpose. We make no embroidery, we do no worsted work, beyond a few mats and a pair of slippers at Christmas for father. A shilling calico and a cambric collar is, as you see, our ordinary dress, though we have each a white, or a pretty colored muslin for a best. And here pride and economy go together, to a certain extent; for I cannot help thinking that a clean, fresh, smoothly-ironed calico, or muslin, is more truly genteel than a tarnished silk or tissue. I have learned dress-making, and can fit and make a dress very nicely.

Julia. Yes, and I observe that you do it for your neighbor's children, the poor family at the corner. Are you paid for it?

Helen. No. I should feel poor, indeed, not to have it in my power to do a kindness to a neighbor. But you see that our saving in this way enables us to hire a servant, and I take pains to employ one who can sew neatly. I and my sisters do a great part of the active work of the family. It is not unpleasant. We do not feel it a hardship to help our father and each other. And it is healthy.

The daily bath and this household exercise have given us the full arms and necks which you seem to admire so much. It may be unlady-like to be strong and almost incapable of fatigue; and yet, I am not ashamed to say that we are so. I never feel so tired but I look forward to a long walk with pleasure; and it is so with my sisters, even the youngest. We are seldom ill, and this is no doubt partly owing to our plain manner of living. And here, too, we sacrifice on one hand to gain on the other. We make no pastry or pickles, or preserves, and very little cake; but we have plenty of milk, eggs and chickens; from our orchard a great abundance of delicious fruits; and vegetables from our garden, which we cultivate ourselves. We always have light, sweet bread, and we never dine without meat of some kind.

Julia. I think your living is very nice. I do not know how it is, but I have not been without a headache in the morning for a year, until within the last three days. And there is no telling how much more clearly I can think, how much more courage and resolution I begin to feel, since those ugly headaches are gone. I see you use no coffee.

Helen. No; and nobody but father takes tea.

Julia. I see, now, Helen, how you get your leisure for teaching and walking, and all that sort of thing. Beside cooking and washing, your Susan does a great deal of the plain sewing — does she not?

Helen. Yes; for we almost always do the ironing. We make the puddings and prepare the vegetables. We milk, we churn. We do not spare our arms and hands, as you see.

Julia. But, Helen, you seem to feel no sense of degradation from being poor,— from doing all this work. You appear to feel yourself as much a lady in your calico frock, on your matting-covered floor, as if you were dressed in satin and walked on velvet.

Helen. And why should we not? I trust that we shall never lose the refined habits and the self-respect which were early taught us by our parents, and of which my father is still an example. We feel that labor, performed from love and duty, can never be degrading. As for elegant clothes and fine furniture, I like to see them in the houses of the rich, where they are appropriate; but they seem to me so unworthy to be compared to the riches of the mind and the heart,— such poor things to pride one's self upon,— that I cannot feel

humiliation from the want of them. But, Julia, we have never been treated in a way to make us feel that we were inferior to other people. It may appear like pride in me, but I must say that the villagers seem actually to look up to us. And the rich people, who pass their summers in our neighborhood,— Mrs. Douglass and Mrs. Price,— treat us, not with humiliating condescension, but with real kindness and respect, as if we were their equals.

Julia. And so, no doubt, you are the equals of Mrs. Douglass and her daughters. But it is curious, and, I must confess, it is still a mystery to me, how you came by this equality,— they with every advantage of education and position, and you with so few.

Helen. You forget, my dear cousin, that I was fourteen years old when my father failed, and my mother died. We enjoyed, before that time, many advantages in common with others; but we had, and still have, some that were peculiar. My father and mother were both, I think, uncommon people,— uncommonly clear-headed and warm-hearted. The best of what we know and are was learned from them. They thought that, of all things pertaining to this world, love and knowledge were the most desirable. They were philosophers. They taught us to examine things to the bottom; to see clearly and understand thoroughly; to observe, to inquire, to exert ourselves to the utmost in whatever we undertook. Hence, what we know, we know well; we take pleasure in it, and derive confidence from it. What we do, we do with skill and quickness. This is pleasure, and it gives us time. The only thing in which we spend our money freely as rich people do, is in books. We have the best in the English language. My father has taught me Latin and French, and I am teaching the younger ones. My mother taught me to love poetry, and from this love seems to spring naturally the love of all natural and moral beauty. I have taught my sisters what I know of music. Two of them have a talent for drawing, as you have seen; so that we are not entirely without accomplishments, as they are called.

Julia. But you seem to have such an exact knowledge of words, such a clear idea of facts; you must have labored immensely to acquire it all.

Helen. My dear, you must remember that when things are well understood, learning becomes a pleasure; that strenuous effort makes acquisition easy. The indolent do not know what the pleasure is.

I dare say some people would think it troublesome to consult a dictionary for every word they do not understand; or to search a map for every place whose location they do not know; or to look over the biography of every famous person they hear mentioned. This we have been trained to do as a matter of course. And we converse about what we read, see and think. From our earliest years we have been taught to be grateful to those who will teach us anything, and still more so to those who give us love and sympathy.

Julia. But, Helen, do the little ones never do wrong? How came they to be so docile, and yet so gay and spirited?

Helen. Do you not remember coming into the school-room one day, and finding us all in tears? One of my little sisters had committed a fault, and I had reproved her. But this is a rare thing. They are good children. My mother spoke words to them, on her dying bed, which they have never forgotten. They can be serious, but it is natural for the young and healthy to be gay. They have never been told that it is wrong. I have answered your questions frankly. But, Julia, you make me appear very egotistical. Let me now question you. I want to learn something from you.

Julia. I will tell you frankly, that I intended to teach you a great deal; — all the new fashions in dress; all that I knew myself about etiquette, and all the anecdotes about great people that I could remember. But, Helen, I am thinking about something else now. I have been spoiled of late. I have not been well taught. I have had poor companionship and bad advice. I have been led to think that money and fashion were everything. But I had a mother, Helen, and she also said words to me which should never have been forgotten. I have a heart, Helen, and I feel that I love my father. O, what a pang shot through my very soul, as I saw how mortified and disappointed he was in me, when he had an opportunity to observe and examine me, and when I exposed my deficiencies before others! Helen, I would give more than words can tell to receive such a letter from my father as you received yesterday from yours, and to be able to answer it as you replied to your father. Aunt Jane showed me both.

Here the mortified and heart-stricken girl burst into a flood of tears.

Helen wept also, and tried to comfort her cousin by enumerating her advantages. But she would not be comforted.

"Am I not sixteen?" said she. "Am I not almost old enough to go into society, and how shall I appear? How shall I beautify and enrich my solitude, only child as I am? How shall I entertain my father, and make him happy at home, when we are left alone together? How shall I make his home appear respectable and pleasant to his friends? I have no correct habits of thought; no facility of expression in conversation or writing; no clear, well-defined ideas. Even my music is discordant, and my drawing one-sided."

Helen was kind and generous. It pained her to witness the mortification of her cousin, and her own buoyant and energetic nature spoke in her voice as she said, "Julia, my dear cousin, weeping does no good. Resolution and action are what you need. You are very young. You have a strong desire for improvement. You love your father, and I trust you feel your accountability to your Father in heaven; for this should be the first motive with all of us. By earnest and persevering effort, you can remedy all your defects and supply all your deficiencies. With such a help as our dear aunt Jane, with her full, rich mind, her glowing heart and her practical talent, you can do and be anything you wish. You give me much more credit than I deserve, and you take much less to yourself. I love you, Julia, for I now see how frank, truthful and generous you are; how modest and diffident of yourself; how ready to give credit to others."

Julia looked up pleased and surprised. She felt that this was a new character for her to appear in, and yet, not wholly undeserved. Her better feelings had been strongly and suddenly awakened, and her better powers aroused. Her mind was like a fountain from which a breeze had suddenly swept the decayed vegetation of years. Sparkles and gleams shot up from its depths, and gave promise of future clearness and beauty. She perceived that her aunt had been making a delicate experiment in bringing her upon this visit, and she had the good sense and right feeling to determine to avail herself of the benefit of it. Her visit was prolonged two or three weeks, during which time she not only vastly improved her health and personal appearance, by a rational mode of living and judicious exercise, but she learned many valuable lessons in life, and the secret of true happiness.

She learned to love and respect her *poor* cousins; and many were the tears and regrets on both sides when she took her leave of them

to return home. Home was a new place to her, with her deeply-awakened feelings and earnest resolutions. Under the kind and judicious guidance of her aunt, and with Helen's example in her mind, she put herself upon a course of self-training and self-improvement, which, in the course of two or three years, produced results almost wonderful.

We are fond of detail, and we should be delighted to describe to our young readers the steps by which this girl, from being indolent, careless, vain, and wilful, came to be docile and modest, bright and active, the pride and comfort of her father, and the delight of her acquaintance, among whom were ranked the accomplished Mrs. Douglass and her daughters, who thought none the less of her for having a cousin Helen.

But our article is already too long, and we must defer this to some future time. We will only say, before closing, what we think our readers will be glad to know, that Mr. May recovered his health by a visit to a water-cure establishment, and, being still a comparatively young man, he was enabled to enter upon a lucrative business, by which he placed his family in very comfortable circumstances, which, of course, enlarged their sphere of usefulness and happiness. They did not confine themselves to shilling calicoes, but they always preserved their taste for simplicity in dress and ornaments. Julia, however, did not feel ashamed of them, and their annual visits were looked forward to as the happiest days in the year.

Nor was Julia the only one to benefit by her intercourse with the Mays. Mr. Litchfield was induced to adopt the custom of his brother-in-law, of remaining at home with his family after dinner and during the evening. And he has of late been heard to declare, that no prospect of pecuniary advantage should ever induce him to resume those engrossing habits of business which kept him in almost entire ignorance of his family, and deprived him in a great measure of the highest and sweetest enjoyments of life,— literary cultivation, domestic endearment, and leisure for that spiritual improvement which he had justly come to regard as more sacred and important than either.

DOING GOOD.

HAPPY were men if they but understood
There is no safety but in doing good. — FOUNTAIN.

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF THE PAST.

ORIGINAL.

"The memory of the just is blessed."

"I remember, I remember."

I REMEMBER my grandmother. Long years have passed since she went to her heavenly rest; a blessed rest, indeed, to her, after a life of suffering, toil and care. I have heard it said, that, in her youth, she was esteemed the most beautiful young lady in her native State; and to my childish eye, and to my recollection now, she was the handsomest old lady I ever saw. Her eye had lost none of its lustre, nor had her complexion faded with the passing years; and if her form was somewhat bent under the weight of cares, her native dignity remained unimpaired.

The story of her marriage would vie with any romantic tale, wrought out and embellished by the hand of fiction. My grandfather, then a grave student of divinity, had many rivals in his suit to the beautiful daughter of Col. E.; and in his visits to her father's house, often met many, like himself, eager to win so fair a prize; and, among the rest, his older brother, then tutor in the college of the State. Alarmed for the result, and urged on by increasing love, he preferred his suit and was accepted, and, by motives he well knew how to urge, at last gained her consent to a clandestine marriage, which was to be, after all, only a more sure and solemn form of engagement; as he was to return to his studies for the space of two years, and she to her avocations in her father's house.

It was on a bitter cold night in the midst of Winter, that the youthful party, the bride and groom elect, with two or three trusty companions, appeared at the house of Mr. Devotion, the minister of a small town about six miles from the lady's home, and presented themselves to the venerable man to be married.

"You know my father, sir," said my grandfather, "and this is Miss E., daughter of Col. E. Here is the certificate of our publishment, and it will greatly oblige us if you will perform for us the ceremony of marriage."

The good man greeted them kindly, and appeared in no wise discomposed; though, while he rekindled the fire and secured their comfort, he was inwardly cogitating that the matter seemed not

altogether open and fair. It was strange that a son of his brother minister should come to him to be married; and still more strange that Miss E. should be there without a single member of her own family; — a daughter of so distinguished a house, to be wedded in this quiet way. However, he hinted not his suspicions, but with earnest cordiality invited them to be seated, — regretted that an engagement would prevent his attending to them immediately, — that if they would excuse him, he would soon return; and so left them. Meantime, his resolution was taken. No telegraph or steam-car, in those days, brought ready means of communication with places distant and near; but Mr. Devotion had a faithful servant, and a swift-footed horse, and both were speedily on their way to the house of Col. E., with the following brief note:

"Colonel E.,

"Dear Sir, —

"Mr. S. G., of D., and your daughter, are here to be married. Do you give your consent? "Respectfully yours,

"E. D."

Doubtless the hours seemed long to the lovers, and to the good minister, who kept out of their sight, though he sent them in something wherewith to refresh themselves, and a message that he would soon be with them. Yet, in an incredibly short space of time, the messenger returned with the laconic, but truly noble and fatherly reply (for there was no objection to the marriage, save the youth of the parties):

"Yes.

"Yours, "J. E."

No time was now lost. The solemn words were spoken, and sleigh bells sounded merrily on the frosty air, as the party returned from their ride, and one after another were safely landed at their respective homes. Months passed, and not a word had, as they supposed, betrayed their secret. The student, now perfectly secure of his prize, returned with a contented mind and new ardor to his books, intending to prepare himself for a license as soon as possible. All was apparently well, when, one day, Col. E. handed his daughter a vest, and requested her to repair a rent in it. As she was working upon it, a paper fell from the pocket, which she took up and read. It was Mr. Devotion's note to her father, and his reply, on the night of her marriage. Confounded and overwhelmed by a sense of her own deceit, and of her father's kindness and considerate love, she could

not rest till she had found him, and confessed all, and gained his forgiveness. He was, indeed, a noble man, as not only this act, but the history of his whole life, would testify; and his erring daughter was certainly happier when all was known, and she had no sinful secret to harbor longer in her heart, from one so loving.

From the comforts and appliances of her pleasant home, my grandmother went, at the end of two years, to the town of R., to assume the duties of a minister's wife. Here she lived twenty years, and became the mother of ten children; two of whom died in infancy, and eight survived her. For the temporal good of these children she exerted every energy; but more especially for their spiritual welfare were her longings intense and earnest; and from her mouth they received the instructions necessary to their salvation. Every Sabbath she gathered them around her, and taught them faithfully from the Bible and catechism; and her prayers unceasingly ascended in their behalf. She lived to see seven of them adorning the profession of the gospel, and died in hope of meeting her remaining son at the right hand of God. But her desire for the salvation of sinners was not confined to her own children. Often have I seen her, in the last years of her life, walk her room, apparently in the utmost anguish, exclaiming, "Lost souls! — lost souls! — must there be human beings eternally lost?" Nor shall I ever forget the impression which her grief, in view of the doom of the impenitent, made upon me; nor the fervency of her prayers for guilty men.

But my grandmother, though a devoted and consistent Christian, was one of those who was, all her life-time, in bondage to the fear of death. This was a physical and constitutional evil, which no reasoning could ever remove, and which caused her great suffering. After my grandfather's death, she came to reside with my parents; and I well remember the last scenes of her life, and the deep interest with which we watched her approach to the grave, wondering how she would be able to receive the final summons, and whether clouds of doubt and fear would shroud her sky until the close. About three days before her death, several of the family sat singing, at the twilight hour of the Sabbath, some of the songs of Zion. She begged that we might be called into her room, and sing there. If she had any extravagant earthly delight, it had always been music; and she used to say, that before she became a Christian, her strongest motive to repentance had been that she might hear the music of heaven.

Her favorite Psalm was the twenty-third; and I think not a week passed, after she became a member of our family, that I was not summoned to sing the familiar version of it, with her. I seem now to hear her voice, as I commenced the second verse in old Aylesbury's solemn strains, —

"If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim."

"Say '*whene'er* I go astray,' my child, for you certainly will."

I never sing it, to this day, without appropriating from my heart her correction. But there was one verse she never sang:

"While he affords his aid
I cannot yield to fear;
Though I should walk through death's dark shade
My Shepherd 's with me there."

On the evening which I have mentioned, as we entered her chamber, she asked us, as usual, to sing "The Lord my Shepherd is." She had been for several days so weak as to be unable to speak, and we were surprised and deeply touched, when we commenced the verse which we had never heard from her lips, to hear her sing, in her own peculiarly melodious voice, and very distinctly, every line. We looked earnestly upon each other. Was it not an indication that her life-long fears were being dissipated? At last the dreaded hour approached. A slight, but almost constant cough indicated the accumulation of water upon the vital organs; and, understanding instinctively what it portended, with strange self-possession and presence of mind she beckoned to her bedside a favorite grandchild, who had inherited her terrors, and upon whom she feared her dying agonies might have an evil effect, and, affectionately bidding her farewell, told her to leave the room, and on no account to come in again. How mysterious are the ways of Providence! Not one of my grandmother's children or friends, but would have begged for her a sudden, and, if possible, an unconscious change of worlds. But He judged not so. He intended that those around her, and she herself, should know the power of his sustaining grace. Ten long hours she lay in full view of the certain event, and knew there was no discharge,

"While on her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro."

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Her sufferings were fearful, and the scene terrible to those who looked on. One after another they were brought fainting from her room, to be restored and return again, fascinated by the strange calmness and peace which, despite mortal agonies, dwelt on her brow. She often asked what time it was, and said, "Sit down, my children,— I shall wear you all out." No tremor, no fear, no mental distress remained. Although dying, and conscious that she was dying, under circumstances peculiarly distressing, her soul abode in perfect peace. She felt the Everlasting Arms, and every look betrayed her desire to recognize, and have her children recognize the wonderful mercy of God. As she felt herself nearing the eternal shore, she repeated, with slow and difficult utterance,

"Cast me not off when strength declines,
When hoary hairs arise,
And round me let thy glory shine
Whene'er thy servant dies."

They were her final words; but her last look told more of the divine glory for which she prayed. "Never," said her eldest son, "shall I forget the expression which dwelt in her eyes, as she grasped my hand the moment before she closed them forever. It spoke of joy unutterable; of complete triumph. More plainly than any words, it told of her consciousness that she had reached the boundaries of time; that the sufferings of her life were ended; that the struggle, before which she had so many years trembled, was triumphantly ended, and her eternal bliss commenced.

There was no mourning in our household that night. We could not weep; we could not be sad. Praise and thanksgiving went up from every heart, and were apparent in every countenance. The sense of our loss was entirely swallowed up in the joy of her victory. We even felt like singing an exulting song, —

"Praise to the Lord! for they are passed,
They are gone safe before;
They 've borne the wildest tempest blast,
And heard the last storm roar.

"Shout! they have gained their rest at last,
The port where they would be;
Through adverse gales and swelling waves,
Their followers still are we."

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY H. MAXWELL.

BY DANIEL MANN.

THE mortal remains of the late Mrs. Mary H. Maxwell rest in a tomb of the cemetery in Shrewsbury, Mass. She departed this life on the 12th of January last. It devolves upon her only brother, in whose family she breathed her last, to write this brief account of her life, sickness and death. A few weeks since, she accepted the editorship of this magazine, in the hope of extending her acquaintance and her usefulness with its readers, to whom she was already somewhat known. A painful and fatal disease disappointed this hope and terminated her earthly labors. But her writings and the remembrance of her amiable life still remain to promote the piety which she loved, and to preserve her memory in many hearts who admire genius, sanctified by holiness, and devoted to the promotion of human welfare.

Mrs. Maxwell was born in Maine, in November, 1814, and consequently was a little more than thirty-eight years of age. Her early education was in Portland, where, at about the age of fifteen, she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which communion she has always remained an earnest and devoted member. About that time she commenced writing occasional pieces for Zion's Herald, both in prose and poetry, which attracted much attention by their beauty and originality. Many of these pieces were without signature, and others were simply signed "Mary." More recently, at the request of her friends, her name has frequently been printed with her productions in various religious and educational publications, and, to a great extent, in books and periodicals for the young. Those who have compared the finished and classic style of her pieces in the "Guide to Holiness," with her simple and unpretending, yet sweet and beautiful hymns in the Sunday School Harmonist, and yet again with the playful and attractive, yet deeply-instructive, "Letters of Cousin Mary," in the Well Spring, and in the beautiful little volume entitled "The Holiday Melodies," will admit the variety of her

talents, and her power to please the highest intellect, and to instruct the humblest. The popularity and increasing demand for her books, issued by the Mass. S. S. Society, and the American S. S. Union, justify what might seem the too partial praise of a deeply-attached brother.

During the last summer her labors were interrupted by severe and protracted pain from a swelling, which proved to be a cancer of the breast. So soon as its nature was ascertained, its removal by a surgical operation was determined on, and performed by Dr. Townsend, at the Massachusetts General Hospital. For a few weeks there appeared good prospect of her recovery; but it soon became evident that the disease was preying inwardly, and that she was failing. The pain and all the aggravated symptoms of the disease increased, and were borne with the patience and cheerfulness with which those who are "taught of God" receive his chastenings. Not an expression of complaint or impatience escaped her lips through all the painful disease. She constantly expressed her confidence in God her Saviour, her submission to his will, and her full trust in his salvation. For the last three days her mind was wandering in regard to common subjects, but clear in the view of spiritual things, and it was always easy to call back her incoherent thoughts by speaking of heaven. The day before her death, being too weak to turn in her bed, she made a sudden effort to rise, saying, "Brother, open the piano, I want to play." I replied, "No, my sister, you are soon to have a golden harp to play, in the New Jerusalem." "O, yes, I remember," she replied, and was immediately calm. She afterward whispered, at intervals, "River of life," "Blessed fountains," "Heavenly rest," and other broken sentences, showing the heavenly current of her thoughts. Her last words on the evening before she died were, "To-morrow I shall be in a very different state," which seemed to be uttered from a sure presentiment of what proved to be the truth. She soon sunk into a state of unconsciousness, in which she breathed until the daybreak of the following morning, but her *sunrise* was in heaven. The sweet serenity of her soul seemed to be expressed in her countenance, as we committed her body to the tomb. Her memory is enshrined in fond hearts, made sad by her departure, yet sustained with the hope of reünion in the better land.

LITERARY NOTICES.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

The sales of this wonderful book have reached the astonishing number of *two hundred and forty-three thousand* copies in this country alone, and the demand for it still continues unabated. A larger number of copies, we are informed, have been sold in Europe, and the present prospect is, that it will soon be translated into all the principal languages of the world. It is a thing utterly impossible, that it ever could have reached this unparalleled popularity without a conviction in the mind of its readers that it is essentially true. The author herself, who is a woman of most estimable Christian character, says that the incidents which compose the narrative are, to a very great extent, authentic, occurring, many of them, under her own observation, or that of her personal friends. Characters, the counterpart of almost all which are introduced, have been observed by her, or her friends, and many of the sayings are word for word as heard herself, or reported to her.

JEWETT & Co., the publishers, have issued a splendid edition, in one volume, with gilt edges and covers, on the best of paper, and embellished with *one hundred and forty-five* beautiful engravings. Three thousand copies of this edition have been sold.

They have also published a cheap edition, at 37½ cents, of which *one hundred and twenty thousand copies* have been disposed of. These, with *one hundred and twenty thousand* copies of the edition in two volumes, make in all *two hundred and forty-three thousand* copies!

THE RUNAWAY. Boston: Published by the N. E. S. S. Union.

The narrative of a boy, who, discontented with a good home, ran away, and, falling, in a distant city, into the company of a vicious youth, got into prison, and was saved, perhaps from entire ruin, by the kindness of two gentlemen, who accidentally became acquainted with his situation.

GREEN LEAVES FROM OAK-WOOD. Published by the same.

A beautiful little book of poetry and prose intermingled, conveying lessons of kindness and truth to the tender mind.

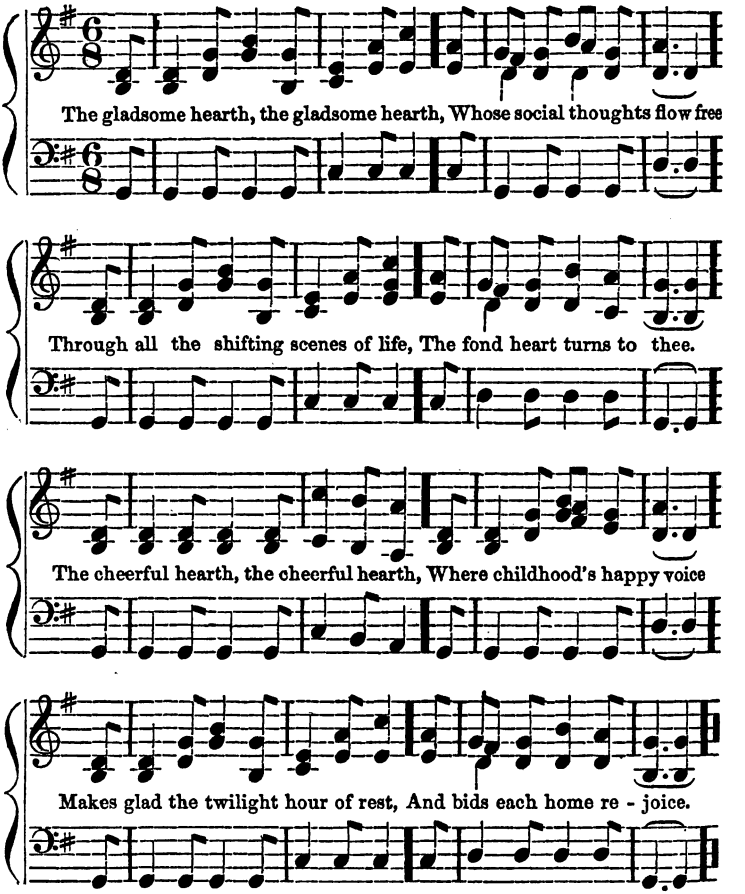
EMILY, THE WAITING-MAID. Boston: Published by the Mass. S. S. Society.

An interesting history of the trials and dangers through which an orphan girl passed, and the happy sequel.

NEW MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson, 115 Washington-street.

The "Greek Captive's Lament." "I cannot forget thee if I would." "Where do the sunbeams sleep?" Song of the Rose. "Pray for those at Sea." Funeral Marches performed at the obsequies of Hon. Daniel Webster. The Sweet Girls of Erin. "Sweet Lilla Brown." "The Smile that welcomes me." "We loved, but to part." "I cannot pretend to say."

THE GLADSOME HEARTH.

WORDS BY BERNARD BARTON.—MUSIC BY J. W. GREENE.

The gladsome hearth, the gladsome hearth, Whose social thoughts flow free
Through all the shifting scenes of life, The fond heart turns to thee.
The cheerful hearth, the cheerful hearth, Where childhood's happy voice
Makes glad the twilight hour of rest, And bids each home re - joice.

The holy hearth, the holy hearth, Around whose sacred flame
Each household church doth daily bow To plead a Saviour's name.
The blessed hearth, the blessed hearth, By hearts encircled round,
Whose rule of life, and on whose lips, The law of love is found.

The saddened hearth, the saddened hearth, Whose sweetest sounds are stilled,
The vacant seat, the tone subdued, The eye with tears oft filled,
The quenched hearth, the quenched hearth, Whose flame will yet arise,
Will yet impart its cheerful glow To welcome strangers' eyes.

Thus human hearths, thus human hearths Their daily records tell
Of human hopes, extinct, o'erthrown, Which seems unquenchable.
There is a home, an endless home; To it we fondly turn,
Where buried hopes, immortal made, With purer flame shall burn.

OBADIAH

EDITORIAL

OBADIAH lived at the same time with the prophet Elijah, and in the days of Ahab, the wicked king of Israel. The picture represents him as feeding the Lord's prophets. When Jezebel, the wife of Ahab, cut off the prophets of the Lord, Obadiah took a hundred of them and hid them in a cave, and fed them with bread and water. This was an act of great courage in Obadiah, especially when it is considered that he was at this time the governor of Ahab's house, and that this act, if discovered by Jezebel, might have cost him his life.

On account of the wickedness of Ahab, God pronounced by Elijah, a heavy judgment upon him, namely, a famine, occasioned by a drought, which continued three years. In the third year of the drought, Ahab instructed Obadiah to go out over one section of the country in search of fountains and brooks, while he himself traversed another section for the same purpose, in the hope that somewhere there might be found grass for keeping a few of the animals from perishing by famine. While on this excursion, Obadiah met Elijah, and, in conversation with him, acquainted him with the fact of his having saved the prophets of the Lord and fed them in the cave.

A WELL-GOVERNED TEMPER.

BY REV. THOMAS SHEPHARD.

I BEG leave to address the readers of this journal, as assembled around their own domestic altars and firesides, within the sacred enclosure of that loveliest and happiest of all places on this earth — HOME.

I need not apprize you that the family state is an institution of Heaven; and, if regulated by the principles of the Gospel, it will not fail of becoming a most efficient instrumentality in preparing those within its hallowed precincts, for a better home and a happier family above. Can I add anything to secure such a blessed instrumentality? May I speak to you freely and familiarly on

The influence of a well-governed temper upon the happiness of the family state? Permit me affectionately to inquire, if, in reviewing the past, it will not appear that much domestic peace has been wasted by neglecting the due control of the disposition? The foe may be insidious, invisible, difficult to be detected, but, nevertheless, incessantly annoying. It is the little foxes which destroy the vines. "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

It is the dictate of wisdom, as it dropped from the pen of inspiration, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he who ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." The greatest victories ever wrought in our world are those wherein angry passions have been voluntarily subdued, revenge and hate banished from the breast, and the whole inner man brought down, from a whirlwind of turbulent, conflicting emotions, into a calm and quiet subjection to the law of love and forgiveness. Such a victory never perched upon the standard of Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon.

The age in which we live is wonderfully prolific of the sources of agitation. There is no sphere of life in which we can move, but has its public and private collisions. There are perpetual agitations in affairs of government. Each popular election brings its strong party excitements. Every important act of the state or national legislature arouses feelings of like or dislike. Rumors of wars, fluctuation in commerce, stagnation in trade,— creating failures in business, and giving wings to riches, plunging the affluent into sudden and hope-

less penury,—often sicken the heart, irritate the nervous system, and overshadow the countenance with misanthropic despondency and gloom. And, then, there is a legion of little troubles, which are circumscribed to the neighborhood and the family connection, that spring up from a love of preëminence in social position, giving occasion for private heart-burnings and fireside scandal, all of which are as numerous and as hidden as the spirits of darkness, and more annoying to domestic peace than the plagues of Egypt.

Nor is the moral and religious atmosphere free from its north-east winds, irritating the nerves and saddening the countenance. We live in a time of the revival of imposture and fanaticism. Strange noises are heard, and strange movements are seen, which the producers claim to be received as communications from the spirit world. The grossest infidelity lurks beneath the disguise of some new development of geology, political economy, or social reform. Many are running to and fro, with a zeal and eloquence worthy of a better cause, basing the world's millennium on the annihilation of the civil power, the church, the ministry, the Sabbath, the institution of marriage, and the right of individual property. Hence come those trials so disturbing to the equanimity of our temper, clustering around when we go out and when we come in, irritating the disposition as we rise up and sit down. Without special care these enemies of our peace will invade the hallowed circle of home, and embitter the enjoyment of the domestic sanctuary. Nothing would be more disastrous to your domestic comfort than to find these agitations and conflicts without, like the tempests of heaven, pouring through every leak and crevice of your dwelling, overwhelming each inmate of your family with their harsh discords and angry disputations. As you would defend your families from the blasts of winter, and the storms of spring and autumn, so be not less anxious to shield them from the pestiferous influence of those irritable tempers which too often steal upon the mind which is brought into daily collision with the fruitless agitations of the world without. Bar your doors against them. Give them no place at your firesides. I do not wish you to act the stoic in relation to such evils as are real and of moment. But I would have you take all due precaution that no evils, real or imaginary, shall work gangrene in your sensibilities. I would that your sympathies should not be so perverted and soured, as to render you an uncomfortable inmate in your family circle.

And now, to aid you in the work of self-control, permit me to invite your attention to the following suggestions:

I. *It is the design of Providence that this shall be to all a state of trial.* It is important that our minds should be settled upon this principle. Offences must come. Otherwise, how could it be known what there is in our hearts? Of chastisements, all are partakers. The best men who have ever lived have grown up under just such embarrassments. But they rose above them, and by them were made perfect in patience, meekness and holy love. Think it not strange, therefore, that fiery trials await you, as though some strange thing had happened to you. Regard all these ills, which are so trying to your christian sensibilities, as the elements amid which you are to form a character; and resolve, that, by the grace of God, that character shall be so tempered with a meek and quiet spirit as will shed a rich fragrance over the domestic board, and be held in grateful remembrance by future generations.

II. *Many of the ills of life are imaginary.* How prone are we to suspect wrong intentions and sinister motives where subsequent developments show that none such existed! How hasty to pervert the meaning of words and actions through prejudice! Nothing is more self-torturing than a jaundiced eye, that tinges with a sickening yellow every object towards which it is turned.

Moreover, the heaviest burdens which press upon us are those we imagine we see in the future. Our present circumstances are prosperous, at least tolerable; but, ah, the clouds, the darkness, the tempests, which we discern in the distant horizon! We hear the roar of the angry floods with which we divine we shall be overwhelmed by and by. So stood the hosts of Israel in sight of the Red Sea, with Pharaoh's army in their rear. But the billows rolled back and gave them a dry passage. Let us, in all such straits, go gently forward, trusting in God, and we may find our fears unreal, and our painful anticipations without cause.

> "The clouds ye so much dread,
> Are big with mercy, and shall break
> In blessings on your head."

III. *In the darkest seasons there are unnumbered blessings in possession, which should hush every murmur.* There is no stage of our earthly pilgrimage, but has its bright as well as its

dark side. Is it not ungrateful to be always looking at the latter to the exclusion of the former? Even in the direst extremity, how many are there around us with whom we would, on no account, exchange places. In all those blessings in which we may obviously claim the preëminence, should not our countenances be lighted up with gratitude and hope? And could we look within the breasts of those whose favored circumstances we are disposed to regard with envious discontent, we might see such corroding care, such insatiable ambition for higher and richer sources of gratification, as would effectually convince us that a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness." Happiness depends not upon outward circumstances. The rich have their share of trials as well as the poor. Could we search creation through, and try every condition in life, from the beggar to the monarch, that we might find some Eden in which we might embower ourselves in Paradisiacal bliss, we should in all probability, in the end, cast ourselves upon the prayer of Agar: "Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me." And the result of our experience would be the same lesson which Paul learned in passing through the vicissitudes of life. "For I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased and how to abound; everywhere, and in all things, I am instructed, both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need."

IV. *Let us, then, cultivate a cheerful and contented disposition under all circumstances.* Let our adorning be that of a "meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price." In the exercise of such a temper alone, we are prepared to bow with submission to the chastisement of our heavenly Father. If we are his children, we are specially bound to manifest to the world, by the very expression of our countenances, that we do not serve an hard Master. The very tones of our voice should evince that his yoke is easy and his burden light.

In relation to those around us and associated with us, whose peace and happiness, here and hereafter, are bound up in the same bundle with our own; how vitally important that we exercise a proper self-control over every excitable passion, and, at all times, carry about in our bosoms dispositions subdued and mellowed by a spirit of

gentleness, kindness and charity. How essential is such a sanctified temper to social happiness!

Are you a husband, a wife? A kind, forbearing, yielding temper is the first, the chief ingredient, in your cup of connubial bliss. Destitute of it, you can never know the full meaning of those words, "And they twain shall be one flesh."

Are you a parent, and do you desire to make your house an asylum of peace, a *home*, in the true sense of that word, a point of attraction to all the members of the family? Then you must cultivate an amiable and an attractive temper. Your government must be tender and sympathetic, decided, unyielding in essentials, but mingled with love; your authority ever enforced with tenderness. Provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the fear and nurture of the Lord. Be assured that the broad features of your temper will be stamped upon the very countenances of those who are trained up under your example. They will catch the tones of your voice, and transmit them to the next generation.

Are you a brother, a sister, a child of tender years? Let self-control be the first and the last lesson of each day, and your earnest prayer for a subdued, patient, hallowed spirit. The lesson must be learned while you are young, or never. Amid the scenes of home, under wise parental instruction and example, within and around the walls of a well-disciplined school, your eye is to be trained to reflect its benignant smile, your lips to utter soft and subdued tones, your heart to breathe out sentiments of kindness and good-feeling toward all around you. What but a spirit thus trained by early self-control, a spirit mollified and chastened by the power of the cross, can smooth your way in the rugged and thorny road of life, and pillow your old age, when the grasshopper shall become a burden, in downy peace?

I would that every house should present just that lovely place where the Spirit, the holy Dove, may find a peaceful abode. I would that every family should be an emblem and a foretaste of the redeemed family above, where every heart beats in unison, and every feeling, word and act, contribute to the well-being of all.

> "Where joy like morning dew distils,
> And all the air is love."

Then the family would be the nursery of a peaceful, loyal community, a harmonious, united church, an enlightened, happy nation.

Is there a character more worthy of your esteem and confidence than that of him who can stand up calm, collected, benignant and lamb-like, amid the collisions of business, the din of partyism, and the daily perplexities of domestic life, and pursue the even tenor of his way, cheerful and happy in doing good? The way of that man will be like the rising light, and his end will be peace.

May the God of him, in whom all the families of the earth are blessed, shed down upon your tabernacle the light of his countenance, and give you peace! May the Holy Spirit descend upon you "as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore."

HYMN FOR CHILDREN OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

BY S. A. B. CURRIER.

Shepherd of Israel, we would be
Thy little lambs, and follow Thee;
Would humbly seek the narrow way,
And from thy pastures never stray.

We would by thy kind hand be fed,
And by thy gentle voice be led;
Would quench our thirst from fountains free,
And own our Shepherd, Lord, in Thee.

Our parents oft have richly proved
The depths of thy unending love;
Have taught us, children, where to come
To find a safe and genial home.

Dear Saviour, let us come to Thee;
Bid thou the tempter from us flee;
Let not his siren voice beguile
Our youthful hearts with cunning wile.

Patience and meekness to us grant,
And wisdom to discern our want;
With Scripture knowledge may we store
Our infant minds, and thirst no more.

Then, Israel's Shepherd, we may be
Thy chosen lambs, and follow Thee;
Then may we walk the narrow way,
And from thy fold would never stray.

THE MOTHER IN THE NURSERY.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

In the early years of her maternity, the most important duties required of the mother are to be performed in the nursery. The babe she folds to her breast is helpless, yet utterly unconscious of its dependence. Its physical necessities must be cared for. Its natural life must be nourished by the genial tide which swells her bosom. Its fragile form must be clad in comfortable raiment, adapted, as the case may be, to summer's heat, or winter's cold. And all along, till its tottering footsteps cease to patter on the nursery floor, and its unpractised tongue learns easily to articulate the signs of its ideas, there is a continual demand for the watchful and assiduous care of the patient, affectionate and devoted mother.

But this is not all, nor even the highest part of her nursery duty. That babe, though, in her view, no cherub fresh from Paradise could eclipse its beauty and loveliness; that babe, whom she loves, because it is her own, and bears its parent's likeness, and is committed in its helplessness to her hands,—has not merely a physical frame to be developed, and animal appetites to be gratified or restrained; it has also an intellect. That intellect is capable of being expanded, cultivated, adorned, furnished with knowledge, and fitted, by wholesome discipline, to become to its possessor an instrument of power, and one of his most delightful and most valued blessings.

To foster the tender germs of that intellect, and to furnish the food necessary for its growth, requires a mother's care. Her sweet words of counsel, her condescending inquiries, her gentle reproofs, and her smiles of love, afford a healthful atmosphere, in which the mind of infancy daily unfolds new beauties, and invests the otherwise monotonous exercises of the nursery with a new and irresistible charm. So have I seen the gentle dews of heaven, and the pearly rain, and the warm sunshine, unite with the mild zephyrs of June, to waken the embryo rose, and expand its opening bud, till all hearts exult in its beauty, and the air is filled with its fragrance. Such is the order of nature. Such is the ordinance of Heaven.

The great business of education, it is true, is the work of a life-

time; nay, human life itself is a period too brief for its completion. But it must be commenced by the mother. It is hers to waken the first thoughts of the infant brain, and to shape their early and imperfect utterances. It is hers to condescend to all the wants and foibles of the infant mind and heart, when fancy first begins to form images of beauty in the soul, and eager curiosity prompts to many simple, earnest, and sometimes unanswerable inquiries. All this duty, God, in his far-seeing providence, assigns to the tender and watchful mother.

Her gentleness of manner, kind words, sweet cadences,— her ready apprehension of the wants of her little one, as though some invisible electric wire conveyed to her mind signs, characters and expressions of thought, which only a mother knows how to interpret,— her patience, her forbearance, and above all her natural affection, which places the crown of maternity on her brow, and infuses its spirit into her heart, prompting her ready and cheerful response to all the necessities of her child,— all these things peculiarly fit her for the sacred trust of which God has been pleased to constitute her a delighted and willing sponsor.

But neither is that infant's physical nourishment, nor its mental development and discipline, the mother's only nursery care.

That infant has a moral nature. Animal life is needful to support the physical frame, in which the intellect, like a mighty engine, is at length to perform its wonders; and nourishment must, therefore, be furnished for the body. Education and mental discipline are necessary to develop and strengthen the intellectual powers, and the child should, therefore, be early instructed in the rudiments of knowledge, and be trained to habits of patient thought. But she who forgets, or seems to forget, even in the nursery, that she has given birth to an immortal,— that the little one she folds in her warm embrace, and caresses with so much delight, has commenced an existence which will never end, deserves never to have been a mother. She wrongs God, her child, and her own womanhood. For in the duties already specified, the faithful mother's nursery-work is scarcely yet begun. She must remember that her beloved babe is born into a world which lieth in wickedness; that it is born with its little heart full of the undeveloped germs of affection and passion; that these will no sooner begin to show themselves than even her pitying and forgiving eye will have painful proof that the slimy trail of the ser-

pent" has passed over them all. She must remember that upon the proper development, direction and control of these affections and passions in their early growth, the future and eternal well-being of her little one is made to depend. Nay, her own happiness and honor are deeply involved in the impressions for good she makes, or fails to make, on the tender and susceptible heart of her child. For who does not know the proverbial permanence of first and early impressions? Or who has not long since woven into his educational creed that sentiment which requires experience rather than faith, and which, in poetry, assumes this pleasing form? —

"Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined."

And when, through the successive periods of infancy, childhood, youth and manhood, that young immortal, leaping from the arms of its mother, has gradually urged its way, and taken its position in society to occupy its destined sphere, who does not know that, if the physical, intellectual and moral habits and traits of character discerned in that now mature manhood, are the admiration of all, and an acknowledged invaluable blessing to the world, the pen of the poet and the historian will not fail to trace his life back to the hallowed influences of the nursery; nor feel that that son is wronged by ascribing a large share of his usefulness, and the honors which adorn his name, to the unceasing fidelity of the mother who bore him?

PRINCIPLE AND OPINION.

The distinction between the two has never been more beautifully and justly defined than in the following lines by W. J. Linton.

PRINCIPLE and Opinion! Of the last
I deem but lightly; 't is a thing of change,
Holds not the earnest man, or holds not fast;
But which he holds, subjected to the range
Of thought and time and chance. A man can yield
Opinion, hide it, quit it, or defer.
Not so with Principle; he anchors there;
It is his lever; it hath power to wield
His life, to make him ever minister
To its behests; it is his soul, his life;
And whether it shall bring him peace or strife
Is wide of the mark; it is his sword, his shield,
His dominant chord. They are thus different,
That Principle is fate, Opinion accident.

PARENTAL SACRIFICES SHOULD BE CHEERFULLY MADE.

BY REV. WILLIAM BATES.

When any one has deliberately chosen any position or pursuit in life, he should be willing to make all appropriate sacrifices. Every desired object requires for its attainment some self-denial. Every earthly good has been reached by foregoing other pleasures. Has a man desired above all else to be rich, and held in subordination every other desire to this? Let him, then, not complain, if he has not with his wealth other things which he covets. The surrender of these was the price at which riches were held out to him. Wealth was not promised to him in connection with the pleasures of leisure, mental ease, intellectual improvement, and the gratification of a liberal spirit and generous impulses. If, in the contest for riches, he has no time to devote to literary pursuits, or to the elevating pleasures of social intercourse, let him not complain. He has chosen to be rich, and he must make the necessary sacrifices.

Has any one thought knowledge the supreme good, and devoted himself to its attainment? Let him not, then, reproach the economy of divine Providence because he has not wealth as well as learning. He has devoted himself to knowledge, and a moral necessity is laid upon him to leave the acquisition of wealth to others.

Has any one thought the service of God the highest good, and chosen to resign all that is incompatible with it? Let him, then, make the sacrifices demanded with cheerfulness. He cannot serve God *and* mammon. Let him give up the pleasures and honors of the world for the compensating joys and hopes of religion.

The duty of self-denial is also incumbent upon parents. The assumption of the relation of parent has placed them under the necessity of making sacrifices in order to the faithful discharge of the duties of that relation. Let not the father, then, complain of the surrender of former enjoyments. Let him not quarrel with that economy and constitution of things which requires him to form new habits, to assume new duties, and to seek for new enjoyments. He should be willing to give up something, for he has gained much. Whatever sacrifices, whatever duties are demanded of him, in order to an honorable occupancy of the parental position, should be cheer-

fully and faithfully rendered. Would he secure the devoted and self-sacrificing affection of his partner, he must make every sacrifice requisite for obtaining and preserving such a sacred good. Would he have his children obedient, respectful, capable of self-control, possessed of a refined taste, and adorned with good manners,—would he have them rank as good scholars, as honored and useful members of society, as devoted Christians,—then he has a work to do, sacrifices to make, and self-denials to practise.

Let not the mother be reluctant to resign all former enjoyments which are needful. For the honor and satisfaction of being a faithful wife and a devoted mother, she can well afford to give up much. Although called to retire from the circle of fashion, to make painful denials to her social promptings, to surrender many a cherished hope of literary enjoyment and mental culture; although constrained to devote strength and time to household duties, although her new position demands of her new cares and new anxieties, yet, if faithful, she has her reward." Every faithful wife and mother will be abundantly compensated for all her toils, sorrows, cares and sacrifices. This compensation she will find in the high satisfaction arising from the discharge of duty; in the respect and devoted affection she secures from her husband; in the love and gratitude she receives from her children; in the indescribable joy she experiences in witnessing the good conduct of her children, their honorable and Christian course, their exemplification in life of her principles, and their fulfilment, in the paths of Christian usefulness, of her fondest hopes.

PROVIDENCE.

Just as a mother, with sweet, pious face,
  Yearns toward her little children from her seat,
Gives one a kiss, another an embrace,
  Takes this upon her knees, that on her feet,
And while from actions, looks, complaints, pretences,
  She learns their feelings, and their various will,
To this a look, to that a word dispenses,
  And, whether stern or smiling, loves them still;
So Providence, for us, high, infinite,
  Makes our necessities its watchful task,
Hearkens to all our prayers, helps all our wants,
  And even if it denies what seems our right,
Either denies because 't would have us ask,
  Or seems to deny, and in denying, grants.

THE HOUR OF COMFORT.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

Say, mothers, when the day is done,
And your dear children, one by one,
Their nightly slumbers have begun,
Is it not sweet
To know they all are safe, and none
Roaming the street?

In that deep, calm and holy hour
Have you not proved affection's power,
And revelled in a blissful shower
Of love divine,
Grateful, as dew to summer flower,
Or fruitful vine?

Seated by him, who, kind and true,
Prefers delightful interview,
At evening's tranquil hour, with you,
Than all beside;
The sweetest spot he ever knew,
Where you preside?

In such sweet scenes how much of bliss
May mingle in a world like this!
Here naught is done or said amiss,
But quick forgiven.
'T is blotted by a fervent kiss,
Ere peace is riven.

Commend me to that loving time,
Commend me to those joys sublime,
To that calm sky, that genial clime,
Where no storms come;
Where wedded hearts at evening, chime
In their own home.

The smile with which the fond wife meets
Her husband hastening from the streets,
The kiss with which that smile he greets,
So holy seem;
'T is strange, of such pure, sacred sweets
Some never dream.

When at the village stores till ten,
Night after night stay husband men,
I wonder women don't complain
With all their might;
And yet no *Mrs. Caudle* strain
Will set them right.

Were I a woman, as I 'm not,
I sometimes think, — have often thought,
Had I a husband, — one who sought
His joys to find
Away from home, he should be brought
To change his mind.

And yet no harsh, reproving word,
Should ever from my lips be heard;
No murmur, no complaint preferred,
Should pain his ears;
His eye should see no "hope deferred"
Drown me in tears.

But love's fond tones, which soothe and bless
With smiles and looks of loveliness,
Such as first won his warm caress,
Should daily prove
His sweetest fount of happiness, —
The home of love.

Yet some unmurmuring mothers sit
Eve after eve, and knit and knit,
Deprived of all the benefit,
The joy and peace,
Of woman's dearest perquisite,
Pure, social bliss.

Mothers, I trust that this is not
Your own most melancholy lot,
But rather that earth has no spot
Where you or yours
Can find such joys as your own cot
To love secures.

So may it be! Man's wayward heart,
Though prone its own best good to thwart;
When pure affection deigns to impart
Its wonted skill,
Is lured by woman's loving art,
Whene'er she will.

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

I SAW her at the window,—a loving mother of middle age, graceful, intelligent, but worldly. With tender care she was nurturing a thrifty rose-bush, whose buds were just unfolding their blushing petals to the sun. She brushed the insects from the leaves, loosened the rich soil around its branching roots, and poured refreshing water upon the whole plant. It was her pet flower. She spared no pains nor time to render its growth luxurious, and manifested a sort of pride when visitors spoke of her beautiful rose-bush. It was committed to no other hands to be dressed; and the many little ones were closely watched, as they sported about the floor, lest they might jostle it from the window. And when her indulgent husband proposed to paint the worn and unseemly pot in which it was planted, she at once declined the proposition, because the paint would fill the pores of the vessel, and thus deny the roots that air and moisture, which otherwise would refresh them; and, at the same time, would surround them with a poison, whose exhalations might wither, rather than nourish the flower.

Careful woman! Would that she were half as careful of the daughters which a kind Father has given her! Would that worldliness had not blinded her eyes to the moral beauties which a tender nurture would unfold in their youthful hearts! What are the mingled hues of the rose,—be it the first or the last of the fragrant summer,—compared with the moral virtues of a daughter's heart? Of what account is the injury inflicted upon the choicest plant, by drought and insects, compared with the moral detriment of worldly scenes and pleasures, to the immortal mind? Yet, she saw it not! A more studious watch, and more untiring and systematic attention were bestowed upon the plant, than upon the moral culture of the children. She was never anxious lest the vermin of pernicious sentiments should devour the unfolding buds of virtue, and never asked for the crystal waters of life to fall upon the fresh soil of the heart. She was not scrupulous about confining their training to her own hands, as she was that of the rose, but often committed them to the

trust of irresponsible servants, while she was gadding abroad, or killing time at her toilet. And, what is equally hazardous, she studied to adorn them with all the elegancies of dress, and the finery of fashion; thus painting them over with a moral poison, more surely pernicious to their tender hearts, than a coat of Paris green to the roots of her petted rose.

Imprudent mother! Thou wilt rue the day that a rose-bush was tended with a closer watch than the development of a daughter's moral nature!

"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL."

Luke 10: 42.

BY MARY A. COLLIER.

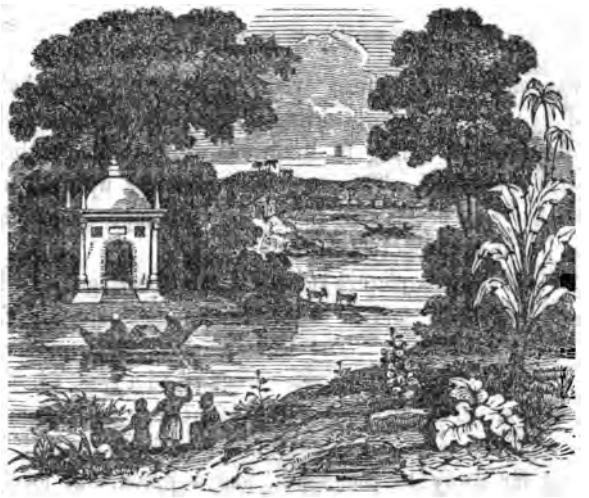
Blooms there on earth no lovely flower,
No gentle bud of bliss,
Far off in some sweet, hidden bower,
Beneath the sun's caress,
To Him, who spake these words unknown,
Unseen, in some bright pathway thrown?

Shines there not forth some peerless gem,
In cavern deep concealed,
A talisman of bliss to him,
Who sees its light revealed;
But all unseen to Jesus' eye,
Who bids us toil for joys on high?

No! well He knew what was in man,
Before he spake this word;
His eye the secret thought could scan,
By grief or gladness stirred;
And well He knows thy secret thought,
In earth's bewildering mazes caught.

O, mortal! roam where'er you will,
Among the bright and fair,
Only one thing is needful still,—
That one be all your care.
List to the words which Jesus spake;
He comes the soul's dark chains to break!

INDIAN SCENERY AND SUPERSTITIONS.



THE picture on this page presents a beautiful scene in Bengal, India. Some of the trees are the cocoa-nut, the plantain, the betel-nut and the tamarind. The river is the Ganges. The whole taken together,— the houses, trees, river, boats, little animals, the females on the edge of the river, the shadows in the water, &c.,— presents a beautiful view.

"Every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

The largest building on the opposite side of the river is a heathen temple, built for the worship of one of their idol gods, called Shiva. People go there every day with fruits and flowers to present to this idol, and sometimes they offer bloody sacrifices.

The women have gone down to dip themselves in the sacred waters of the Ganges, expecting thus to wash away their sins. Deluded creatures! Many a mother leads her little children to that spot, and teaches them to seek the cleansing of their hearts, not by the blood of Jesus Christ, but by the waters of that river.

These things should affect our hearts, and make us resolve to do whatever lies in our power to deliver our fellow-men from such delusions.

THE TRIUMPH OF A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

BY REV. H. M. BRIDGE.

It was one of the softest evenings in July. The half-grown fields of rye and corn were waving in the gentle breeze, while the newly-mown grass, curing in luxurious winrows, filled the atmosphere with fragrance. The moon was climbing up the unclouded east, and her pale beams shot across the landscape, giving the whole scene an air of melancholy loveliness.

In the midst of this picture stood an antique cottage, with long and low-descending roofs, and a massive chimney projecting from the centre of the ridge-pole. The windows were nearly overrun with creepers and woodbines, and at one corner stood a tree, whose waving branches stretched around with an air of fatherly protection. In the rear lay a garden tastefully arranged and cultivated, while, in front, stretching far away to the south, was a green and lovely yard. Near by was a tall grove of pines; and a little way to the right a beautiful sheet of water called "Bass Pond."

Not a sound was heard save the monotonous churking of reptiles around the pond, the deep roar of the breeze as it vibrated through the pine branches, and an occasional moaning ejaculation from an open window in a retired corner of the house. The latter needs explanation, and, as the shutter is raised, we will draw near and investigate. Listen to the voice of a praying mother.

"In holy, humble attitude she kneels,
Her eyes upturned, bright as the stars of morn,
As violets meek, and from them both
Excessive ardor streams,
Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice scarce uttered, — soft as zephyr sighs
On morning lilies, — though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wanders down her lovely face;
It is the tear of FAITH and holy fear,
Pure as the drops which hanged at dawning time
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the moon looks steadfastly, the stars,
Which circle nightly round the eternal throne,
Glance down well-pleased, and everlasting love
Gives gracious audience to her prayer sincere."

The old clock strikes the hour of ten, and just then the tall, thin form of a young man rushes hastily by the corner, and, entering the back door, retires to bed.

He is the subject of that mother's prayers. From infancy she has watched over him with the tenderest emotions. From the first dawn of intelligence she has endeavored to instil into his mind the first principles of virtue and religion. She has taught him prayers, and hymns, and beguiled his attention with Scripture tales; and times innumerable commended him to God in prayer. He has been led to church and to the Sunday school, and daily knelt with his parents at the altar of family prayer. Often has she looked forward to the time when he would come to adult age, and seen him, in her imagination, standing on some post of usefulness, perhaps in the sacred desk, expounding to dying men the words of eternal life. At three several times she has seen evidences of powerful convictions for sin in his mind and heart; but, alas! the Spirit was grieved, and he still remains "without God and without hope."

Moreover, for the last few months, she has been alarmed at his increasing disinclination to religious things, and especially at certain indications of a deepening depravity. What could she do? She resolved to double her diligence at the throne of grace, and place him as a daily sacrifice upon the altar of God. Seventeen years had settled down upon him, and still he is unsaved. O, must he grow up to full manhood in sin, his mind become engrossed in cares and responsibilities, and he remain "in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity"? Must he? Forbid it, Almighty God! was her daily prayer.

On the day in question, she had conversed with him, and found his heart indifferent and unapproachable. Moreover, and what especially grieved her, he had resolved to spend that very evening at a gathering, where naught would prevail save revelry and tumultuous song. Remonstrance was vain, and the only resource was to betake herself to prayer. He came home at an earlier hour than was expected. Something was doubtless on his mind. Let us follow him to his room. He enters with a cloudy brow, betokening a troubled heart. He knows not that his mother is still up, and in an agony of prayer; and she, in turn, knows not that he has returned from the gay party. But, though ignorant of each other's position and feelings, God sees them both, and is work-

ing the counsel of his own will. The mother is beginning to lay hold on the hope set before her, and the son is beginning to let go his sinful determinations. The one is about to be "led in a way which he has not known;" and the other, with increasing faith, is literally grasping the promise which says, "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."

The clock struck eleven, but still he got no sleep. A dreadful sound was in his ears. The dark picture of the past loomed involuntarily up before him. He thought of his opportunities, his instructions, and his deviations from rectitude. The innumerable prayers and exhortations, of which he had been the subject, echoed in his ears; his guilty deeds assumed the form of so many demons, and haunted his soul. He rolled from side to side, closed his eyes spasmodically, and tried to force them to sleep; but immediately opened them again, and gazed around to see if any one was near. Now he resolutely determined to throw off his uneasiness and become himself again; but the attempt proved vain. His heart beat quick and hard, his eyes shot wildly around the room, and he concluded that God was departing from him forever! O, terrible thought! It startled him; and he cried out in an agony of despair! The clock struck the hour of twelve; his mother, though he knew it not, had obtained the victory, and retired to bed, praising God. He arose and sat erect in bed. A moment more, and he was on his knees, attempting to utter a prayer. But the attempt was abortive; the heavens seemed like brass, and, uttering a groan of deep despair, he arose and dressed.

His voice of distress awoke his brother, who had recently given his heart to the Lord, and had obtained peace. He kindly inquired of his brother what ailed him. Henry replied that he was in dreadful trouble, and was afraid that he was going to be lost.

"Don't say so, Henry," said William; "don't say so; pray to God."

"O, I *cannot* pray; he will not *hear*. I *fear* I am *lost!*" William arose and commenced dressing also.

"But you are not lost, Henry; you are living, and God is merciful."

"His mercy is clean gone forever!" groaned Henry. "I ought to have repented and sought the Lord when you and James did. I

knew it was my duty. I was almost persuaded to do so; but, O! I put it off. To-day I hurt mother's feelings by persisting in my purpose to go to the party. I went, as you know, but did not stay till it was through. I was unhappy all the time, and I came home and got into bed. I now feel dreadfully! O dear, I fear I am going down quick into hell!" Upon this Henry burst into tears.

"Let us go and wake up mother," said William, who, being young in experience, felt inadequate to administer proper advice.

Their rush into their mother's apartments caused momentary alarm. Though her prayers had been long and earnest, the result was not looked for so immediately as this movement would indicate. Such was the first thought. And yet the second was, Who knoweth? I have cried aloud from the depths of an agonized heart. I have laid hold of the promises, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" "Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them," &c. I have asked for an early answer; and I have been unusually enlightened and favored with what I feel *can* be none other than the Divine presence. *Why* may not my boy be rescued from the gall of bitterness this very night?

While this train of reasoning, quick as a twinkling almost, was passing through her mind, and ere she had time to make inquiries for the cause of his perturbation, Henry exclaimed:

"O, mother, mother, do help me; do pray to God for me, for I am in a dreadful condition!"

"But what is the matter, my son?"

"I am afraid that I have sinned away my day of grace, and must sink down to eternal ruin!"

"My son, I rejoice. You are just where I have longed to see you."

"O, mother, my feelings are dreadful! What must I do?" said the agonized young man.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved," was the reply.

"But the very heavens seem like brass above me. I dare not look up," said Henry.

"You seem to be deeply affected, my son. I trust the Holy Spirit is operating on your conscience. Are you prepared to seek the Lord with all your heart?"

"I am, I am!" replied Henry; "but I am afraid it is too late!"

"Do not be discouraged. 'In the day thou seekest me with all thy heart, I will be found of thee.'"

In the mean time this earnest, pious and now really elated mother, had arisen, and, seating herself by her children, entered still more minutely into Henry's emotions. Then they all knelt in prayer. In a soft, melting, sympathizing tone of voice, she laid the case of her dear son before a throne of grace. To this the apostle had invited her to "come boldly." Her heart warmed, her voice became broken, tears flowed, tears of gratitude, tears of hope. Henry wrung his hands, sobbed, broke out in ejaculations, confessed his sins, pleaded for mercy, and finally ventured to indulge a hope that God was propitious. The work was evangelical. Light came gradually. But ere long he felt a peace like a river flowing through his soul.

The scene closed. Years have rolled away. That mother is in heaven. That son is on Zion's walls. Who will say that here is not an instance of *the triumph of a mother's prayers?* To God be the glory.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land,

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

EXACTNESS.

A FAMILY CONVERSATION.

EDITORIAL.

MRS. PRESTON, an excellent, sensible, conscientious woman, was sitting one day at work with her two young daughters, Ellen and Mary. Mary gave a yawn, and, rolling the garment she had been hemming into a wisp, tucked it carelessly into one corner of her work-basket, from which various odds and ends were dangling. Upon this, Ellen said gently and pleasantly:

"Will you please, sister, fold your work neatly, and, when you go to our room, place your basket more carefully on the shelf, and not leave long ends hanging from it? Several times lately I have been obliged to stop and gather up from the floor every article which belongs to your work-basket."

Mary.—"Why did you not let it alone till I was ready to do it myself?"

Ellen.—"I do not like to sit down in a disorderly room. I want to see everything in its place. It makes me uncomfortable even to look into one of your drawers, and see gloves, combs, ruffles and handkerchiefs, all heaped together in confusion, and so tumbled and rumpled as to be entirely unfit for a neat girl to wear."

Mary.—"And I cannot help laughing on looking into yours; every collar lying so prim and stiff, and in just such a corner, side by side; every ribbon on a roller, and every handkerchief made into the most exact of parallelograms. I am sorry for you, for it is clear as daylight, that you were 'cut out for an old maid,' as they always say such exact people are."

Ellen.—"And if I were, I don't know that I should need your pity, sister. It may be so. I have heard similar remarks before. But how a girl, who has everything about her in disorder, all at sixes and sevens, one who never comes into a room without putting other people out, in some way or other, by her carelessness, can be expected to make a desirable wife, a better mother, or a cleverer housekeeper, than one who is exact and orderly, is more than I can comprehend. I have no reference to you, Mary, or myself either; but if the thing is true, I want mother to explain it to me."

Mother.—"The fact is not so, my dear. We frequently see a foolish fancy indulged, in spite of the most glaring faults. But nothing is more useful, nothing more necessary to character, and nothing more attractive to a sensible person, than habits of exactness in what we do or say. Perhaps, of all practical, every-day qualities, this has more influence upon a woman's own character, and upon the happiness of those around her, than any other. It is far more likely than its opposite to be associated with industry, perseverance, good temper,"—

Mary (*interrupting*).—"Ah, yes; but I don't care about possessing those common, humdrum qualities. I do not wish that people should admire me for that sort of character. I have been reading some charming novels during my long visits at my aunt's, full of the most delightful heroines, and I have heard a great deal of conversation about brilliant women, especially authoresses, and they all soar above these things; they are beneath their notice. How is it to be expected that wit, imagination and intellect can condescend to keeping drawers in order, or to watching a clock so as not to be behind an appointment? To be sure, many of these ladies dressed in satins and velvets, when they went into company, but they made the drollest mistakes, leaving one side of their hair in papers, forgetting to hook their dresses, or wearing thick India rubbers all the evening. This was nothing, however, to the charming confusion in which they left their rooms at home; floor, chair-backs, mantelpieces,—you should hear their friends describe them."

Mother.—"Pray, who were some of these celebrated ladies?"

Mary.—"Miss C——, the poetess, Miss D——, the novel-writer, and Mrs. E——, the brilliant conversationist."

Mother.—"My dear, permit me to tell you that you have named three women of very small natural abilities, very ill-trained minds, and very undesirable reputations; women who have obtained a small notoriety by their contempt of the ordinary rules of propriety, but who have failed to secure the respect of the well-judging. A great deal has been said about *the eccentricities of genius;* and some have thought that by adopting the *eccentricity* they should get credit for the *genius*. But they have found themselves mistaken. Look at really superior women, those who have acquired lasting fame and influence by the successful exertion of their talents. How have the manners, habits, and private character of Miss Edgeworth, Hannah

More, Joanna Baillie, and Miss Mitford been described? Perhaps you are not as familiar with the lives of these ladies as I hope you will one day be; but let me tell you that a fondness for domestic life, and the cultivation of the qualities which make home pleasant and beautiful, was, or is a characteristic of every one of them. They are represented, not only as simple in their tastes, affectionate and loving in their dispositions, but as being lady-like, neat and exact, in a remarkable degree. And if you ever have an opportunity to mingle with women of the highest class of mind in our own country, you will find among them similar characteristics. The same clearness of judgment, quickness of perception, and love of the beautiful, which would enable them to conceive and execute an admirable work, would also lead them to set a high value on those qualities on which the beauty and the comfort of ordinary life depend."

Mary.—"I never should think of looking to such distinguished women for an example. Do let us leave those great characters, and come back to us little people. I never expect to become an authoress, and I cannot say that I ever wish to be one. But I think it is very hard, when we are young, to require us to be so very exact and particular."

Mother.—"If the habit is worth having, it is worth while to try and form it while one is young. That is the time to form habits."

Mary.—"But I do not see the use of it. I think I should be happier without it; and is it not best to enjoy ourselves in our own way? It is so tiresome to be exact about every little, trifling thing!"

Mother.—"Our lives are made up of little things. That which is constantly recurring, if ever so great a trifle, becomes a matter of importance. You fancy you would be happier if left to the careless enjoyment of every pleasure, without thinking what you owe to others, or of what you truly owe to yourself. Let us see. You are now fourteen years old. Suppose you were to live till you are seventy, the age allotted to man. There are fifty-six years, or twenty thousand four hundred and forty days, every one of which must receive a color from the habits you form in childhood and youth. Suppose you are a little late at every meal. It seems a trifle; but it puts all the family out more or less. It takes away a ray of sunshine, and brings a shadow of cloud. Suppose, in all these years and days, you are a few minutes behind every appointment

with your friends and acquaintances. How many grave or displeased faces, how many unpleasant remarks, how many actual losses of pleasure or advantage which might have been secured by a habit of exactness! Suppose you always leave your clothes in disorder, hanging on the backs of chairs, or fallen from the pegs in littered closets. How many wrinkles, folds and stains of dust are caught, which give an untidy appearance to the person, or create a great expense in the purchase of new articles! How many books are spoiled, sometimes borrowed books, too, from being carelessly left open, or exposed, instead of being closed and laid carefully on a shelf. How many miserable meals are eaten, how much detestable cookery there is in the world, cheating the appetite out of its natural and rightful enjoyment, and even producing long and painful illnesses, from want of the necessary exactness in the preparation of food! But it is useless to go on enumerating instances. Every one who reflects at all, must perceive, that, in every hour of the day and in every operation of life, this habit of exactness is necessary to comfort, to well-being and to cheerful enjoyment. And it is wrong to suppose that it is inconsistent with taste, or with those pleasures which lie in the peculiar domain of imagination and feeling. What would music, sculpture, painting or architecture be without it? A wrong note, or line, or particle, and harmony, symmetry and beauty, are destroyed. Everythings *seems* spontaneous, but, at the same time, all in the arts approaching perfection is really the result of the most careful and exact training. In the arranging of furniture in a room, the laying out of a flower-garden, even the tying of a boquet, the eye and hand which have been trained to exactness in disposing of lights and shades, form and color, will produce much finer effects than the careless throwing together of the choicest materials. And if it is necessary to train genius and talent to exactness in order to produce a high pleasure to the imagination, how much more so in the ordinary affairs of life, where our comforts, pleasures and advantages depend so much upon it! We do not often have an opportunity to look at a fine picture or statue; but we every day experience a sensible gratification when the bell rings for dinner at the expected moment; when our friend shows sufficient regard for our feelings and our time not to disturb the one or waste the other by idle waiting beyond the appointed hour; when a little daughter, with smooth hair and every article of her dress in order, is ready to sit down to

breakfast with her father, instead of lagging in ten minutes afterward, with elf locks, and shoes down at the heel.

Ellen.—"Really, mother, you make this clearer to me than I ever saw it before. But do you think Mrs. Benton is right? She has been passing some time in England and France, and she says that the people of those countries are much more exact in their habits than we are, and that this enables them to live with much greater comfort upon a small income than we do. She says that a French girl never takes off a nice dress or shawl without brushing and folding it carefully, pinning it in a napkin, and laying it in a drawer or on a shelf; and she insists upon it, that, in this way, it is kept fresh twice as long as when hung upon a nail and exposed to the dust. She says that when an English farmer's wife prepares a piece of meat for dinner, it is not cooked by accident,—as it seems so often to be with us,—and brought upon the table either raw and indigestible, or with all the taste boiled out of it; but that she gives it exactly the time and attention necessary to produce the best flavor and the most healthy nutrition; and hence the English are not a nation of dyspeptics, as we are.

"O, mother, I wish you could hear her talk about English servants and house-keeping, and French shoemakers, and dressmakers, and clear-starchers! She insists upon it that it is exact teaching and exact performance which make the difference between them and us. She says it is quite difficult in this country to get anything done exactly according to the directions, or brought home exactly according to promise."

Mother.—"I have no doubt, my dear, that this is, to a certain extent, true, but not entirely so. There is as good house-keeping in our country as in any in the world. But let us turn all criticism, whether good-natured or not, to our own advantage. From the few instances which have been mentioned, you can perceive how this principle, carried into all the details of life, makes life in one home so different from what it is in another. Mary thinks it is troublesome to be exact. On the contrary, it is the oil which prevents jarring, and permits everything to work easily. How much fretting, blame and ill-temper are saved by it!

"But the influence of exactness in speech is still more important than it is in action. It is said there is a great disposition among women, especially among uneducated or ill-educated women,

to talk of their neighbors' affairs, and to repeat what each says to each. This, to a certain extent, is natural, and might even be innocent, if exactness of speech was observed; but there is no habit so fraught with unhappiness to society as that of careless, unprincipled gossip. It separates friends, it creates enemies, it chills sympathy, it destroys frankness, and induces fear and suspicion in their stead. How can it be otherwise, when we know that a few words omitted, or a few words added, frequently give an entirely different character and meaning to an expression? I have lived in cities and in villages, and I have seen the sad effects of designed misrepresentation and detraction; but I have seen far more unhappiness produced by a thoughtless, careless, exaggerated way of repeating the opinions or the words of others. But notwithstanding that the fault is so common, every one pays involuntary respect and homage to the perfectly true. What finer compliment, what more noble epithet than a *true* woman? and no one can be true without being exact. I have known a girl of fourteen appealed to in all family differences, in everything which came under her own observation, for she was never known to vary. She saw clearly, and she reported faithfully. Yet this girl was full of fire and enthusiasm, and excelled in works of taste as well as of usefulness.

"I was once staying for a season in a country town, and, with several other ladies, attended, for amusement, the sittings of a court of justice. A case came up of great and universal interest. A respectable young man had been accused of a criminal action, and a large number of witnesses were brought forward on both sides. They all appeared to be sincere, and to wish to tell the truth; but it was astonishing how their testimony conflicted, and pitiful to see the wavering and uncertainty produced by the cross-questioning of the lawyers. But there was one lady acquainted with the circumstances of the case, who excited our admiration to the utmost. She was modest, and evidently appeared with reluctance; but she was so clear, firm and unwavering in her statements, that there was no getting aside of her testimony. A rough lawyer of the opposite party tried to brow-beat her, as several witnesses differed from her considerably, as to important circumstances; but she held firm, and, by the exactness of her answers, showed that she was clear as to the facts. This clearness and this exactness had such an effect upon the minds of the judges, that it saved the young man, and restored him to the good opinion

of his fellow-men and to his position in society. The judge declared, in his charge to the jury, that the testimony of this witness ought to have an important effect upon their verdict. And it had. You should have seen the respect with which she was followed by every eye as she walked out of court."

Mary. —"Mother, this should have had a novel ending. The young man whom she cleared by her testimony ought to have married her."

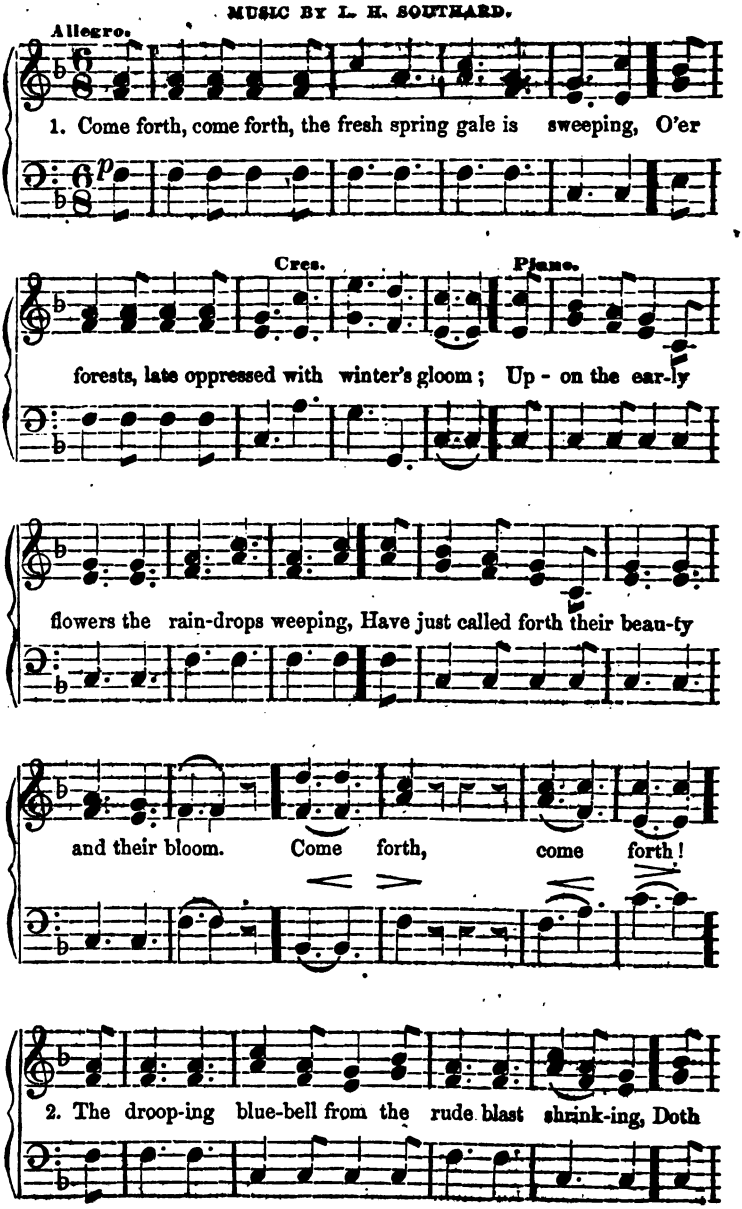
Mother. —"This did not happen. But the junior judge was so much pleased with the way in which she acquitted herself on this occasion, that he paid his addresses to her; and she is now Mrs. Judge N."

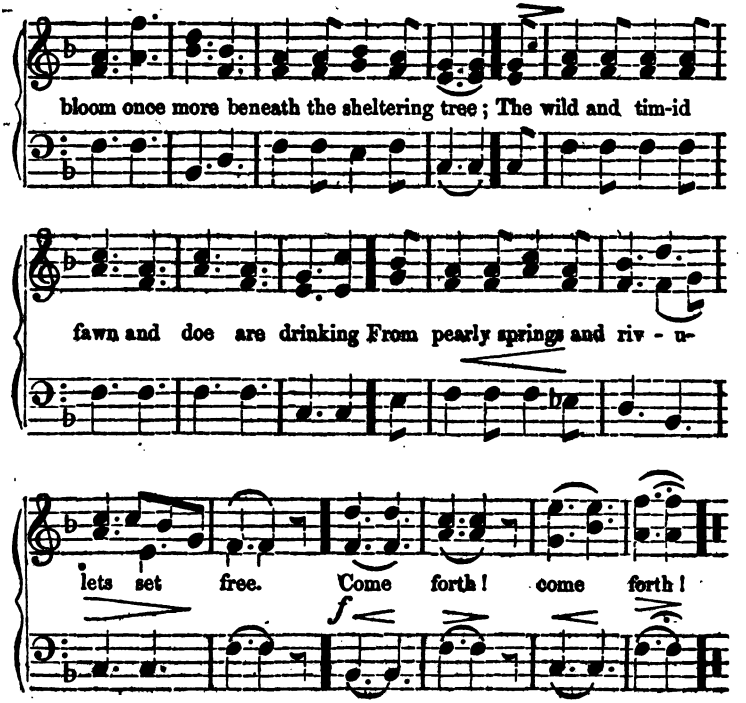
Mary. —"Ah! that is quite as well. I should like to see that lady. But, mother, you have made me thoroughly ashamed of the flippant way in which I began this conversation. I was more than half in jest; for I really do see and feel the benefits of exactness every day of my life. It is Ellen's exactness which makes our room pleasant and comfortable. It is she who saves me from many a reproof, by reminding me of time, and of what I have to do. It is certainly a great convenience to have such a sister. But I do think I was more particular in this respect before I went to my aunt's. They have such topsy-turvy, harum-scarum ways there, I defy any one to be exact."

Mother. —"My dear, do not depend upon your sister, but upon yourself. It is your own character which is to make you useful and happy in life, or otherwise. Strive not only to regain what you have lost, but set yourself conscientiously to form habits of exactness. Remember that the term includes order, punctuality and truth, all cardinal virtues in a woman. And, as we before remarked, that 'trifles make the sum of human things,' it is in trifles that we must begin, if we wish to form any good habit. If you sincerely ask assistance from God, he will help you in every effort you make to improve yourself."

Mary takes the wisp of work from her basket, shakes it out and folds it carefully. She then winds up odd ends of tape, putting a small pin into each. After putting her spools of thread into the little pockets designed for them inside the rim of the basket, she kisses her mother, and, with a pleasant and docile expression of countenance, leaves the room.

"COME FORTH."

MUSIC BY L. H. SOUTHARD.

Allegro.
1. Come forth, come forth, the fresh spring gale is sweeping, O'er
p
Cres.
Piano.
forests, late oppressed with winter's gloom; Up - on the ear-ly
flowers the rain-drops weeping, Have just called forth their beau-ty
and their bloom. Come forth, come forth!
2. The droop-ing blue-bell from the rude blast shrink-ing, Doth


bloom once more beneath the sheltering tree; The wild and tim-id
fawn and doe are drinking From pearly springs and riv - u-
lets set free. Come forth! come forth!
f

3

Although we call for dear ones gone, with weeping,
They come not forth with flower and bird, and tree,
Unconscious of the south wind's kiss, they're sleeping,
Beneath the wild rose and the willow tree.
They come not forth.

4

They who reposed in childhood's happy bowers,
They whose fair brows their guilelessness still wore,
Have bent before the blast like young spring flowers,
And passed away to bloom on earth no more!
They come not forth.

5

They left these scenes, the kind and gentle-hearted,
Ere yet the weight of age was on them laid;
In vain we call unto the dear departed,
Both bright-haired youth and fair and blooming maid,
Come forth, come forth!

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMOIR OF REV. OLIVER A. TAYLOR. By Rev. Timothy A. Taylor, A. M. Boston. Tappan and Whittemore, 1853.

The subject of this memoir was born in Yarmouth, Mass., in 1801; made a profession of religion at the age of fifteen, commenced his studies, amid many obstacles and discouragements, in his eighteenth year, and graduated at Union College in 1825. Subsequently he went through a three years' course of theological studies at Andover, and was settled at Manchester, Mass., in 1839, and died at that place in December, 1851.

Mr. Taylor was a laborious, affectionate and successful pastor, an instructive, spiritual and faithful preacher, an unwearied student, an eminent scholar, a man of vital godliness, of uniform purity of life, and of an humble, sweet and gentle spirit.

The eminence which Mr. Taylor attained in extensive scholarship, through many obstacles, is not only worthy of remark and of admiration, but should prove an incentive to the young student with similar difficulties besetting his path.

It is a very interesting and truly valuable memoir, and its compilation is worthy of a brother's affection.

YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS. A New Edition, by James R. Boyd. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co. N. Y. City.

The present edition of this wonderful poem contains, on every page, notes, in elucidation of its "learned and historical allusions, its recondite truths, its obscurities and intricacies," beside nine pages of introductory observations, thirty-seven pages devoted to the life of Dr. Young, and twenty pages of a critical estimate of his works. The entire poem is also divided into paragraphs, with appropriate heads. One of the objects of the author is to make the book, now "extensively used in seminaries of learning, more useful as a text-book for grammatical analysis and rhetorical criticism." He has performed his task with great fidelity, throwing around this sublime poem new attractions, and greatly increasing its value.

STRAY MEDITATIONS. N. Y. City. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co.

This is a volume of fugitive essays, mostly in prose, written by Rev. J. T. Thompson, pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church, N. Y. City. The author entitles the book, *Stray Meditations; or, Voices of the Heart.* They are written with a freedom and simplicity of style, and with an unrestrained utterance of the heart's emotions, which will commend them to the lover of genuine and pure thoughts. The volume is embellished with a fine portrait of the author.

PRIMERS. — A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y. City, have published, for the benefit of young scholars, Primers, in French and English, German and English, and Spanish and English, illustrated by numerous beautiful wood cuts. Amusement is here blended with instruction.

SHEET MUSIC.

The Gallant Yacht and *the Loosing of the Silver Chord*; published by O. Ditson. These are vocal pieces, with a Piano Forte accompaniment.

Farewell Grand March, Maybells and the Flowers and *Spring Morning*; all arranged for the Piano Forte. Published by G. P. Reed.

MOSES SMITING THE ROCK.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

EDITORIAL.

THERE were two occasions on which Moses smote a rock, and thereupon water flowed forth. The first time this miracle was performed was at Horeb or Rephidim, in the first year of the journeyings of the children of Israel in the wilderness, and the second at Kadesh. It has generally been supposed, by biblical commentators and geographers, that there were two places by this name; but it has been satisfactorily ascertained, by recent investigations, and particularly by the actual observations of Dr. Robinson, that there was but one, and that it should be located, as in the Illuminated Atlas of the Pictorial Bible, near Mount Hor, instead of the south-eastern border of Canaan.

Kadesh was a place of much interest, from the fact that here the children of Israel twice encamped, with the expectation of entering the promised land, and were twice sent back; first, in pursuance of the sentence to wander forty years in the wilderness, and second, from the refusal of the King of Edom to permit them to pass through his dominions.

When they arrived at this place it was in the fortieth year after their departure from Egypt. They had become exceedingly weary with their wanderings and their mode of life, and here fresh obstacles and trials beset their way. They were impatient to reach the promised land, a land flowing with milk and honey; and, beside, there was no water for man or beast. Under these circumstances they became angry with Moses and Aaron, and murmured against them greatly. Their language was to this import: "Would God that we had died when our brethren died before the Lord. Why have ye brought us into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die here? Wherefore have ye brought us into this evil place, which is no place of seed, or of figs, or vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink?"

To this ungrateful language, Moses and Aaron made no reply, but went from their presence to the door of the tabernacle, and fell upon their faces. God then commanded Moses to take the rod and speak to the rock before their eyes, and it should give forth water. Moses

ck twice, the water came out abundantly, and the con-
drank and their beasts also.

was at this place that the Lord informed both Moses and Aaron that they could not enter the promised land, because they believed him not, to sanctify him in the eyes of the children of Israel. They probably partook, to some extent, of the same spirit manifested by the people, for it is stated in Psalm 106: 32, 33, that the people angered Moses on this occasion, and provoked his spirit, so that he spake unadvisedly with his lips.

It was at this place, also, that Miriam died. Eusebius says that her tomb was to be seen near Kadesh, in his time. Aaron died in four, and Moses in eleven months afterward.

THE DYING CHILD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.

BY MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

Mother, I 'm tired, and I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom meek;
But promise me that thou wilt leave off weeping,
Because thy tears fall hot upon my cheek.
Here it is cold; the tempest raveth madly;
But in my dreams all is so wondrous bright;
I see the angel-children smiling gladly,
When from my weary eyes I shut the light.

Mother, one steals behind me now, and listen;
Dost thou not hear the music's sweet accord?
See how his white wings beautifully glisten!
Surely, those wings were given him by our Lord!
Green, gold and red are floating all around me;
They are the flowers the angel scattereth.
Shall I have also wings while life has bound me?
Or, mother, are they given alone in death?

Why dost thou clasp me as if I were going?
Why dost thou press thy cheek thus unto mine?
Thy cheek is hot, and still thy tears are flowing;
I will, dear mother, will be always thine!
Do not sigh thus; it marreth my reposing,
And if thou weep, then I must weep with thee!
O, I am tired, my weary eyes are closing;
Look, mother, look! the angel kisseth me.

CULTURE OF THE PASSIONS.

EDITORIAL.

As parents, you are, no doubt, troubled, in a greater or less degree, by the exhibition of anger, stubbornness, irritability and other evil and unamiable traits of character in your children, which you find exceedingly difficult to eradicate or repress. You tremble when you consider the disastrous consequences which may result from these unsubdued passions; and well may you tremble on a matter of so much moment as this; one involving not only your own happiness, but also that of your children, for time and eternity; for if these passions are not subdued by parental discipline, or, as they sometimes are, by self-discipline, as adult life comes on, they will gradually acquire strength, render their possessor miserable, make his associates unhappy, and eventually plunge him into temporal and eternal ruin!

But do not despair. You have helps pregnant with power for good, and you will eventually succeed, if you are patient and continue in well-doing. Be persuaded to give yourselves to unceasing prayer, not only for them, but often with them, and be careful that this is accompanied by an example always safe to be imitated by them.

These passions in childhood are not indicative of such depravity of heart as is indicated by falsehood, theft, &c. They are the natural impulses, inseparable from the season of childhood and youth. You must bear in mind that this season is one of great activity and energy; that the mind is impulsive and excitable, and that all the passions are inflammable, and ready to take fire at the least friction. And consider how it would answer to have things otherwise. Would it appear right to you to have your children without spirit, ardor and vigor, and moving about, whenever they did move, with the gravity and decrepitude of age? How would you quicken such children into activity? What would the middle of life and the old age of such children be? The celebrated HANNAH MORE says, "I do not dislike extreme vivacity in children. I wish to see enough to make an animated character, when the violence of the animal spirits has subsided by time."

You must not, therefore, aim to eradicate these elementary principles of the mind, but only to give them a right direction; to take them off the wrong track and put them on the right; or, what is better still, never suffer them to enter the wrong. But having assumed the wrong form, you will, by pursuing a process of mental transformation, see the *stubbornness* of your children taking the form of *decision of character and fortitude.*

From anger will come a *hatred* of whatever is *mean and low*, and a *love of truth.*

From extreme *vivacity* will come *cheerfulness*, *playfulness*, and whatever contributes to make one an agreeable companion.

From *irritability and a disposition to cry at trifles*, will come *sympathy* for the afflicted, *sensitiveness* and *delicacy* of feeling.

From an *impulsive spirit* will come *quick perceptions* and *intuitive energy of action.*

From *revenge* will come *justice.*

From *wildness and impatience of restraint* will come *force*, *courage*, *strength*, *firmness*, *perseverance*, *nerve* and *efficiency.*

From *excessive love of play* will spring *activity in business.*

From *covetousness* will come a desire for the *acquisition of property*, which is perfectly commendable, if, in the disposition of it, the law of God is observed.

From *stinginess* may come *economy.*

The word of God and the Holy Spirit will aid you in thus modifying or giving a new and healthful direction to all the evil, unamiable and rude dispositions or propensities of your children. An eminent writer says, that "The finest, richest and most generous species of character, is, perhaps, that which early presents the most repulsive surface. Within the rough rind the feelings are preserved unsophisticated, vigorous and healthy."

Mrs. Sigourney observes, that "There are instances on record to encourage and cheer parents with regard to the most unpromising children, and of whom, perhaps, they are tempted to say, in moments of anguish, that they have labored in vain, and spent their strength for naught. Dr. Barrow, one of the most learned and eloquent English divines, on whom the critical Dr. Johnson pronounced the strongest verdict of praise, conceived, in early life, an aversion to study, and became so addicted to idle and vicious company, that his father, in bitterness of spirit, exclaimed, 'Should it please God to

take away any of my children, I pray Him that it may be my son Isaac.' His mother, however, had long patience. She sustained herself on the strength of Him, who has power to bring good out of evil. She persevered in parental care and systematic instruction, and gained a great reward. As he, who was pronounced so hopeless, grew up, he evinced a disposition which won all hearts, and made such progress in science, as to sustain with honor the mathematical chair, which Newton afterward filled. Among the most profound scholars his country could boast, he maintained the highest rank."

LINES FOR A LADY'S ALBUM.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

How fair are the beautiful pages,
To love, truth and friendship, here given.
May these names, through numberless ages,
Shine bright on the records of heaven;
Each early unrolled,
By the lofty I AM,
In letters of gold,
In the Book of the Lamb.

And long may these friendships be cherished,
Which virtue commences below;
And when the frail mortal hath perished,
With lustre unceasingly glow;
While, walking in white,
Where the angels have trod,
Sweet friends shall unite
In the praises of God.

Fair lady, wit, wisdom and beauty
Must fade like a vision away,
But she, who, intent upon duty,
Loves daily to watch and to pray,
Will find in the end
That the Saviour divine
Is the soul's TRUEST FRIEND.
May His friendship be thine.

THE PUPIL OF GAMALIEL.

BY REV. WM. WARREN.

THERE lived in a free town, allied to the Roman empire, a Jew, of the ancient, genuine stock. He was descended in the direct line from Abraham, through the family of Benjamin. Tarsus, where he dwelt, was a proud city, upon the heel of Asia Minor, touching the north-east extremity of the Great Sea. This man was a strict Pharisee, perhaps of some wealth and note. To him was born a son. No prodigies nor omens are mentioned as having marked his birth. It may not have awakened any peculiar interest among angels or men. The uneventful years of childhood being past, we find this youth at Jerusalem, some hundred miles south of Tarsus, the pupil of a learned doctor of the law. We may suppose he had gone through the whole circle of science and learning enjoyed in his native city, and he is now sitting at the honored feet, in company with earnest rivals, of one who ranked high among the learned of the Jewish Rabbins. Here the huge commentary of legendary writings and traditional books were slowly digested. Here, too, the Talmud, the depository of Jewish records and observances, was mastered. In this school of the doctor our student enjoys the very best advantages afforded in his time. Here he becomes an adept in all the logic and learning then in use; becomes expert in all the tactics, craft and drilling of Pharisaism. That gilded system of heartless form and faithless pretensions, glossed by the learning and backed by the authority of the highest ecclesiastical court, he had thoroughly acquired, so that he was now able to stand at the head of this most powerful sect of the age.

We may notice here the fact of his physical inferiority. A noble, commanding presence he did not possess. We may conjecture that a degree of awkwardness and deformity was added, in his case, to a diminutive and dwarfish figure. He seems, also, to have had an imperfection or impediment in his speech. His bodily presence was mean and his speech contemptible. The natural graces and an easy, eloquent utterance were not to be reckoned among the elements of his power.

Another fact deserves to be stated. In accordance with ancient

custom, he seems to have been early put to a trade. This was regarded, in those times, somewhat in the light of a patrimony, or estate, upon which a person might fall back, in future life, in the case of failure in other pursuits. "He that does not teach his son a trade, teaches him to become a thief," was an ancient maxim. This trade was regarded as an essential part of education. The sons of the rich, the wise and the noble, were thus taught in some useful handicraft. The trade of the young Pharisee was that of tent-maker,—a profitable one in those times, when armies were common, and the pastoral or migratory life customary.

Thus reared, the youth ripens into manhood. He steps upon the stage of active life. Interested eyes follow him. He determines to distinguish himself. The force of his education, his religious prejudices, and the fiery spirit within him, had prepared him for a bold career. The associations of his whole life, added to the deep-seated opposition of his heart, lead him to abhor the principles of the new religion. A system which demands of its votaries self-renunciation, his sect must despise. Their religion was an ostentatious one. It led them to parade their charities before the world, to assume a righteousness and sanctity superior to what was possessed by other men, and to drive a business in morals and ceremonials, such as would give them great profit and personal consequence. But the Gospel laid its axe at the root of such pretensions. It crushed the aspiring hopes and presumptions of that whole sect. Its author had fallen a sacrifice to its maddened, persecuting zeal.

To the work of extermination this ardent disciple of Gamaliel gave himself. His elevated genius, commanding intellect and influence, his large attainments and impetuous purposes, were all devoted to the destruction of Christianity. Those qualities which, when sanctified, contributed to make him the chief of the apostles, when perverted, served only to make him the chief of persecutors.

We see him first abetting in the murder of Stephen. His salient, daring spirit breaks loose from all restraint. Such sentiments as the humble *deacon* was uttering set his furious spirit on fire. His words fell like sparks into a magazine of explosive elements. He gave his consent and countenance to a deed which he had not yet quite the hardihood to perpetrate. He holds the clothes of them who cast the stones at the dying man. But the murder was in his heart. The sentence of death was there passed. A deed is done by

the passionate desire, or in the secret wish. God takes the will for the deed in moral acts, and reckons the man guilty who inwardly applauds iniquity. Blind youth! He verily thought that to murder that good man would stop the truth, and silence the hated sect. So would the winds calm the ocean, or quench the burning of a city! The storm which had commenced, increased apace, and relentless persecutions followed everywhere. Havoc was made of the church at Jerusalem, and, as the hungry wolf falls upon the inoffensive flock, this young, infuriated Pharisee broke into houses, and seized the helpless and the delicate, and inhumanly dragged them forth to dungeons and to death.

Not content with his success at Jerusalem, he obtains a commission and writs of the high priest to carry the work of persecution to a distant city. He is now on his way to Damascus. That famous city is full in view. As its spires and its splendor met the fiery eyes of this ambitious band of persecutors, we may fancy the spirit of Saul to have been kindled to a fiercer flame. But in a moment, the twinkling of an eye, the heavens were opened. A brightness, surpassing the splendor of many suns, enveloped him. He fell to the earth. The dazzling brightness had taken from him sight, strength and power. A world of cutting reflections passed through his thoughts in a moment. His Saviour had met him. His bloody purpose forsook him, and he yielded himself a willing captive to that Christ whom he had persecuted. He was led forward to Damascus to become an inquirer at the feet of those terrified saints whom he had gone thither to persecute and destroy. He began his youthful career the scholar; the scholar became the Pharisee, the Pharisee the persecutor, the persecutor the Christian, and the Christian the greatest of apostles. He preached the Gospel in two continents. The whole world has felt his influence, which neither time nor eternity will ever be able sufficiently to estimate. We learn from this,

1. That great influence and success do not necessarily depend on personal graces and accomplishments. He who had the least of these has probably exerted a greater influence than any other mere man.

2. We see how much may depend on the ruling motive of one's life. With the same talents and accomplishments one may become the bane and terror of the world, or the benefactor and saviour of his fellow-men.

3. We see the danger of a misguided zeal and perverted knowledge. Knowledge and zeal are power, but without principle they are power only to do evil.

4. We see to what lengths of wickedness men may unconsciously go. One step in guilt prepares for another. Every step of fall gives momentum to the downward progress.

5. We see that persons are responsible for their opinions. Paul reproached himself for acting according to a depraved conscience. He was guilty for the opinions and principles which governed him.

6. We see how easily God can reverse our purposes and fears. He gave the anxious disciples at Jerusalem and Damascus beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness. He reverses the fears of some by reversing the purposes of others.

SWEET THOUGHT.

WHENEVER we find our temper ruffled towards a parent in the family circle, a sister, or brother, we should pause and think, that in some few months or years they will be in the spirit-land, watching over us, or perhaps we shall be there, watching over them. The intercourse of life, during a season on earth, should be like that between guardian angels. As the poet Hunt sings:

"How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His eyes divine, and bring us from his bowers,
News of dear friends and children who have never
Been dead indeed, as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths, angels that *are* to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings."

THE MISSION OF MOTHERS.

REV. E. P. DYER.

MOTHERS, yours is a holy mission. How often has this been said, yet how seldom has it been realized!

God has ordained you to fill, in a certain sense, the highest and most important of human offices. You are not expected to occupy seats in the halls of legislation, nor to ascend the pulpit, nor to follow the plough, nor to guide the steam-car, nor to navigate the ocean. Yet, in all these departments of labor, responsibility and trust, your influence must and will be felt.

You have given birth to those, who, if their lives are spared, are to exert an influence which will be felt through eternal ages. Whether that influence will be for good or for evil, depends, under God, very much on the mark you impress on their tender minds and hearts, while they totter about your dwellings, and while you sing to them in the cradle. Every word you utter, every passion you exhibit, every act you perform, every expression of your look in their presence, are helping imperceptibly to mould their characters and to shape their destinies. From morning till evening, during all their waking hours, their little eyes are riveted upon you; and even when they are most absorbed in their own simple amusements, their little ears are perpetually open to your songs or your complaints.

You may imagine that they do not see, or that they do not hear. But remember they have nothing else to do. They have no business and no pleasure which so fix their attention, which they cannot and will not immediately surrender, if they see you biting an apple, to ask where you got it, and if they may have a share. You cannot bring out your patch-work and set your basket-full of gaudy colors down on the floor, but their little fingers are presently picking out the red, the blue, the green or the yellow, and exhibiting them to each other, or strewing them in showy confusion on the floor. Their curiosity is awake. Their minds are impressible. They thirst to know. They ply you with a thousand questions, and insist upon an answer, and demand its repetition till they think they comprehend. You may sometimes deceive them by equivocation or evasive answers; but you do it at your peril, for they will remember, and when they

are older, they will call up some long past inquiry and your answer, and will stamp the whole on their own memories afresh to furnish a topic for meditation, or an example for imitation, when they themselves come to be parents.

I remember, to this hour, some strange stories which were told me when I lay in my cradle. I remember, with vivid distinctness, the emotions they excited. In every period of my life, from that hour to this, there have been seasons when those nursery stories have furnished the theme of my meditations. I have sometimes been able to trace their influence on my habits of mind and heart with great distinctness; and I cannot doubt that others, which I heard in that most susceptible stage of my being, have exerted, and still exert, their influence upon my thoughts, though I am not able so distinctly to trace it.

If this is the case with one, it may be so with all. Almost all which any of us know is made up of thoughts, ideas, suggestions, impressions, &c., received from others. These are so incorporated with our own mental exercises, that, strange as it may seem, we scarcely ever wholly originate an idea in a lifetime.

The character of that intellectual Babel of thoughts, ideas, impressions and suggestions, which, in process of time, is reared in our minds, which singly we call acquisitions, and when combined dignify with the name of knowledge, depends on the scenes of life through which we pass. The astronomer's pile of thoughts is a widely-different affair from that which constitutes the intellectual treasure of the historian, the geologist, or the student of botany. The mental treasures of the good man differ essentially from those of the murderer and the thief, the counterfeiter and the gambler; for it is written, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." His mind will be subject to influences and will receive impressions, utterly unlike those impressed on the heart of him who is "a companion of fools."

To mark out the future pathways of your children is no light task. Yet through what scenes they will pass, on their way to eternity, will depend, in a great measure, on the influences to which they are subject while around the mother's knees. God has so ordained it. He has lodged with the mother an amazing responsibility. He has endowed her with maternal fondness and love, with patience and perseverance, with a vigilance almost ceaseless, with a

tender heart, a loving eye and a gentle voice, that she may move among her children like a guardian angel, and guide their little feet in the way to a blessed immortality.

We say, then, mothers, once again, yours is a holy mission. Ordained of God to stand by the very threshold of human existence, and direct the first footsteps of infancy, you cannot be too fully aware of the responsibility of your position, or of the sacredness of the high trusts committed to your keeping. Nor can you be too sensible of your own weakness and your need of depending every hour on divine aid, to strengthen your hearts and bless your efforts. In all your endeavors to establish and build up your family, you must never for a moment forget, that "*except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.*" Yet, of the crowning blessing of Almighty God, on your humble, patient, faithful, prayerful efforts in your families, as mothers, you have the fullest assurance. You may read it every day in that inspired declaration, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

THE GOOD WE MIGHT DO.

We all might do good
  In a thousand small ways;
In forbearing to flatter,
  Yet yielding due praise;
In spurning ill-humor,
  Reproving wrong done,
And treating but kindly
  Each heart we have won.

We all might do good,
  Whether lowly or great,
For the deed is not gauged
  By the purse or estate;
If it be but a cup
  Of cold water that 's given,
Like the "widow's two mites,"
  It is something for heaven.

"DID YOU EVER TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS TO CHRIST?"

BY REV. P. C. HEADLY.

MR. S—— sat, in the solemn twilight of Sabbath evening, with his lovely boy at his knee, who was listening with beaming eye to the story of Christ blessing the children. When the father dwelt touchingly upon the scene, and spoke of the Saviour's willingness to bless, the child, who could just articulate simple expressions, looked up with sudden earnestness, and said, "Pa, did you ever *take me in your arms to Christ?*" Tears were the answer of a heart too full for utterance.

This little incident led my mind to contemplate the ways in which parents prevent the early conversion of their children. They hinder them from coming to Christ, by not making an entire consecration of them to God. Hannah, before and after the birth of Samuel, laid him, by unconditional surrender to the Lord, on the altar of prayer. She expected his early sanctification, and was not disappointed. Those, since her day, who have believed the unrepealed promise of Jehovah, to be a God to his people and their seed after them, and practically reposed upon the covenant, have not been *bereaved of their offspring for eternity.*

Again; parents interpose a barrier between their children and the Saviour, by neglecting, in misapplied kindness, *to subdue the will*, with judicious, effectual discipline. The will is the great wall of separation which keeps the sinner from God; and if unsubdued in childhood to parental control, it braces itself with resolute obstinacy against the higher authority of the Infinite One.

Children are also kept away from the Saviour when not properly restrained. Counsel and prayer are powerless, in the absence of vigilant oversight and guidance of the juvenile habits and associations. Eli, of ancient time, failed in this respect, and his sons were slain in their sins, leaving him to die fearfully with a broken heart.

Parents also hinder their little ones from seeking the Lord Jesus, more decisively than in any other form of infidelity, by *an unholy example.* It is not necessary to be neglecters of the family altar, or openly irreligious, to secure this fatal influence. A child at four or five years of age, knows very well whether a parent's *treasure* is

on earth or in heaven; whether success in the world or salvation and godliness be regarded as the greater gain. The infant heart cannot be deceived in this serious concern. *Consistent* piety, *illustrating* instruction and the closet, will result invariably in the conversion of children. We could give practical cases to the point, where mothers have lived to glorify God, and have died with a large family, all in the ark of atonement. "She hath done what she could," was said of a devout woman; and parents who shall merit the eulogy, will also say in the judgment, "Here am I and the children thou hast given me."

ANGRY WORDS.

Angry words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.

Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! O, let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them, ere they soil the lip!

Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken;
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

SPEAK GENTLY.

BY MARY GRACE HALPING.

SPEAK gently, mother, to the child clinging to thy knee. Damp not that joyous spirit with sharp rebuke; cloud not that fair brow, dim not that sunny eye with undue severity. Sow not the seeds of strife so early in that little heart by angry and bitter words. Though it is ofttimes wayward and perverse, speak gently. Bethink thee, mother, there has been given to thee a bud, destined not to blossom a few fleeting years on earth and then to fade away, but to bloom in the garden of our God forever. Let not the frost of unkindness, the poisonous breath of strife, blight it. Nurture it with the fostering dew of gentleness, the kindly rays of affection; that, when God shall require it of thy hands, thou mayest render up thy account joyfully and without fear. There has been given to thee a gem, not to be trodden under foot, but to sparkle a resplendent jewel in our Saviour's "crown of rejoicing." Let no breath of thine, therefore, mar its purity, that, when God hath need of it, he may receive it from thy hands without blemish.

Speak gently, brother,—speak gently, sister, to the playmates of thy childhood, the companions of thy youth. Though they may be ungenerous and unreasonable, remember thy own many imperfections, and O! whatever may have happened, "let not the sun go down upon thy wrath." Ye have sat at the same table, played around the same hearth, knelt at the same mother's knee,—O! speak gently, that when death, change, or distance shall separate ye, as it surely will, there shall be mingled with the agony of separation no element of bitterness; but all look forward to a joyful reünion in "your Father's house of many mansions."

Speak gently, husband, to the wife of thy bosom, the partner of thy joys and sorrows. Though the cares of a household, the ever-recurring, never-ending importunities of the little ones around her, may cast a gloom over her spirit, and make her for a time irritable and exacting, withdraw not the light of thy countenance from her, or thy arm from around her. Speak gently! and the cloud will pass away; her soul will grow stronger and her burden lighter. Let her ever feel, that though parent, brother, and sister may stand afar off,

there is *one* to whom she can ever turn for sympathy, protection and guidance. Ever let thy broad breast be to her a shelter from the storms of life; bear her up with thy strong arm, that she faint not. Speak gently! that when the hour of parting shall come, when the chill dew of death shall gather on the pale brow, and the gentle heart that loved thee so fondly, shall be stilled forever, ye may not shed the tear, or heave the bitter sigh of compunction; "bitter, because unavailing."

Speak gently, wife, to the lover of thy youth, the husband of thy affections. Though the perplexities of business, the storms and strife which he so willingly encounters for thy sake, may make his brow moody and his words stern and bitter; gentle words will be like oil upon the troubled waters. However wild the storm may rage without, let him never miss the love-light of home. Though he may forget the vow to "love and cherish," forget not thou thine; though he may wander from the path of duty, lure him back with gentle words. The soothing tones of affection will soften the most obdurate heart. Speak gently! that when death shall palsy that manly arm, dim that eager eye, and lay that proud form in the dust, ye may not sorrow in bitterness of heart over unkind deeds and angry words, which can never be recalled.

EDUCATION.

BY J. BOWRING.

A CHILD is born. Now take the germ and make it
A bud of moral beauty. Let the dews
Of knowledge and the light of virtue wake it
In richest fragrance and in purest hues.
When passion's gust and sorrow's tempest shake it,
The shelter of affection ne'er refuse;
For soon the gathering hand of death will break it
From its weak stem of life, and it shall lose
All power to charm; but if the lovely flower
Hath swelled one pleasure, or subdued one pain,
O, who shall say that it hath lived in vain,
However fugitive its breathing hour?
For virtue leaves its sweets wherever tasted,
And scattered truth is never, never, wasted.

THE CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.

THERE is a small island in the harbor of Bombay, called Elephanta, from the fact, that a figure of an elephant, carved out of a large black rock, is seen almost immediately upon going ashore at the usual landing-place.

On this island there is a famous cave. It is an oblong square, eighty or ninety feet long by forty wide, and cut into the solid rock. Of the origin of this grand, subterraneous temple, nothing is known. It was once a place of heathen worship. At the further end there are three gigantic figures, joined together, and called the Triad; the face of one of them is at least five feet in length, and of corresponding breadth.

The above cut is a representation of this cave, as seen from without. The entrance is by a spacious front, having the support of massive pillars, and two pilasters, forming three openings, under a thick and steep rock, overhung by brushwood. The long ranges of

columns, that appear closing in perspective on every side; the flat roof of solid rock, that seems to be prevented from falling only by the massy pillars, whose capitals are apparently pressed down and flattened, as if by the superincumbent weight; the darkness that obscures the interior of the temple, which is dimly lighted only by the entrances; and the gloomy appearance of the gigantic stone figures ranged along the wall, and hewn, like the whole temple, out of the living rock; joined to the strange uncertainty that hangs over the history of the place,— carry the mind back to distant periods, and impress it with that kind of religious awe, with which the grander works of ages of darkness are generally contemplated.

The whole excavation consists of three principal parts; the great temple itself, which is in the centre, and two smaller chapels, one on each side of the large excavation. These two chapels do not come forward into a straight line with the front of the chief cave, but are considerably in recess, being approached by two narrow passages in the hill, one on each side of the grand entrance, but at some distance from it. After advancing some way up either of these confined passes, they are found to conduct to another front of the great temple, exactly like the principal entrance that is first seen, all the three fronts being hollowed out of the solid rock, and each consisting of two huge pillars and two pilasters. The two side fronts are precisely opposite to each other, on the east and west, while the grand entrance faces the north.

MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

How cheering the thought, that the spirits of bliss
Will bend their bright wings to a world such as this;
Will leave the sweet joys of the mansion above,
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!

They come, on the wings of the morning they come,
Impatient to lead some wanderer home;
Some pilgrim to snatch from his stormy abode,
And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.

SPRING.

A HISTORICAL FABLE FOR CHILDREN.

EDITORIAL.

In giving an account of the events which took place in New England and the Middle States, under the rule of Spring, I shall follow the general example of historians, and furnish a slight sketch of the preceding reign.

Winter had come in as an usurper. Before the munificent and generous queen, Autumn, had laid down her sceptre, before her rich and abundant gifts had been gathered and secured by her thankful and happy subjects, he, one day, suddenly appeared, and overran the whole country like a whirlwind, pinching the ears of all the little boys and girls, freezing the late apples on the trees, and burying whole fields of yellow pumpkins and golden corn under a heavy covering of snow. The country people stood aghast, and there was an universal grumbling at this interference with the regular course of things. Old farmer Goodplow made it a rule never to complain of the weather, "Because," as he said, "God knows what is best for us better than I do;" but when he saw his cheerful and patient wife bent double with rheumatism, and his little Fanny's feet blistered with chilblains, and when he knew that two hundred bushels of his best Indian corn lay buried in the snow, even he shook his head and said, that "it was strange, very strange," and that he could not understand it.

With a good deal of labor and suffering, this calamity was overcome, and many city children never knew, while eating their smoking Johnny-cakes and their nicely-browned buckwheats, how many fingers had been pinched with cold for their sakes.

However, when the old king's power was fairly established, he did not seem unmindful of popularity. He laid his snows evenly over the earth, and there was a merry jingle of sleigh-bells, day and night, all through the country. He polished the rivers and ponds till they glittered like steel; and groups of shouting lads whirled and curved and shot hither and thither, while companies of girls and very little boys stood laughing and clapping their hands on the banks. Some slid down the long hills, leaping over the check-rails with a bound.

Old people went miles and miles to take tea and pass a sociable evening with their friends. Young people paired off two and two in gay cutters, tipped with feathers and wrapped in "buffaloes," and went to a neighboring town, laughing, singing and dashing out of sight, almost before the road-side inhabitants could get to their windows to look at them.

While this state of things lasted, everybody spoke in praise of the new monarch; but, alas! he soon began to show symptoms of a capricious and tyrannical nature. He covered the ice and spoiled the skating. He no longer sifted his snows down gently, but blew them into tremendous heaps and drifts, making it terrible for horses and oxen, and almost impassable to men. Women were obliged, very much against their inclination, to stay at home, and they were not left at peace even there. There were howlings, shriekings and whistlings around the houses at night, and, frequently, a kind of deep, ominous shudder about the chimney-tops, as if large birds were shaking their wings over them. Wild spirits of the night seemed flapping the loose boards, and creaking the rusty hinges on purpose to frighten those within. The insidious old tyrant found his way in the dark into the cellars of the best housekeepers, and wherever he laid his frosty fingers, the finest apples and most mealy potatoes soon became discolored and went to decay.

To be sure, old farmer Goodplow and his family, having recovered their equanimity and trust in the goodness of Providence, made everything cheerful in their bright and pleasant home. Such quantities of knitting and sewing as they did that winter! Such hours upon hours of reading and talking around the blazing hickory fire! Such gathering in of neighbors! (for they had dug paths to the nearest houses.) And such feasting upon apples, pears and nuts! for farmer Goodplow had covered his binns with straw, well knowing that the enemy seldom meddled with anything thus protected; and his Baldwins and Spitzenbergs remained unspecked. But this was an exception. Winter had become decidedly unpopular, and, toward the latter part of February, General Thaw appeared openly as the leader of an insurrection. This the tenacious old monarch very soon put down. The warm rain, which threatened a dissolution of his forces, was frozen in the night to the hardness of iron. By the first of March he had so strengthened himself in a hard coat of ice and snow by these constant freezings, that it seemed as if he intended

to make his reign perpetual. Children looked forth timidly, and said, "Where is Spring?"

And where was she?

Under a mound of snow, at the foot of an immense rock, she had long lain insensible. Instinctively, now, she opened her eyes and looked around her. A little rivulet was flowing past her on one side, while on the other a trailing-arbutus was trying to fasten itself to a crevice in the rock from which the snow had fallen away. After reflecting a while, the thought suddenly struck her that she ought to be up and doing. She, therefore, crept along beside the brook, and put her head out from beneath the snow to take a look, when, suddenly, she felt such a cold and freezing hand upon her neck that she shrank back again. She knew that Winter was on the watch to strangle her. She felt her weakness, but knowing how necessary she was to the interests and happiness of the great human family, she breathed a gentle prayer to the universal Father that he would not permit her extinction from among the powers of nature, and sunk back benumbed and exhausted. Day after day passed on, and the call for Spring became loud and universal; when, suddenly, one morning, a company of children, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, rushed into the room where the mother was sitting at breakfast, with the joyful intelligence that Spring had come. "Mother," cried one, "I have seen a blue-bird in the grove. I actually heard it sing!" "Mother," cried another, "the peonys and daffodils are bursting up their red tops in the border!" while a "toddling wee thing" actually held up a little half-blown violet for mother "to 'mell."

"O, mother, come out! come out!" they all cried. The sweet south wind lifted the hair from her cheeks, a soft mist was curling up the hills, while the willow-trees showed the most delicate shade of tender green. Soft sighs came from the heaving earth, as if it were alive and breathing; there was a murmur as of distant water-falls among the hills; and mother and children all agreed that these sweet and mysterious sights and sounds must betoken the approach of Spring.

But, even then, Winter was laughing in his sleeve, and the next morning saw the ground again covered with snow. Spring, however, faced the enemy bravely, though she had to wrap herself in blanket-shawl and hood, and pick her way through mud and mire.

She grew bolder as she found how many friends she had to support her cause, and actually drove her opponent from many of the sweetest little nooks and most beautiful valleys of the country. He retired unwillingly, step by step, and in his retreat committed a deed so ill-natured and revengeful, that I really regret to record it. Since he was forced to quit the banks of the streams, he resolved to do all the mischief he could, before leaving; so, suddenly, one morning he broke up the ice in all the rivers. Loud reports were heard, as of the letting off of cannon. People threw on cloaks and furs, and rushed to the shore to view the mighty spectacle. It was a grand sight to see the huge, unwieldy blocks, rolling, and tumbling, and grinding, and crushing each other, now toppling over waterfalls, and now piling themselves up to a great height, and rushing pell-mell against warehouses, mills and bridges, tearing them away from their foundations, and bringing them down with a terrible crash.

Property of the value of several hundred thousand dollars was destroyed in this way on the banks of a single river.

This feat seemed to satisfy the rough old warrior for a while. He retreated with his forces into the glens and caves of the mountains, where he fortified himself like a giant of old in his castle.

Spring now began to work with pleasure. She despatched the breezes to recall the birds which had fled to far southern countries on the approach of Winter, and presently the children were waked in the morning by the sweet notes of the robins in the old apple-trees; yellow birds twittered in the bushes, while, at evening, the unseen and lonely whippoorwill tuned her melancholy and mysterious song. Children went frolicking to the distant woods to gather checkerberries and the elegant and perfumed flowers of the trailing-arbutus. Solitary walkers, fine, imaginative souls, glided about in the soft twilight, listening to the "peeping" of the frogs, and looking to the far-off hills, while thoughts of childhood, of early homes, of absent friends, a yearning for the past, a longing for the future, a deep, yet gentle melancholy, all combined to soften the heart and moisten the eye.

Presently Spring gave a gentle pull at the string of her shower-bucket suspended in the clouds, and a warm rain came down upon the earth; after which she exposed garden and field to the genial rays of the sun. The effect of this dexterous management was like magic. It went beyond the most surprising feats of Herr Alex-

ander or Signor Blitz. The brown and barren earth became suddenly covered with delicate little flowers, imbedded in the softest green, snow-drops, blue-bells, dandelions, crocuses, violets. The face of the rock under which Spring had lain, and which bounded farmer Goodplow's farm on the north, was one flush of bloom from the wild columbines which sprouted from every crevice; while the beds of lilies-of-the-valley, at its foot, sent forth a perfume which attracted the children like bees, from far and near. Little Fanny was wild with joy, because she was the first to find them, and to present her father with a bouquet.

But trouble was at hand. It was after a day when Spring, with all her train, had been unusually busy, opening the germs of fruits and vegetables, swelling the buds of flowers, and weaving soft, green carpets in the meadows, that Winter came down at midnight with a large band of sappers and miners, and set themselves with horrid glee to destroy the beautiful work which Spring had accomplished. A slight snapping noise might have been heard all over and under the surface of the ground, but otherwise their work of mischief went on in silence; and what was the universal dismay when morning revealed the terrible fact, that every bud, leaf and flower, had been frost-bitten! The children set up a wail, the mother gazed sorrowfully at the shrubberies and fruit-trees, and even old farmer Goodplow again shook his head, and whispered, "Strange, strange!"

Spring herself retreated to the foot of the rock, and sat down and wept. "My cruel old step-father!" murmured she, "why does he always take such pleasure in thwarting me? I did not interfere with his reign. I wish he would let me alone." A cold blast came round the point of rock, and whispered, "Not yet, not yet!"

But she did not sit idle. She strove with all her might to repair the damages she had sustained. At the least success she looked gayly forth, and light, as of angel wings, beamed over the landscape; but she was as easily discouraged, and wept profusely whenever Winter played her an ill turn. Thus the whole of April was spent with alternate smiling and weeping, and but little progress was made. The reign of Spring was not fairly established till the beginning of May, when Winter, tired of petty warfare, and fired with a new ambition, set off with a convoy in search of Captain Franklin. He was made an officer of the fleet, and by his pitiless severity among the sailors he nearly ruined the expedition.

But O! the sweet, the charming change in the pleasant valleys of New England and the Middle States! Such floods of beautiful tulips as appeared in the borders; such golden and purple seas of jonquils and pansies and fleur-de-lis; such domes of lilac flowers; such showers of apple and peach blossoms perfuming the country for miles and miles! Birds sang, bees hummed, lambs frisked and bleated, and all nature seemed one glow of beauty, one impulse of cheerful enjoyment. The few remains of ancient Indian tribes appeared in their old haunts on the borders of ponds, and settled themselves down to fishing and basket-making. The farmer whistled at his plough, the dairy-maid sang at her churn, and fowls made the barn-yards vocal with their shrill, familiar music, suggesting thoughts of nice whip-syllabub and yellow fritters.

Spring's favorite flower was the rose, her favorite fruit the strawberry. She had often tried to bring them to perfection in her own reign, that she might have the pleasure of dispensing them to her subjects. This year, thanks to the assistance of her neighbor and ally, the Sun, she had thousands of berries in a state of great forwardness, and millions of buds ready to burst. She intended to make a grand festival, and invite all the young people, who had been cheated out of their May-day celebration by Winter. But it seemed as if she was forever to be defrauded of her rightful worship. Scarcely had her subjects time to appreciate her gifts, and to feel how sweet and beneficent she was,— scarcely had she freed herself from one enemy, when a rival power arose to snatch her sceptre and usurp her rights. Her terrific old adversary had disappeared in the cold north; her new rival came from the glowing south.

She was of a strong nature, and, having made a treacherous alliance with the Sun, whom she had gained to her interests by the promise of making him Prime Minister, she came, a self-elected queen, with bold front and haughty step, and seated herself in the very midst of the rightful domain of Spring. She proclaimed herself sole monarch, and ordered Spring to lay the insignia of royalty before her. The beautiful and gentle princess hesitated. She looked yearningly at her unblown flowers, her half-ripened fruits, then gazed timidly and appealingly at her subjects. A few noble and independent children openly declared their preference of Spring, and begged her not to yield. They said, truly, that half a month yet remained to her of her legitimate period of rule, a time ordained by

the Maker and Disposer of the seasons; and that, as she had been cheated and oppressed by Winter, it was too unjust that Summer also should domineer over her. They pleaded the example of England and other countries, where Spring was allowed a long and peaceful sway,— Winter retiring and Summer advancing at her pleasure. It was urged that the human constitution requires some little time for repose between the tight, strong bracing of Winter, and the sudden relaxation of the nerves and muscles by Summer. It was pleaded that this exemption from sudden extremes was the cause of the finer bloom and stronger health of English ladies, and that our own country-women had a right to the same benefit.

But these representations availed nothing. Strength and determination will always carry the day against gentleness and weakness. People flocked in crowds to the gorgeous banner which Summer had unfurled, and declared themselves her friends.

Mournfully, then, but with sweet resignation, did Spring take the garland from her head and lay it at the feet of Summer. She bade adieu to her favorite flowers, which drooped and withered as soon as she left them, and, mounting in the air, was borne by zephyrs to a cottage garden in Wales, where she found scope for her favorite pursuits. Friends gathered around her, and, as the gentle breezes kissed her brow, and whispered of a lovely and peaceful life, she no longer regretted her expulsion from a country whose spirit was so at variance with her tender and sensitive disposition.

As for Summer, she adopted the motto of the country she had come to rule, "Go ahead!" "No luck without pluck!" "Go it fast!" Such were the exclamations she heard in all the thoroughfares of town and country, and these principles agreed wonderfully with her ardent and powerful nature.

One of the first things she did, was to hurry into blossom and scatter into wild profusion those beautiful flowers which Spring had been so slowly and carefully maturing. The gardens burst into a flush of splendid roses; the meadows were yellow with lilies; their sweet snowy-breasted cousins raised their fragrant heads from the water and swayed in clusters on the tiny waves. The woods blushed with pink azaleas, and beautifully-tinted kalmias lined the forest paths for miles together. Summer was generous, as strong natures are apt to be, and she scattered her gifts with such lavish abundance.

that one would, at this season, have taken cold and bleak New England for a country of Persian fable.

It is not our intention to enter into a detailed account of the reign of Summer: how she set everybody, who could travel, to flying about the country, as if they had been bitten by the tarantula, unmindful of discomfort or fatigue; how she worked her laborers till they were almost ready to expire; how she filled her barns and granaries and emptied her ice-houses; — we have described all these things in another place. But, it will, perhaps, please our little readers, if, before we close this history, we give an account of a *fête-champetre*, which Summer gave in the beginning of June, the rightful period of the commencement of her reign. It was really her coronation-day; but as the ceremonies were carried on in many different places at the same time, and as it was everywhere got up rather by an instinctive feeling of what was due to the new queen than by any public proclamation of her wishes (for she had, like Napoleon, already placed the crown on her own head), we shall be content to regard it as an anomaly in the history of royalty.

On the morning of the tenth of June the skies were unusually clear; not a cloud or a shadow of mist was perceptible. Suddenly the cat-birds and thrushes began to make the woods resound with music; orioles displayed their flaming plumage in the boughs; while such a wild, sweet concert arose from a full band of Bob-o-lincolns in the meadows, that the very air stood still with delight. People came out of their houses, and, after listening a few moments, they all ran with one accord to the meadows and gardens to gather flowers. They made bouquets and wove garlands. Little girls wore them on their heads, necks and arms. Young mothers scattered them over their sleeping babes as they lay in their cradles. Maidens put roses in their hair, their bosoms and their belts. Grandmothers tucked an opening bud into the folds of their snowy neck-kerchiefs. Young men placed them in the bands of their straw hats. Even old farmer Goodplow appeared with a rose in his button-hole, which Fanny had plucked from her own garland for her father.

This universal flower mania was sufficiently remarkable, and plainly showed that there was an unseen and powerful influence at work; but what followed was still more explicit. From the palace to the cottage, everybody simultaneously resolved to have a feast of strawberries and cream for tea. In half an hour every thumb and

finger was stained red. In rural districts, large dishes were heaped with the fruit gathered from meadows and pastures by little girls and boys. In the neighborhood of towns and cities, heaps of splendid hautbois and large delicious Hoveys blushed in immense tureens of china and glass. In many farm-houses, the berries, flooded with cream and sprinkled with sugar, were eaten in cheerful and thankful seclusion. Others invited a few neighbors, while, in large villages and cities, parties were invited, the creams were frozen in ice, and tall, white, luscious pyramids, flanked by tempting fruit and surrounded by a profusion of flowers, delighted at once the sight, the smell and the taste. More than four hundred different kinds of roses had been gathered on that day, and in such profusion that vases enough could not be found to hold them. Celery stands, champagne glasses, china bowls and gilt coffee-cups were all put in requisition, and so wreathed around that it was never known what they were. Great was the feasting and high the merriment on that memorable evening.

Summer had all day hovered in the air, emanating a bright golden radiance from her burnished wings, and receiving the homage which was everywhere paid her. "Bounteous Summer!" "Munificent Summer!" "Generous Summer!" were the exclamations on every side.

The feast was concluded, but not the ceremonies of the day. Far behind the western hills a large company of pyrotechnists, which Summer had engaged for the recreation of her subjects, had been busy from noon till night in preparing for a grand display of fireworks. A huge black curtain had been stretched across the western sky to hide proceedings, and at about nine o'clock the signal was given to commence the performance. A flash, brighter than ten thousand rockets, suddenly illumined the whole heavens, followed by a deep mutter, as if all the organs in the world had opened their double-bass stops together. This was followed by a darkness and a silence so deep and profound, as to make universal nature pause and hold its breath. Then came a roaring wind, bending the trees to the ground, twisting off huge branches and whirling them through the sky, banging window-shutters, bursting open doors, tumbling down chimneys, and playing all sorts of terrible and outrageous pranks. The heavens were one glare of lightning; crinkles and chains and arrows, intolerably bright, fell and flew, in rapid succession, through

the air. Hailstones rebounded from the pavements, torrents of rain dashed against the windows, and demons of the air were muttering, roaring and wailing. Some families retired to their cellars for safety. Others betook themselves to feather beds. Many sat trembling on sofas, striving to hide their fears from the little ones who pressed, wondering and awe-stricken, to their sides. A few philosophical ladies seated themselves in the centre of a darkened chamber, with their feet raised upon hair cushions, and their heads enveloped in silk.

Old farmer Goodplow stood calmly at his window, holding his little daughter, Fanny, by the hand. "Behold," he said, "the greatness and the goodness of God! Hear him speaking in the heavens. His voice is in the thunder, and he holdeth the lightnings in his hand. The seasons obey his will; they are but ministers to his pleasure. His voice is very terrible, but goodness and mercy attend his steps. His lightnings purify the air and disperse noxious vapors; his showers drop down fatness upon the earth. Let us be thankful to the Lord our God, and admire the wonders of his might. We will lay us down and sleep in safety, for the Lord watcheth over us."

The following beautiful lines are put by Luther respectively in the mouth of the Worldling and of the Christian.

WORLDLING.

I LIVE, but ah! how long,
I do not, cannot know;
I die, but know not when,
Nor whither I shall go;
Why, then, I ask with wonder, why
Do I thus live in ease and joy?

CHRISTIAN.

I live, and I can tell
How long my life will last;
I die, and know full well
When Jordan will be passed;
How I shall die and whither go,
The Lord has made me clearly know;
Why, then, I ask with wonder, why
In sadness do I droop and die?

THE ROLL.

BY CATHARINE LEICESTER.

"I WON'T have it,— there; you 're a mean, stingy girl, Bridget, not to give me any butter on my bread; and I won't have it," said Jane Parker, as she threw a nice light roll, very pettishly and naughtily upon the floor.

Her mother heard her loud and angry voice, and, calling to her, asked what was the matter. When the little girl had made her complaint, she said, "Pick up your roll and come to me." Jane obeyed. "I have told Bridget she must not leave her work to butter bread for the children. It gives her too much trouble. If you are hungry enough to eat a single roll or bun for lunch, you may do so; if not, you can very well wait till the regular hour for meals."

"I don't want a dry roll; I cannot eat such stuff," said Jane.

"Very well; you can leave it. There is a story called 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' which I should like to have you read. It tells of a little girl who felt very differently from you about her food. A large family sat down to a table, on which was nothing but some potatoes, a portion of a coarse loaf and a little cup of salt. After grace, one of the children, the little girl, said to her father, 'I wish I was large enough to say grace, father, for I am sure I could say it heartily to-day. I wonder what poor people do who have *no* salt for their potatoes? but look, our dish is full!' What do you think of that little girl, Jane?"

"I don't believe that is a true story," was the answer. "I never saw such poor people."

"You have seen very little of the world yet, and know very little of it. It is, without doubt, a true story. I 'll tell you another that I know is true.

"It was a very cold day in winter,— a colder day than is often known in this part of the country,— when three children were left in a cold, damp, dark cellar room, by their mother, while she went away to do a job of work. You have never seen such a dismal room as that was. It was quite large and low, with small windows, so very dirty that but a few rays of light could struggle through them; and the floors and walls looked as if they never could have been clean.

There was no furniture in the room but a wretched bed, a cupboard, an old trunk, one broken chair, and a little stove. There was but one book, a Bible, which had been left by the tract-distributor, and not a picture, not a plaything, not a pleasant thing of any kind, but the Bible, was to be seen there. That was new and fresh, and very beautiful and hopeful; yea, very blessed things were in it, gleaming on every page of it, did but one open its lids, and open his heart, too, to read them. But the poor little children left there knew little or nothing of them.

"Almost the whole day they were alone, and how they spent their time I cannot tell. If they tried to look out of the windows, there was little they could see, for they lived on a back street, where few people ever passed, and the snow was so high that they could not see across it. They had a breakfast before their mother went out, but not a morsel of food did she leave behind her, so that they were very hungry when she returned a little before night-fall, bringing with her some potatoes and rough meat.

"It was soon after that I visited them with some shoes and clothes for the youngest child, a little girl three or four years old. The mother was then washing at a tub; one boy and the little girl were hovering about the stove, and the other boy was crying pitifully in the bed. I asked if he was sick, and what made him cry; and the mother told me that he was in bed while she washed his clothes, as he had not a suit with which to change, and his brother had eaten his little potato which he had put in the stove to bake, and which was done before the others. This was why he cried. Now, why did not God put you in the place of that poor boy, Jane? and if he had, do you think you could throw a nice roll upon the floor in a pet?"

Jane looked ashamed and sorry, but said nothing.

"I don't believe," continued her mother, "that the little boy who took his brother's potato, grumbled that it was not good; and I am sure the crying one in the bed thought it must have been very nice."

"Are there any such very poor persons here now, mother?"

"There are no doubt such in every large city, and there always will be, while men will sell intoxicating liquors, and people will drink them. The worst of my story is, that it was almost impossible to help those poor children, for whatever their parents could get was

sold for drink. The very shoes and clothes which I carried that evening were sold for it, and I've no doubt the Bible would have been sold too, but rum-sellers don't want Bibles. What was still worse, one of the boys had to sell them, and was thus early trained to sin, and made familiar with the lowest vice. Little, if anything, can be done for such children, unless they can be taken from their parents."

"Oh! how I pity them!" said Jane.

"And, why, as I before asked, are you not in their place? Why were you not born in that miserable cellar, the child of those drunken parents? Are you better by nature than they?"

Jane was silent for a time, she felt so guilty and ashamed. At last she said, "I am sorry I was so wicked about the roll. I wish I could give it to some poor, hungry child who deserves it more than I do."

THE ANGLER BOY.

BY H. F. GOULD.

I 'm sorry they let me go down to the brook ;
I 'm sorry they gave me the line and the hook ;
And I wish I had staid at home with my book !
I 'm sure 't was no pleasure to see
That poor little harmless, suffering thing
Silently writhe at the end of the string,
Or to hold the pole, while I felt him swing
In torture, and all for me !

'T was a beautiful speckled and glossy trout ;
And when from the water I drew him out,
On the grassy bank he floundered about,
It made me shivering cold,
To think I had caused so much needless pain ;
And I tried to relieve him, but all in vain ;
O never, as long as I live, again
May I such a sight behold !

But what would I give once more to see
The brisk little swimmer alive and free,
And darting about as he used to be,
Unhurt in his native brook !
'T is strange that people can love to play,
By taking innocent lives away !
I wish I had staid at home to-day
With sister, and read my book.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LECTURES ON LIFE AND HEALTH. By Wm. A. Alcott, M. D. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Publishers. Boston. 1853.

Dr. Alcott, well known as the author of numerous works on education, morals, health and physiology, after a long silence, appears once more before the public, in the shape of ten lectures on the laws and means of physical culture. It is adapted, in the treatment of the subjects he discusses, to the common reader, and is strictly practical in its character. Such a book, if studied and observed, will do a vast amount of good, especially the lecture on the Prevention of Consumption.

The volume is illustrated with wood cuts, and contains a very fine steel engraving of the author.

PARADISE LOST.

A. S. Barnes & Co., of New York City, have published an edition of this incomparable poem, with notes explanatory and critical, by Rev. James R. Boyd. These notes, which are distributed on every page of the poem, comprehend the richest treasures of learned and ingenious criticism which the Paradise Lost has called into existence. They serve to clear up the obscurities and to place the unlearned reader on a level with the learned.

For its varied learning, for its beauties of diction and measure, for its classical allusions, for its devout spirit, for its inculcation of whatever is good, for its majesty and eloquence, the Paradise Lost has no equal.

THE MOTHER AND HER OFFSPRING. By Stephen Tracy, M. D. Harper & Brothers.

Formerly physiological science and hygiene were confined pretty much to the medical profession, but of late years much attention has been given to these subjects by the common people; and physiology is studied in many of the common schools. Some person, competent to the task, would confer a great favor on the public by the preparation of a good book on hygiene, for the common schools.

The work under consideration is a good one; and the multiplication of such books is contributing much to the enlightenment of the great body of the people on these important topics.

THE CAPTIVE IN PATAGONIA. Published by Gould & Lincoln. Boston.

Benjamin F. Bourne left New Bedford in February, 1849, as mate of the schooner John Allyn, for California. Arriving at the Straits of Magellan, he went on shore for the purpose of procuring some fresh provisions, and was captured by the savages, among whom he subsisted and with whom he sojourned for the space of ninety-seven days, at the end of which time he fortunately escaped, by swimming to a boat forty or fifty yards from the shore.

The narrative is a deeply interesting one, and gives us more insight into the habits and character of the Patagonians than any book heretofore written.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE CHILDREN. By Samuel J. Prime. New York City. Published by A. D. F. Randolph.

The selections of prose and poetry in this little book are of a high character, And well adapted to soothe the bereaved and stricken-hearted.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, the celebrated poet, author of *The Pleasures of Hope*, died on the ninth day of June, 1843, at the age of sixty-six. He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and was reared by pious parents. It is said that his father conducted his family worship with so much fervency, that the very expressions he used never passed away from the minds of his children, and that the influence of the family religion was seen in the character of the poet to his latest moments.

In early life he was obliged to engage in teaching young children, as a means of support. This was in the solitudes of the Hebrides, which were highly favorable to the cultivation of his poetic genius.

In 1793, Campbell became a politician, and with great earnestness espoused the cause of the French Revolutionists. His attention, however, was gradually withdrawn from this, by his love of poetry.

As he approached the close of life, the grave realities of another world made him indifferent to posthumous fame. Five years before he died, in conversation with some friends, he said, "When I think of the existence which will commence when the stone is laid above my head, how can literary fame appear to me but as nothing? I believe when I am gone, justice will be done to me in this way, that I was a pure writer. It is an inexpressible comfort, at my time of life, to be able to look back and feel that I have not written one line against religion or virtue."

HEALTH.

PART FIRST.

EDITORIAL.

WHY were our grandmothers, who passed their lives without a thought of the philosophy of health, and with slight dependence upon physicians, such strong, enduring women? And why are we of the present generation, with Combe, Carpenter, Liebig, and a host of other physiologists and teachers, — with hydropathy and homœopathy, with the Cochituate, the Croton, and the Schuylkill sweeping through our cities in floods, and with countless improvements in the arts of life, — why are we, as a general rule, thinner, smaller, paler, more nervous, head-achy, and dyspeptic, than the women of the olden time, or than those of other nations? Instead of meeting the active duties of life face to face, with cheerful courage, grappling, performing, overcoming, why are we obliged to devote the greater part of our time, thought, and study, to the nursing of that vitality and strength which should be the spontaneous and unconscious instrument of better things?

The increase of luxury, which tempts to indulgence, while it devolves all active labor upon servants, — the high and enervating temperature at which we keep our houses during the cold months, eight out of twelve, — the cowardice which prevents us from braving and accustoming ourselves to any extreme of weather, — and the weakness with which we yield to the prejudice against active out-of-door sports and exercises for girls, — these may be some of the causes why we are generally inferior to our grandmothers in our physical powers and developments. We meet with lines of school-girls, walking two and two, for fifteen or twenty minutes, once, or perhaps twice in the day, and this is considered sufficient to counteract the effect of long hours of study and inaction, — of meals of hot bread, pork sausages, and fried potatoes, — of rooms surging with waves of heat from great furnaces, but shuttered and barred from the airs of heaven, as if they brought destruction, and not healing, on their wings.

A few years ago, while residing in a beautiful and mountainous

part of our country, accident brought me into the neighborhood, and within the sphere of the influence of a singularly powerful woman, strong in mind and in body. She had with her a dozen girls, mostly from the large cities, whom she was educating. As her position in society, and natural independence of character, raised her above the fear of opinion, — as her depth and insight led her to see clearly what she wished to accomplish, and her innate force enabled her to work easily, — I had the gratification of witnessing an original and interesting phase of life and education.

The power of which I speak was not a power which crushed, but which raised and supported; — which imparted a portion of its own strength, — which cleared away impediments, — which held in check opposing forces, till the better gained the ascendency, — which conquered the elements themselves, by defying and overcoming. Many a strong-willed girl have I seen, rushing, with determined energy, upon her own career, unconsciously and almost imperceptibly, yet inevitably, drawn from her wild and irregular path, into the course which this ruling spirit wished her to pursue. Under an ordinary teacher, in an ordinary school, this could not have been accomplished without much hurtful jarring and painful opposition; never, perhaps, made wholly harmonious and well-working. But here, so powerful and resistless was the influence, yet so quiet withal, and so little coërcive, that the change seemed made by the scholar's own free-will, and, consequently, without deceit or discord. From resolute opposition, and predetermined rebellion, the pupil came, she hardly knew how, or why, spontaneously to think, feel, and act with her instructress, and to take pride and pleasure in doing so.

Our present subject, however, is not the moral and intellectual development of these girls; though this was so inwoven with their physical training, that they cannot well be separated. Activity of body, united to the harmonious working of everything around them, gave them cheerfulness and spirits; encountering dangers, and overcoming obstacles, inspired them with firmness, courage, and self-reliance; while the objects toward which this activity and antagonism were directed, were such as to stimulate and gratify curiosity, cultivate and refine the taste, and exalt the imagination. One great secret of this power, both of body and mind, was the belief, early instilled into the minds of these girls, that by energy and resolution they could open to themselves sources of pleasure

and improvement unknown, and undreamed of, by the fearful and timid; and they soon learned to exult in encountering and overcoming what less courageous spirits deemed impracticable.

As I have observed before, this establishment was in the mountains, and at a spot of wild and romantic beauty. In summer, no highland lake, no mountain-top, no rocky river-course, no foaming cascade or rugged dell, was left unvisited. But the summer was short, and winter came early; snows came down in November, which were to last till April; but not for snow, wind, rain, or hail, did these young, delicate, city-bred girls house themselves. The wheels were taken from the long omnibus, and sleigh-runners substituted; curiosities of art or nature, in distant places, were visited; and, if the sudden snow-storm fell, higher rose the mirth, and more ringing echoed the laughter. "But did they not get sick? were they not confined to their beds for days?" inquires the anxious mother. Not at all. It is use, habit, custom, energy, courage, confidence, which bear and overcome.

A winter and a summer did I live near this remarkable family; and many a time was I invited to join their pleasure and health-giving excursions. The remembrance of many a beautiful spot and romantic adventure lies stored in the chambers of memory; but, from an accidental association, one particular expedition just now stands out in my imagination, with uncommon clearness.

It was in the latter part of November. Notice had been given, two days beforehand, that at a certain hour, late in the afternoon, we must be ready to set off on an excursion to a large furnace, fourteen miles distant. Mrs. Sansfere wished to show her pupils how iron was manufactured, and also the castings, which were made only at twelve o'clock at night. The time came. It had been a murky, dismal day; low black clouds, threatening rain, hung over the mountains, and deepened the early twilight. The air was chill and damp; and those who nursed themselves over stoves, shivered whenever a door was opened. It seemed absurd, even to me, to set off upon an excursion of pleasure at such a time, and with such a prospect; drenching showers, broken wheels, a long array of dismal accidents "by flood and field" flitted across my fancy, and sent a thrill of apprehension through my heart. I thought the excursion would be given up; still, as I had received no notice to that effect, I donned cloak and hood, and stationed myself at the window.

Punctual to the moment, came the large, open, uncovered vehicle to the door, filled with rosy, laughing girls, and with but a single vacant seat, which was reserved for me. Tom Bolt, the favorite driver, held the reins of four stout hill-trained horses, while Mrs. Sansfere and her German teacher, with the smallest girl of the school between them, occupied the front seat.

When I had taken my place, and the horses dashed off, all my ideas and feelings changed. Observing the strength of the vehicle, the skill and care of the driver, the cheerful confidence of Mrs. Sansfere, and the mirth and exultation of the girls, my fears all vanished, and my imagination kindled. All was picturesque and poetical. The hemlocks upon the distant hill-sides seemed Titans marching in some gigantic procession; the moving clouds were sable banners, waved by spirits of the air. Night fell heavy and dark, but there was no flagging of spirits; wit sparkled, and fancy revelled. Anecdotes and curious facts were related, songs were sung, poetry was recited, and everybody was astonished when the great, irregular building we were to visit loomed upon us through the murky shadows.

Nothing could exceed the contrast of the dark, drear night without, and the warm, stirring life within; it seemed as if we had been suddenly transported from the earth into some strange, fabulous region. The uncouth forms of the men, who were feeding huge chimneys with fuel, which roared and sparkled, and sent gusts of flame fitfully from their tops, — the vastness of the place, and the curious moulding and heaping of the earth, which formed the area, — the rattling of the coal-cars, which ran backwards and forwards for fuel, — the quick, imperative directions of the overseers, who seemed to be preparing for some important and mysterious event, — rendered the scene highly picturesque and imposing. A scientific gentleman, a friend of Mrs. Sansfere, soon made his appearance, and politely showed and explained to us whatever was curious and interesting in the establishment. We thought it all curious and interesting; but the great place of attraction was the large room where the furnaces were placed, and where the rough iron was undergoing the process of being melted. Faster and faster they plied the fuel; louder and louder roared the great, tower-like furnace near which we had placed ourselves. It was fearful to imagine the heat within.

At length, as it approached midnight, all the preliminary arrangements were completed. A huge cauldron had been swung, by powerful machinery, under one side of the brick-work which enclosed the burning mass. A swarthy, gigantic man, fit to be one of the Cyclops, stood before the furnace, armed with what seemed to be an immense iron spear; several men were ranged on each side, some to work the heavy machinery, and others holding immense iron ladles, with long poles for handles, ready to fill the moulds which had been prepared in the earth. At the word of command, the Cyclop plunged his spear into the brick mason-work, knocking out a large, round hole; he drew away his instrument, and we were all startled to see the liquid, burning iron spout in a large stream of glowing fire into the cauldron, filling it to the brim, dazzling the eyes that were turned upon it, and throwing a bright, red, unearthly glare over every object. It was intensely interesting to see the ease with which this hard, intractable metal was managed, when in this state, by the men with the ladles; how fearlessly they dipped them into the glowing mass, and poured their contents into the receptacles which had been prepared for them in the sand. They seemed to take a pride in showing off their skill before such unusual visitors. When one cauldron was emptied, another and another were filled, and we were never wearied with watching the almost miraculous ease and dexterity with which the whole was managed; we felt an unusual kind of respect for these rough sons of toil, as if there was something ennobling in thus wielding and subjecting the most obdurate and intractable elements of nature. There was one young man in particular, whose fine earnest countenance, together with the perfection of skill and self-possession he displayed, attracted unusual attention and curiosity; we learned he was a poor German, who had lately entered the establishment.

When the castings were completed, we returned to a room where a steam-engine was at work, and where Mrs. Sansfere's friend, the ingenious Mr. Schade, gave so clear an explanation of this wonderful machine, as to make its principles and mode of action as clear as daylight to every one who had the happiness to hear him. I never saw a company of girls so much interested in a scientific lecture before or since.

After this, we followed our conductor through long passages, and down, down, to a large lower room, or enclosed space, the flooring

of which was composed of a deep, loose sand; and here we saw another striking and beautiful sight. The furnaces which discharged their pure iron into the moulds above, sent down to this place their residuum in one vast funnel, which poured its contents, still lurid and burning, upon a large mound which had been formed under it. As those streams of molten lava flowed down the sides of this mimic mountain, seeking the lowest places, and piling themselves up as they gradually cooled in the sand, everybody shouted "Vesuvius!" There was something very attractive to the artistic eye — and the group contained more than one such — in the curves and meanders, as well as in the various shades of coloring assumed by this substance, in its change from a living, flowing liquid, to that of masses harder than the granite rock.

But presently we heard tones of curiosity and sympathy of a very different kind from any which inanimate nature could excite. Some of the girls had discovered a young German woman sitting upon a log, in an obscure part of the enclosure, holding upon her lap a pair of twin babies, — a strange sight in such a place. The mother and children were bright-eyed and good-looking, but seemed to be in extreme poverty and destitution. In answer to our questions, she replied that she had landed in New York but the day before, and had come in search of her husband; who, having been reduced to poverty in his own country, by accidental losses, had, six months before, emigrated to the United States, and had, since that time, sent her money, to enable her to follow him; she had been set down from a railroad-car in the night, and had found her way into this place, where, finding it warm and comfortable, she had determined to remain till morning. Just as she had finished this account, the fine young fellow we had observed above entered. I have seen some interesting meetings in real life, and have read striking accounts of such scenes in tales and novels; but I never witnessed anything which came quite up to this meeting of the husband with his poor wife and children; they forgot us, — forgot everything but each other. It was a genuine outburst from most loving and affectionate natures; there was not a dry eye among us.

And then followed such a commotion and whispering among the girls, each devising what she could spare to cover and comfort the destitute new-comers. Mrs. Sansfere, however, arranged matters. Hans said he had a little room ready, with a straw

table, and three chairs, where he could take his wife and children; and it was settled that Mr. Sansfere should send his horses and wagon, and bring them, for a night, to Sansfere House. Nothing less than this would satisfy the girls.

As might have been expected, after the mother and twins had been well discussed, and a pleasant surprise planned for them in anticipation of their visit, the drive home was more quiet than it had been in going. A wild beauty was abroad upon the earth. The moon had risen, and the fitful lights and shadows caused by driving clouds, lent a strange and varying charm to the romantic scenery through which we passed. There was some danger of the drive becoming monotonous and dull, when Mrs. Sansfere, in a firm, clear voice, which was wonderfully impressive in the deep night silence, recited that noble poem, the Nineteenth Psalm. Every heart was stirred; and, I believe, every soul was moved with a deep, religious aspiration, — with love to God, and a desire to keep his laws. Then hymns were sung, in which every voice joined. Mrs. Sansfere's training of her pupils was of such a nature that no incongruity was perceived in mingling religion with innocent amusement and enjoyment. Being herself imbued with deep religious feeling, she did not confine its expression to stated times and seasons, as if it were a thing entirely apart from the current of our common life, but permitted it daily and hourly to breathe through her cheerful and courageous nature, leading, comforting, and attracting, as well as warning and commanding.

The sleep of that morning was a sound one; but, what is worthy of note, not a cold, or a rheumatism, or a sore throat, was experienced by an individual of this night's party; on the contrary, all were ready for study, and for their three mile walk in the afternoon, and for another long excursion at the end of the week.

But the mother and the twins; what became of them? For three days, during a portion of the time devoted to amusement in Mrs. Sansfere's family, delicate fingers might have been seen at work upon shirting cotton, and calico, and muslin-de-laine. Small purses were emptied of pocket-money, shops were explored for shoes and stockings, ivory needles were busy upon worsted caps. A little comfortable pile of necessary articles, both for wear and for housekeeping, gradually grew and increased, until a closet was required to contain them. On presenting my mite, I was allowed a sight of

the collection, and pleasant it was to behold. Pleasant it also was, when, three days from this time, Mr. Sansfere himself, a man more warmly and widely beloved than any person, with one exception, whom it has ever been my happiness to know, brought the poor woman, with her children, to his house, where she was clothed and comforted, and advised, and sent back, with full hands and a rejoicing heart, to gladden the heart of her husband.

It was at a warmer and brighter season of the year, and on a pleasant afternoon, when we again visited the Furnace; and, when we sat down to eat the dishes of wild strawberries prepared for us, in Margaret Bonn's neat little cottage, we had delicious cream from Margaret's own cow. "The most beautiful cow," as she declared, looking at Mr. Sansfere with glistening eyes, "the most beautiful cow, and the best milker, in the United States of America." This was said in German, but the twins were beginning to prattle in English. I marked the dappled cow as we left the cottage, and perceived that she was one that I had missed from Mr. Sansfere's pasture-grounds. How the beautiful creature came to be Margaret Bonn's property, I do not know; though she and Mr. Sansfere seemed to have a very amicable understanding on the subject.

SUNSET; OR, THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

How fair has the day been! How bright was the sun!
How lovely and joyful the course that he ran!
Though he rose in a mist when his race he began,
  And there followed some droppings of rain.
But now the fair traveller comes to the West,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best.
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
  And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his race he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
Then melts into tears, and breaks out and shines,
  And travels his heavenly way.
But as he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine-setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
  Of his rising in brighter array.

MY CHILD, HEAR THOU THY FATHER'S VOICE TO-DAY.

BY MARY GRACE HALPING.

"To-day, if ye will hear my voice, harden not your hearts."

When first to Heaven's high King I bent the knee,
And strove in heart, as well as form, to pray,
When all my deep, dark guilt was shown to me,
And higher, purer, better thoughts had sway,
If from the mercy-seat I turned away,
And strove to blunt conviction's piercing dart,
There came a voice, from earth-born passions free —
Its low, entreating accents made me start —
"My child, hear thou thy Father's voice *to-day*,
And harden not that young and yielding heart."

When vivid lightnings flash, and thunders roll,
And passion's wild and fearful tempests lower,
When that strong spirit, which defies control,
Comes o'er the shrinking heart with fearful power,
That voice, which speaks unto the storm-tossed soul,
Is heard not in that dread and awful hour;
But when her brief, tumultuous reign is o'er,
And reason gains once more her wonted sway,
And the fierce heart, so strong and proud before,
Shrinks, weak and humbled, 'neath her steady ray —
Above pride's fearful strife, a voice will say —
Its deep, commanding accents make me start —
"Hear thou thy Father's warning voice *to-day*,
And humble *now* that proud, rebellious heart."

In youth's gay morn, when adulation flings,
With rich and lavish hand, her golden store
To deck my brow; when soft-voiced Flattery sings
The story she so oft has sung before;
When the heart, yielding to her witchery,
Seeks heartless fashion's gay and crowded mart,
When the eye beams with wild and thoughtless glee,
And pride doth to the cheek a glow impart,
Then comes, again, that solemn voice to me —
Its low, rebuking accents make me start —
"Hear thou thy Father's pleading voice *to-day*,
And give me *now* that young and giddy heart."

When fierce misfortune's scathing bolts descend,
Laying in dust some cherished idol low,
And the weak heart, ill-fitted to contend,
Grows wild and restless 'neath its weight of woe;
When, as I tread that dark and thorny way,
I shrink before her keen, relentless dart,
Through the thick-gathering gloom a voice will say—
Its low and gentle accents make me start—
"Hear thou thy Father's soothing voice *to-day*,
And give to me that young and stricken heart."

THE YOUNG STEP-MOTHER.

BY MRS. E. W. A.

"MANY thanks for the Mother's Assistant. It has, indeed, proved an assistant to me, and a blessing to my children." Such was the remark of a young step-mother, to whom, soon after her marriage, I had sent the Assistant. She was young, too young, perhaps, for the responsible situation she had assumed, but the children of her earliest and dearest friend were motherless, and she was invited to take charge of them, and she hoped to be able to train them in the paths of virtue and piety.

But O, the sorrow which pierced her heart, when she found they were beyond her control! For nearly three years before their mother's death they had been left almost entirely to their own guidance. Their father had gone to seek health and a fortune in the land of gold. Their mother's health soon began to decline, and she found it impossible to watch over them as formerly. When unable to attend church, she kept her little girl at home with her; but the boys, one nine and the other eleven, were sent alone. She saw that they had their Sabbath-school lesson perfect, and her heart rejoiced that they were so anxious to attend church. Little did she suspect that their Sabbaths were spent in the woods with a party of reckless lads, who met there for gambling, and other vices. They always managed to see some boy who did attend church, and learn the name of the preacher, the text, and other facts on which their mother would be likely to question them. Thus they went on, in a course

of deception, until the return of their father, a few weeks before their mother's death. It had now become a habit with them to spend the Sabbath with the gambling club. They were almost sorry to meet their father, for they feared he would interfere with their amusement. But it was not until after their mother's death that he became aware of their real character and conduct. While she lived, he did not leave her bed-side; and her death seemed, for a time, to have a good effect upon their minds.

For two Sabbaths they accompanied their father to church; but the habits they had formed were not easily broken. The sanctuary was, to them, an irksome place. The third Sabbath the disconsolate father was surprised to find the two boys were missing, when he was ready to go to church. He supposed, however, that they had gone on before him; and, taking his little girl by the hand, he proceeded to the house of God; but the boys were not there! He was now alarmed for their safety; something, he thought, must have happened to them. Where could they be? Leaving the little girl with his housekeeper, he went in search of them. He inquired of his neighbors, but they had not been seen. Still he thought he saw a look of intelligence, — a meaning smile, — as they gave the negative answer; and he said, "What does it mean?" An old gentleman stood near, who had often given him good advice. "Friend B.," said he, "I can tell you what it means." Upon which he took his arm, and led him away from the crowd. He then told him how he had seen them going the downward road; how he had followed them with prayers, tears, and entreaties, but all in vain; and how he feared to tell their mother, lest the sad news might hasten her progress to the grave.

We will not attempt to describe that father's feelings, as he listened to this fearful narration. His first thought was to seek them, and compel them to go home; but this he feared to do. He knew the character of his boys too well to venture on any harsh or severe measures. He might, perhaps, secure obedience, but he feared to command it, lest he should break the tie that bound them to him, and drive them from their home, and from his influence, forever. He, therefore, resolved to wait patiently for their return, and then try, by gentle means, to reclaim them. When they returned, he asked them kindly where they had spent the day? At first they attempted to deceive him, and make him believe they had been to

some other church; but, finding they could not succeed, they boldly confessed that they had not been at church, but refused to tell where they had been. The next Sabbath they were so closely watched, they could not get away; but, when all was still at night, they left the house, and did not return till near morning. Thus they went on for many months. From being kind and obedient, they became cross, selfish, and imperious. Mr. B., no doubt, meant well, but he fell into Eli's fault; he did not restrain his boys.

As soon as possible Mr. B. proposed to marry again, hoping that a mother's gentle influence might, perhaps, effect that which he had sought in vain to accomplish; but the boys both declared they would never call her mother, and that they would never try to love her. They looked upon a step-mother as a perfect monster, who would take delight in making them miserable.

Such were the children to whom my friend became a mother, — such were the feelings with which they at first greeted her. She had been, it is true, fully apprized of their reckless character; but she loved them sincerely, and earnestly strove to do them good. When, therefore, she found herself the mother of two great rowdy boys, who utterly refused obedience, and took delight in wounding her feelings, — when she found the little girl looked up to her brothers as patterns of perfection in everything, — we cannot wonder that she keenly felt the trials and discouragements of her situation. She was not one, however, to "put her hand to the plough and look back;" she had learned the value of prayer, and she believed the Lord meant just what he said when he declared, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Relying, therefore, on "the arm which moves the world," she went forward fearlessly, but gently, in the path of daily duty, cheerfully and patiently performing, over and over again, those acts of kindness and self-denial which should have secured for her the love and gratitude of her children. They respected her, as they afterwards acknowledged; and surely no one could help it who saw the "beauty of holiness" exemplified in her quiet, consistent conduct. She took for her motto, "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" and she believed that one was quite as important as the other.

When the weather became too cold, in the fall, for the boys to meet in the woods, one of their number invited them to meet in his own room, — his father not only giving permission, but also giving

them fuel and money to play with. To this room the brothers repaired one evening, when they were introduced to a stranger, a relative of one of their number. His father being a sea-captain, he had spent the most of his life upon the ocean with him, and was soon to sail again. He was about the age of Edward, the oldest of the brothers, and they soon became warm friends. This lad seemed to have plenty of money, which he distributed with a liberal hand. Soon he called for some spirit. They told him they never used it, and he said he would introduce a new fashion. He accordingly supplied them with wine and brandy, of which they drank freely. He then described the beautiful vessel which he called his home, and portrayed, in glowing colors, the pleasures of a sailor's life. He spoke of the various lands he had visited, of the wonderful scenes he had witnessed, until they all wished to become sailors, that they might see the world for themselves. He then invited Edward to leave his home, and go to sea with him. "My father," said he, "is in want of a cabin-boy, and you are just the one for him; you would make a first-rate sailor."

Seeing that he hesitated, he turned with an air of deep disdain, and said, in the most cutting and sarcastic manner, "O, I see how it is with Eddy, boys; he is afraid of that step-mother you spoke of; but never mind, some of you can take the place; and as for him, he can run home and say his prayers, and promise to be a good boy in future, and perhaps she wont whip him this time."

Edward resented this, and his eye flashed with fire, as he replied, "I am not afraid of my father's wife! Mother I have never called her, and I never will. If I wish to go to sea I shall go, and she cannot prevent me!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed the young sailor; "that resolution deserves a treat. Here's to your good success," continued he, as he filled the glass again.

Edward could not refuse to drink, although he felt that he had taken too much already. He had never drank so much before in his life; and of course he could not bear it as well as those who were more accustomed to its use. His brother could not drink at all, — the first sip of the poison-cup made him sick, — and thus, although he incurred the ridicule of his companions, he escaped the snare so artfully laid for them.

It was now proposed that Edward and one of the other lads should

meet their new friend at that place the next night, and go with him to sea; but, while the words of assent were yet upon his lip, he fell senseless to the floor. The boys were now frightened; and one of them ran down, and told his father that Edward was dead. The man hastened to the room; and, bursting into a loud laugh, exclaimed, "O, you think he is dead, do you? Dead drunk! Nothing more, I assure you; I will send my man, to take him home; but, my boys, you must be careful how you handle the wine-cup. And you, my son," said he, as he turned away with a look of deep disgust, "never, never, as you value my love, let me see you down in that shape."

Edward's brother stood over him with mingled emotions of fear, shame, and anger; he heard those words of scorn, and saw that loathing look, with a burning cheek and flashing eye. They had tempted his brother to drink, and then despised him for being drunk. In that moment of deep mortification he resolved that never again would he drink or gamble.

Mr. B. was still sitting up, although long past the usual hour of retirement; he could not sleep while those dear ones were away, he knew not where. Mrs. B. was in her closet, seeking wisdom from on High, when a loud knock was heard at the door; the grief-stricken father opened it with a trembling hand, for he feared the lads had brought trouble upon themselves; but when he saw the form of his eldest-born, — his favorite son, — lying apparently lifeless in the arms of the large, athletic man who was bringing him carefully up the steps, he stood horror-struck at the sight. "Father," exclaimed the younger boy, as he sprang forward, and caught his hand, "dear father, he is not dead, he is only drunk."

"Only drunk!" said Mr. B.; "would to God he had been dead, before he came to this! My son," continued he, as he laid his degraded child upon the sofa, "remember, I pray you, that your father would a thousand times rather see you a corpse, than to see you thus."

"You never shall see me so," replied the boy; "I resolved, to-night, that I would never drink or gamble again."

"Gamble!" exclaimed the father, in tones of grief and surprise; "where have you got money to gamble with? I hope you are not guilty of stealing also."

"No, father," replied he; and then, in the fulness of a penitent

heart, he told the sad story of their past wrong-doing; how they had been tempted to play, and how the love of the exciting game had enticed them away from their duty and their home. "But," continued he, "if you and mother will only forgive me, I will try, in future, to be all you wish." As he said this, he threw himself on his knees beside Mrs. B——, who was tenderly bathing Edward's brow, and burst into tears. She also wept, but they were tears of joy as well as grief.

The next morning found Edward prostrate with brain fever; in his delirium he talked of going to sea, and more than once declared he would kill the boy who had so cruelly insulted him. He would use the most profane language, and call his mother the worst of names. His parents heard, with breaking hearts, allusions to past misdeeds; he seemed to be living over again, in imagination, his past career of folly and vice. Gradually, however, his reason returned; the fever abated, and he became convalescent. Through all this severe illness Mrs. B. watched over him, with unwearied tenderness and affection; she hoped, by kindness and forbearance, to win him back from his chosen path of folly; but, for a time, she was disappointed. As soon as reason returned he began to think over the past; he remembered his promise to go to sea, and from that time he could remember nothing distinctly.

One day his mother left him with his brother, while she went to look after duties in the kitchen. As soon as they were alone, Edward said, "What do you call her mother for? You look as meek as a whipped puppy."

"I felt somewhat like one that night they brought you home," was the reply, "but I promised father I would never drink or play cards again."

"How did father know we did drink? It's just like you, Jim, to tell it."

"No, Edward, I did not tell of it;" he paused, for he would gladly spare his brother the mortifying intelligence, but the imperious boy demanded the truth.

"Well then," said James, "if you must know, you was brought home dead drunk, and you have been sick a long time. When you was crazy, you told all about it yourself."

"Have I been crazy?" asked Edward, with an air of deep chagrin; "have I been crazy? But who brought me home?"

"Mr. R.'s hired man; and if you could know with what contempt they looked upon you, I don't think you would ever drink again."

"I shall not trouble them to bring me home, if I do," said Edward; "I promised to go to sea, you know, and I *shall go* as soon as I am able to walk."

"And leave father and mother, after they have taken such good care of you?" said James, sorrowfully. "When your fever turned, the doctor thought you would die; and mother watched with you three nights, because she was afraid to trust any one else."

"Well, I did n't ask her to do it," said the sick boy; "she need not take care of me unless she chooses to; I am sure I never asked her to do that, or anything else, and I shall not stay here to be dependent on her, I assure you."

"O, Edward!" replied James, "how can you feel so? You will kill father if you go, and then you 'll be a murderer."

Mrs. B. now entered, and put a stop to the conversation which she had overheard; she feared her patient was getting too much excited, but rejoiced that the truth had been told to him. She wept over the bitter feelings he had manifested toward herself, but she did not despair of being able, at length, to overcome evil with good. Thus the weary days of convalescence passed by. Edward was deeply mortified at the position in which he found himself. He did not feel sorry for his misconduct, but he was ashamed that it was known; and then it was very galling to his proud spirit to be dependent on one who had ever treated him kindly, notwithstanding all his wilfulness and ingratitude. "I wish," said he one day, when James was left alone with him, "I do wish she would scold me, I should feel so much better if she would; but she looks so kind all the time, it is enough to kill a fellow."

"Ah!" replied James, laughing, "there she has you" (using one of their cant phrases); "it 's her policy not to scold."

"I 'll make her," said Edward; and he did try his best to draw an angry or unkind word from her, but all in vain. Always kind and amiable, ready to gratify all his whims, and go at his slightest beck, she was a perfect mystery to him. Such conduct he could not comprehend.

One day, in the early part of the month of March, 1852, Mrs. B. was sitting with her son, and trying, in every possible way, to amuse him. That day he had been unusually cross and peevish;

nothing seemed to go right with him. She persevered in her endeavors to please him, until her tears would flow, in spite of all her exertions to repress them. With an almost breaking heart she arose to leave the room, saying to herself, "What shall I do with this boy? Must I give up? O, thou God of mercy, come to my aid, I entreat thee!" At this moment the Mother's Assistant was brought in. Without even looking at it, she told her little girl to carry it to her brother; he had looked over some of the numbers with apparent interest, and she thought it might, perchance, amuse him for a moment.

He took the book, and eagerly cut open the leaves; the first article he looked at was "Harry Beach," by Mrs. S. S. Allen. He commenced reading it, and read it carefully through; then he went back to the beginning, and read it again.

"Mother!" exclaimed the little girl, as she rushed into the kitchen, "mother, do go and see what ails brother!"

"What does ail him, dear?" said the mother, thinking, perhaps, he might be ill.

"He is crying," said the child; "he reads that book, *cries on it*, and it is all wet."

This was said in the simplicity of childhood; but the words fell upon her heart with thrilling power. Hope sprang up in her bosom once more, and she thanked God for the grace which enabled her to persevere.

When she again entered her son's room, she carried him his supper; he looked up, and, with eyes swimming in tears, said, "Mother, I thank you!" More he could not say; tears stopped his utterance. She burst into tears, and threw herself upon her knees beside him. He clasped his arms around her neck, and sobbed out, "Can you forgive me, mother?"

It was long before she could command her voice; and then she exclaimed, "O Lord, I thank thee for this hour!"

Many months have gone by since this affecting scene transpired; but as yet all is quiet, gentle, and harmonious in Mr. B.'s household. The warring elements are hushed to peace, and discord is now unknown in that happy family.

A few weeks after this event, Mrs. B. says, in a letter to a friend, "O, help me to praise the Lord for his mercy to my children. Last Sabbath, for the first time since my marriage, they all went with us to the house of God, and a happy family we were, I assure you.

James has just obtained a hope, after a long season of conviction, and I believe that Edward, too, is a Christian, but he does not indulge a hope. Sometimes he is almost in despair. His health is yet delicate. I hope, as his strength returns, light will break in upon his mind. I dare not encourage him, for he reads his Bible a great part of the time, and I think the spirit of truth will guide him aright. I am truly grateful for the aid I have derived from the Mother's Assistant. My children take great pleasure in reading it. Sometimes, when I have supposed they were out at play, I have come upon them suddenly, seated together in some corner, reading those interesting pages. One article, in particular, they read with great delight. It is the Pastor's New Year's Salutation to his Flock, by Rev. Edward F. Cutter. If I could see that gentleman, I would thank him for writing that article.

"Come to me, my friend, and see what a change there is in my family. In view of it, I can only exclaim, 'What hath God wrought!'"

VIRTUE.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

"Add to your faith Virtue."

VIRTUE is the modest blush,
Maiden cheeks suffusing,
When pure thoughts indignant rush,
Sin and shame refusing.

Virtue seeks not to be seen,
She is meek and lowly;
Very humble is her mien,
Though so pure and holy.

Virtue is the spouse of Faith;
Faith and works uniting,
Bring forth fruits which even death
Has no power of blighting.

Virtue is true godly fear,
Sweetest of those graces,
Which, like stars in yonder sphere,
Gild their separate places.

Virtue is the Christian's crown,
When, his sins forgiven,
He his mortal life lays down,
And awakes in Heaven.

MASTER BENJAMIN PIERCE.

BY REV. HENRY E. PARKER.

" Egregium forma juvenem : —
Sed nox atra caput tristi circumvolat umbra.
Ostendent terris hunc tantum Fata, neque ultra
Esse sinent.
Heu miserande puer ! siqua Fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis ;
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque nepotis
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere." VIRGIL.

" Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."
JESUS CHRIST.

How often does the reader of the ancient classics and of the Bible notice very striking contrasts between the selectest views and ethics of heathenism and the disclosures and sentiments of the Gospel. Especially is such contrast visible in what each presents pertaining to man's spiritual nature and his immortality; and there are none, perhaps, more striking than those which relate to children; their nurture while living, and their destiny, if numbered among the early dead. This contrast is very forcibly presented in the quotations we have placed above; those beautiful lines from the bard of Mantua; those blessed words from the Prophet of Nazareth. The young Marcellus, whom the poet bewails, heir to Augustus, the favorite of the imperial court, the darling of all the Romans, was as happy a specimen as could be found of childhood's excellence under the choicest heathen culture; and the choicest culture of heathen genius sings his eulogy. The strains make allusion to the education the royal boy received; to the great prospects before him; and to the large hopes and assurances he had inspired. That education was for arms and for rule; to give him power over the hearts of his future subjects, and a capacity to sustain and extend the imperial sway; those prospects and hopes were limited entirely to his anticipated earthly position. Precluded by his early death from all earthly eminence, for him the poet has nothing further to offer of hope or good; all his genius and culture do not even attempt to throw one ray of

light into the sad sepulchre; they can consign the departed to sullen Charon and gloomy Acheron, but send back no comforter. The poet can say no more than "hadst thou lived thou wouldst have been a Marcellus, full worthy of the honored parental name; but now, wretched, ill-starred child, all has been blasted by the inexorable Fates; and even the praises which we bring, the flowers which admiration and affection scatter upon thy grave, are all a bootless task."

No wonder, that, as the bard finished his strain in presence of Augustus and his empress, who listened to its recital, that Octavia swooned at such sad reminiscences of her beautiful and beloved boy, so untimely taken, with not one gleam of a glory beyond the grave. The only wonder is, how any heathen mother, of sensitiveness and affection, ever herself survived, when bereaved of her children.

The lines of Virgil concerning the young Marcellus have a very happy appropriateness when applied to the appearance, character, prospects and promise of the dearly lamented lad whose name is at the head of this article; but the words of Jesus also have an especial applicableness, and suggest the chief delight and comfort friends have concerning him.

The terrible casualty at Andover last December, which removed him from the embrace of his fond parents, touched the hearts of this nation in a peculiar manner, and parents and children have everywhere been interested in any information which could be given concerning the noble boy so mysteriously taken.

Young Benjamin Pierce (Benny, as we familiarly called him), named for his grandfather, an officer in the Revolution, and subsequently governor of New Hampshire, was the second son of President Pierce, but for many years before his death an only child; his elder brother, Frank Robert, a very beautiful boy and of great promise, having died in 1843.

Benjamin was born in 1841, and was but eleven years of age at the time of his death. In personal appearance, he was of light and slender frame, and rather taller than most lads of his age. His remarkably fine head, and fair, handsome face, would attract any observer. He had the same speaking countenance, winning mien, and frank and open bearing which are so characteristic of his father. But he reminded most, perhaps, of his mother, in the large, expressive eye, the chiselled features, their paleness, and those general indi-

cations of an apparently frail constitution. He reminded me of that exquisite flower (sanguinaria Canadensis) which may be found at this season by the woodside and in the corners of our pastures, a flower of very short duration.

Though loving Benjamin so much, yet it was often with a degree of pain that I looked upon him, thinking that probably his parents' hearts were to be lacerated by his early death.

> "A something shadowy and frail
> Was even in his mirth;
> He looked a flower, which one rough gale
> Might bear away from earth."

Just, however, at the time of his removal, his appearance had assumed a ruddiness and robustness that were new to him.

In intellect he had more vigor, naturally, than belonged to the body. He had a mind that promised to mature well; bright, inquiring, intelligent, and advancing successfully under the ordinary advantages of instruction afforded by our New England schools, seconded and superintended by his mother's attentions at home.

In character, though not a faultless child, and in many respects a boy like other boys, yet he was different in some respects, well worthy the attention and imitation of the youth who may read this sketch.

He was a boy of rare politeness. This was evinced in his general deportment; in every message he bore from his parents to others, and in all his approaches to older people, they were never pained and offended by the rudeness so common to boys. Long shall I miss the respectful recognition, the hand lifted to his cap, the invariable bow, and his courteous salutation as I met him from day to day.

He was a very considerate boy. Indeed, otherwise he could not have been the polite boy he was. This was one of the most interesting features of his politeness; his regard for others, and what was due to them. There are many interesting incidents treasured in the family with whom his parents and himself were boarders, illustrative of Benny's considerateness; his efforts to make himself agreeable and actually useful in the family, to avoid everything like presuming, or which would make inconvenience and trouble, or add to others' care and work.

He was a dutiful boy, addressing his parents respectfully when in their presence, and never speaking disrespectfully of them when out

of hearing and among rude companions, as is sometimes the case with boys. He was accustomed to obey, and to treat his father and mother kindly, affectionately and with reverence.

He had a very courageous and persevering spirit, and was a truly manly boy; using this term as indicating much good sense, self-control, high thought, and a good degree of freedom from that mischievousness so apt to detract from the interest which otherwise would always attend the simplicity and sprightliness of childhood.

He was a truthful and conscientious boy; and, though lively and as fond of sport and activity as any lad, he was yet thoughtful.

He was a generous boy. As he was leaving his uncle's house to take the fatal train, he sought out the errand boy, and urged upon him all the pocket-money he had, as a token of kind feeling, quite as much as an acknowledgment for attentions received. He always pitied the poor, and was desirous to aid them.

He readily sympathized with any one deprived of what he enjoyed. As an illustration of this, when, a few days before his death, he was about accompanying a party of young comrades on a skating excursion, he could not leave the house before going to condole with a cousin of his own age, unable to join them from illness. He lingered by his bedside, repeating again and again his regrets and sympathy, quite to the surprise of his companions, who had not thought of the thing themselves.

He was also remarkably free from that foolish, offensive vanity and pride, which children, having parents of wealth or position, are so apt to exhibit. It was very pleasant, during the pending presidential election this last summer, when some of his young companions would rally him upon politics and his father's situation, to see him skilfully parry the thrusts with a "Mr. Webster is my candidate," or some other ready and happy rejoinder. And when others would question in regard to his feelings about going to Washington, he was wont to reply that he should never go there. It was almost prophetic.

But what is most worthy of notice, and that which is the chief satisfaction to friends now, is the interest he felt in religious things, and the evidence given that the Holy Spirit had renewed his heart.

He was the object of the most constant solicitude and best desires of both parents; yet, from his father's many engagements away from home, and also his mother's situation and state of health, he was far more in the society of a Christian and devoted mother than are most

children of even pious parents. In all her influence and intercourse with him, she had uppermost in her mind and heart the securing of "the one thing needful" for him. She had wisely gained a freedom of intercommunication with him upon religious subjects, so that he could readily speak to her of all his anxieties and thoughts upon such matters. Benny loved religious conversation and religious instruction. Long since, the Bible seemed to have a peculiar power and fascination over him. An interesting illustration of this occurred while once on a visit to his uncle at Andover.

Some time after the children had retired one night, his aunt ascertained that Benny was wakeful and restless. She inquired if he was ill. He replied that he was not, and, in his own courteous way, requested her not to be troubled about him, as he should soon, he thought, be asleep. An hour later, she looked in upon him again, and found that he was still tossing and sleepless. On sitting down by his bedside and asking if she could not do something for him, he still replied "no," with the customary "thank you;" but, after a little, said, "I think, Aunt Mary, if you would be so kind as to repeat to me something from the Bible, I should soon be quiet and go to sleep."

"And is there any particular portion you will choose, Benny?" said his aunt.

"I would like much to hear the fifth chapter of Matthew," he replied.

"But I do not think I can remember it all."

"Well, I will help you, then; I think we can together," said Benny.

By their mutual aid they succeeded, and the desired effect was accomplished. The beatitudes pronounced by the Saviour, with the other sentiments of moral beauty comprising the sermon on the mount, delighted and soothed his spirit, and he soon fell asleep.

With the Bible, he had also come to have an interest and satisfaction in other religious reading, such as most lads have but the least taste for. It was but a few months before his death that he brought home from the Sabbath school a volume entirely occupied with the plain, pungent exhibition of evangelical truth and doctrine, so little conformed to the ordinary tastes of one of his years, and indeed to the tastes of but very few of any age, as quite to surprise his mother; and especially his request to keep it beyond the usual allotted time,

for re-perusal, pleading that he was quite sure it would not be wanted by the other boys of his class, because it was such a book as they would not care to read.

He loved the devotions of the family altar, and of the house of God.

He had a great fear of sin, and seemed to have a genuine aversion to it. Although as fond of companionship and play as boys usually are, yet he would occasionally say to his mother, as he looked from the windows of her room upon his playmates in the street, that he feared to join them, lest he might do something wrong, and thereby lose his good impressions and serious feelings.

Once, after a period of quiet and reflection, she was almost startled when he said, "Mother, I wish I had died when little brother did; I think it would be better for me to die now than live any longer." Dreading to see any cloud unnaturally shading boyhood's bright vision, and fearing that his feelings might result from mistaken parental management, she said, "My son, are you not happy? Is not life pleasant to you?"

"Yes, mother," he replied, "I am happy, happier, I think, than most boys; but if I live to grow up, I shall meet so much temptation, and be exposed to so much sin, I think it would be better for me to die now."

His opinion not long after had the sanction of a higher One; Heaven thought so too, and took him from a tempting and sinful world.

The last summer, particularly, Benny was more than ever interested in the subject of religion.

Benny was a child of many prayers. His sainted grandfather, upon his mother's side, that most excellent man and divine, the late President Appleton, was accustomed at the family altar to offer the petition that "his children and his children's children, to the latest generation, might be heirs of the grace of life." We are most happy in feeling that this prayer was answered in relation to this dear child.

The stricken parents whose woe has made their honors but a mockery, have, in what God did for their dear boy, a great solace, which will abide with them till the broken circle be reünited.

Among the mournful lessons taught us by that terrible catastro-

phe which made our honored and beloved President and his wife childless, and which wrung the hearts of fathers and mothers in the land with sorrow and sympathy for them,— among the many obvious and important lessons uttered in that providence, this is doubtless one; that parents should devote themselves with more faithfulness and expectation to the religious welfare of their children; for, in a moment, the most flattering earthly prospects may be blasted.

Parents, remember that, if your children be taken away, nothing will so comfort you as some evidences that the Holy Spirit had been admitted to their hearts. Have your thoughts, therefore, first upon your children's souls and their immortality, and never lose sight of the thoughts suggested and the incitements and encouragements held out by those words of Jesus: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"If ever in the human heart
A fitting season there can be,
Worthy of its immortal part,
Worthy, O blessed Lord, of thee,

"It is in that unsullied hour,
Before the world has claimed his own;
Pure as the hues within the flower,
To summer and the sun unknown;

"When still the youthful spirit bears
Some image of its God within,
And uneffaced that beauty wears,
So soon to be destroyed by sin.

"Then is the time for faith and love
To take in charge their precious care,
Teach the young eye to look above,
Teach the young knee to bend in prayer.

"This work is ours; this charge was thine,
These youthful souls from sin to save;
To lead them in thy faith divine,
And teach its triumph o'er the grave."

A GODLY man's comforts and grievances are hid from the world. Natural men are strangers to them.

TO MY INFANT BOY.

BY MRS. AMANDA P. MATHER.

I LOVE thee well, my precious boy—
I 've many reasons why ;
I love thee for thy brothers' sake,
Who live above the sky.

I love thee for thy sisters' sake,
So joyous, at thy birth,
To welcome thee, and give thee place
Beside the household hearth.

Still more I love thee for his sake,
Whose lineaments I trace,
With more of joy than aught beside,
Upon thine infant face.

I love thee for the memories
Thou bring'st of other years,
Of watchful love, and tenderness,
'Mid childhood's timid fears.

I love thee for the *sacred trust*,
Which, in thee, God hath given ;
And O ! the precious treasure must
Be kept for Him and heaven.

I love thee well, my darling boy,
For other reasons still ;
And for them all, and for that love,
May'st thou be kept from ill.

DAILY GEMS.

BY S. A. B. CURRIER.

LIFE is pleasant and desirable, when devoted to the cultivation of the mind and heart.

WE live to profit, when the heart is engaged in doing good to others.

THIS world affords happiness, when we can look through nature's vast domain to its great Architect.

THE KITE-STICK.

BY CATHARINE LEICESTER.

CHARLES and his little sisters had been out to walk, and had seen some fine kites which soared up very high in the air, and looked like great strange birds, wheeling about, and waving their long tails. When they came home, Charles did not go into the nursery with the other children. After a few minutes his mother missed him, and called to him. When he came she asked,

"Where have you been?"

"In the back attic."

"What were you doing there?"

"I was trying to make a kite like some I saw this morning."

"What were you making it of?"

"Some nice yellow paper that grandpapa gave me, and some sticks that I found in the attic."

"There were some window-shade sticks in the attic; have you taken them?"

"I took one of them."

"And you knew it belonged to my window-shade, and that I wanted to use it, did n't you?"

"Yes, mother; but I wanted a kite-stick."

"You did wrong; you should not have taken it without leave. You had better never have a kite than do anything wrong to get one. Have you cut it?"

"Some; I 'll show you," said he; and he brought the stick, badly cut and notched, for he did not know how to make a kite.

"It is good for nothing," said his mother, when she saw it. "It is quite spoiled for my use."

Charles was now very sorry for what he had done, and promised never again to destroy anything which did not belong to him.

The second evening after this, he came running to his mother in high spirits, exclaiming, "See here, mother, see these two fine long sticks that Nurse Baker has brought me for a kite. They are like your shade-sticks."

"Yes, my son; and don't you remember what you learned from the story I read you about the little boy who broke his mother's

flower-vase, and sold his favorite plaything to buy her another? What was it?"

"'Good *wishes* don't mend bad actions. Good *actions* mend bad actions,'" repeated Charles.

"You remember rightly. You spoiled my shade-stick yesterday, and was sorry for it; was that enough? Did that make good my loss?"

"No, ma'am," said Charles.

"Then what ought you to do?"

"Why, give you one of my kite-sticks, like that I spoiled."

"Yes; that would be just."

But Charles was greatly pleased with his kite-sticks, and it was very hard for him to give up one of them. He stood still a while, and looked down, and finally went into his own room, adjoining the one where his mother was sitting, and laid his sticks upon his bed. He then undressed himself, knelt and prayed, and laid down to sleep. His mother waited quietly, hoping that he would conquer his selfishness, and obey his conscience. When she saw that he had lain down, she said, "You know what you ought to do, yet you have not done it."

"I don't want to give you one of my kite-sticks," said Charles.

"When you know what is right, never stop to think whether you want to do it or not, but do it at once."

"But I want a kite, mother."

"And I want you to have one, but the first thing for you is to do right, kite or no kite. You should do what is right, even if you never have one. What good would one do you, if every time you looked at it, it reminded you of a bad action? What pleasure would it give you, if it continually said to you, 'You have done wrong.'"

"You may take one of my sticks," said Charles.

"No," said his mother; "I shall not take one; I do not want it unless you give it freely."

Charles rose from his bed, took one of his sticks, and gave it to his mother, saying, "There, I want you to have this in pay for the one I spoiled." It was an effort for him to do so, and the tears came to his eyes.

"I am glad you have done what you felt you ought to do," said his mother, as she kissed him; "but I am sorry you waited so long.

Remember, as one of your rules for life, never for an instant to put off doing right."

Charles lay down to sleep again, happier than before, and though he wondered how he should get another kite-stick, so long and thin and light as the one he had given his mother, he was not sorry he had given it to her, and soon slept quietly and sweetly.

The next morning he took his kite-stick to his grandfather to show it to him. "It's a good stick, only it's too wide," said his grandfather. "It would make a kite too heavy to fly well. I think I can make two sticks of it, that would be better for a kite than this one."

Charles was very much pleased with this idea. His grandfather made a straight mark lengthwise on the stick, and then cut through it carefully and well.

The cook make Charles a cup of nice paste, and his mother laid aside her work and pasted together a very fine large kite for him.

When it had been well dried in the sunshine, he carried it to his grandfather, who thought it would fly well, if it had a string. So he went with Charles to a store near by, and bought a large ball of the strongest twine, which he fastened to the kite.

In the afternoon, Charles went out with his cousin to fly it, and a fine time they had. It went up very high, and stood for a long time waving in the sunlight. When Charles told his mother how happy he had been with it, she said, "Don't you want to put a little writing on it, to make it seem as if it spoke to you sometimes?"

"Yes, mother," he answered, delighted with the idea; "what would you put on?"

"You might first put the lesson of the story I read to you, 'Good wishes don't mend bad actions; good actions mend bad actions;' and then the little rule I gave you last night, 'Never, for an instant, put off doing right.'"

"I should like both of them," said Charles; "will you please to write them for me?"

His mother wrote them quite plainly on his kite; and now he often reads them when he is carrying it along in the street, and when it is flying high up in the sky he sometimes seems to hear them, almost as if they came from heaven.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THOMSON'S SEASONS. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y. City.

It would be entirely superfluous to say a word in commendation of this magnificent poem, but we take pleasure in introducing this edition as superior to any we have ever seen. It contains the critical observations of various authors on the genius and character of Thomson, and notes on each page, explanatory and critical. The editor is James R. Boyd, who prepared in the same way editions of the Night Thoughts and Paradise Lost, as recently noticed in this publication.

WHITE SLAVERY IN THE BARBARY STATES. By Hon. Charles Sumner. Published by Jewett & Co., Boston.

Many citizens of the U. S., perhaps thousands, have drawn out miserable lives and ended their days in the most abject and cruel slavery in the Barbary States, chiefly in Algiers, to say nothing of the large number who were redeemed by the payment of great sums of money. To many persons, the history of slavery in the Barbary States is new, and will be found exceedingly interesting.

LIFE OF JESUS. Published by the Mass. S. S. Society.

We announce this work with great pleasure, because it is finely adapted "to lead the young to deeper and more personal interest in the Saviour;" and furthermore, because it is a book which is greatly needed by the young. "It is the life of the Saviour, changed from the disconnected narrative of the evangelists into a continuous story." The steel engravings are very beautiful.

MEDITATIONS. Published by Jewett & Co., Boston. By Rev. W. G. Schauffler, Missionary at Constantinople.

The first part of this volume contains sixteen meditations, or short sermons, on the last days of Christ; and part second, eight on the seventeenth chapter of St. John.

The style is earnest, perspicuous, vigorous, and deeply imbued with evangelical truth.

GIDDINGS' SPEECHES.

Jewett & Co., of this city, have published, in a volume of five hundred pages, the Speeches of Hon. J. R. Giddings, made in Congress. It contains a cheap engraving of the author.

GENESIS AND GEOLOGY. By Dennis Crofton. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Dr. Hitchcock, whose familiarity with the subject of Geology is well known, recommends this essay, as the most able of any he has ever seen, in relation to the connection between Geology and Genesis. Mr. Crofton is an English writer.

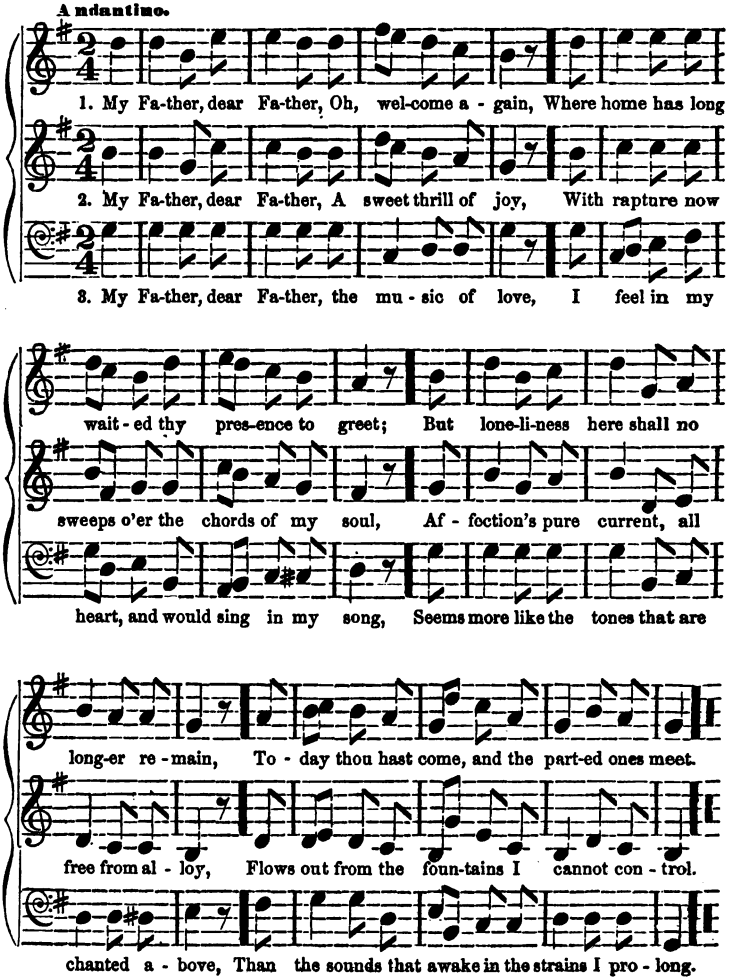
NEW MUSIC. Oliver Ditson has published the following pieces of new music, namely, "*Dear Mother, they are Calling*," "*At Eve upon the Lone Sea-shore*," "*My Mother's Prayer*," *The Coquette*, "*Lilly Dale, with Variations*," *and* "*The Home Circle.*"

THE ORIOLE. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y. City. A collection of youthful melodies, original and selected, designed for the use of Sabbath-schools and elementary classes. By H. E. Matthews and J. Zundel.

THE DAUGHTER'S WELCOME.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY L. MARSHALL.

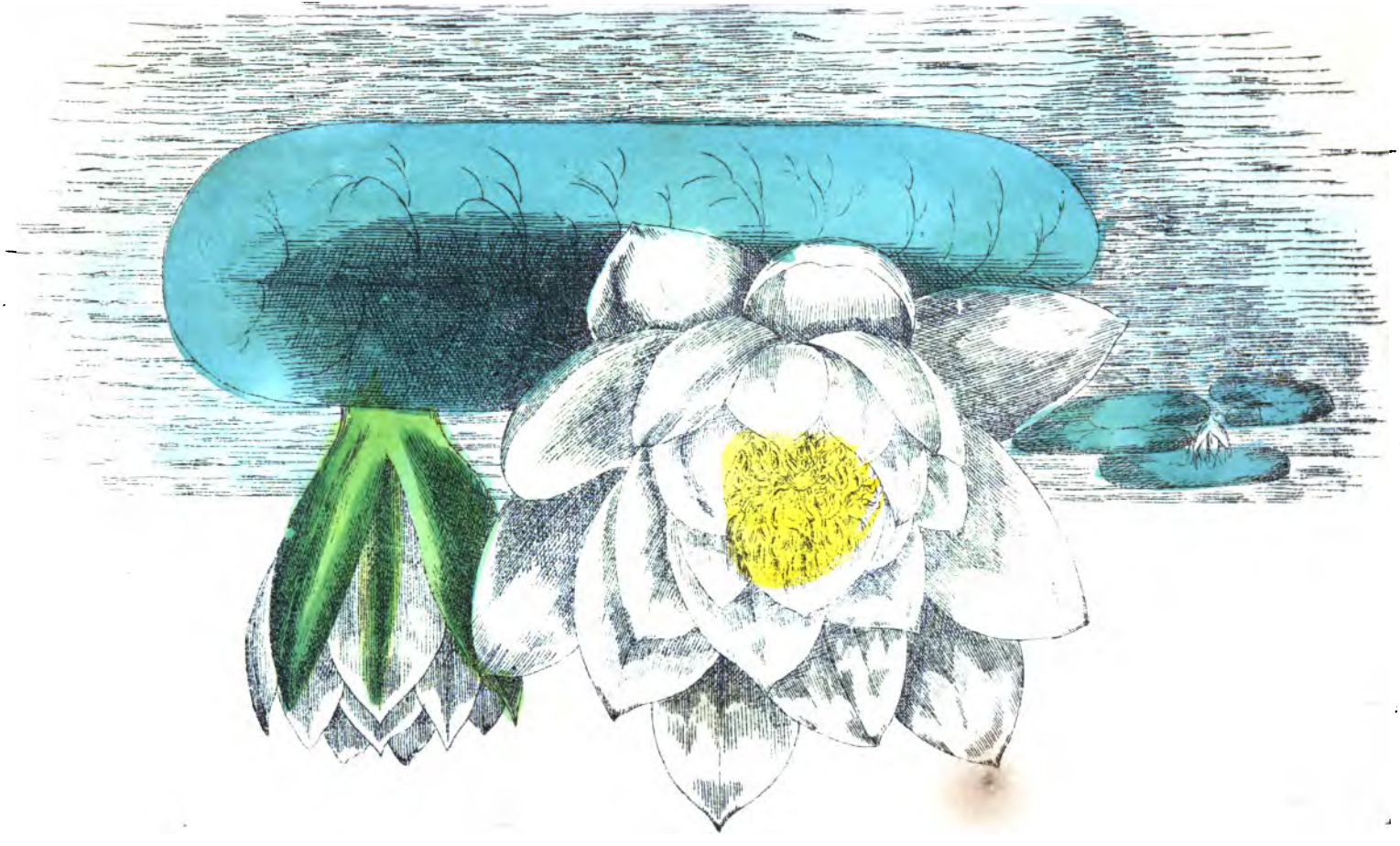
Written at the request of a Young Lady, to be sung on the return of her Father, after an absence of nearly three years. BY REV. S. D. PHELPS.


Andantino.
1. My Fa-ther, dear Fa-ther, Oh, wel-come a - gain, Where home has long
2. My Fa-ther, dear Fa-ther, A sweet thrill of joy, With rapture now
3. My Fa-ther, dear Fa-ther, the mu - sic of love, I feel in my
wait - ed thy pres-ence to greet; But lone-li-ness here shall no
sweeps o'er the chords of my soul, Af - foction's pure current, all
heart, and would sing in my song, Seems more like the tones that are
long-er re - main, To - day thou hast come, and the part-ed ones meet.
free from al - loy, Flows out from the foun-tains I cannot con - trol.
chanted a - bove, Than the sounds that awake in the strains I pro - long.

4. My Father, dear Father, I welcome thee home,
The home on the shores of thine own happy land;
How oft have my thoughts, o'er the dark ocean's foam,
Gone forth to the spot where I feigned thee to stand.

5. My Father, dear Father, we hail thy return,
Thy children, companion, all welcome thee here;
Our love, in thy absence, has ceased not to burn,
It now glows in fullness, thy glad heart to cheer.

6. My Father, dear Father, our spirits rejoice,
As here we surround thee with pleasure once more;
For this happy meeting we join heart and voice,
And grateful thanksgivings to Heaven we pour.



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THE WHITE WATER-LILY,

THE QUEEN OF FLOWERS.

O, VAINLY seek ye, 'mid the garden's store,
For one Flower so preëminently fair
O'er all the rest, that right of sovereignty
Must seem her heritage. The ROSE is bright,
And wondrous fragrant; yet the WOODBINE sheds,
From her long bloomy streamers, breath as sweet;
And on them both the VIOLET might turn
Her soft blue eye in gentlest reproach,
That perfume such as *hers* should be o'erpast.
E'en the white maiden JASMINE, in her pride,
Would take the hue of jealousy, and turn
To envious yellow her complexion pure,
Were *she* deemed than the rest less fit to reign.

Seek not the Floral Queen among them all,
But leaving far behind the garden trim,
And shining palaces, where dwell the bright
Sun-worshippers of many a fervid clime,
Go to the lake's o'ershadowed margent, where,
Over the waves, like fairy-carpets spread
For summer revelry, lie leaves afloat,
Extending many a rood;* broad dark-hued leaves,
Clothing the bosom of the water clear,
And gently heaving up and down, as though
Her breathing thus disturbed them. 'Midst these rise,
In pure and stately beauty, urn-like forms,
Just 'bove the water's height; some, not unclosed,
Are tinged with tenderest green; while others spread
Full to the warm down-gazing sun their deep,
White, sculpture-like, and softly-glowing cups
Of modelled petals, lit up from within
By one large anthered star of golden flame;
And, leaning on the dark green leaves, they lie,
These lovely, nymph-like Lilies, — looking up
In worship and in love unto the sun,
On whom alone they smile; for when he goes
From his blue mid-day palace overhead,
And the trees cast long shadows on the lake,
The loving water-nymphs, no longer joyed
By the bright presence of their radiant god,
Fold their rich snowy robes, and, bending low,

* "Lay floating many a rood." — MILTON.

Suffer the waves to sing a lullaby
Over their sleeping heads.

O, well might they,
The dusk, untutored Indians, bend before
Such perfect loveliness in adoration;
Well might they deem some god or spirit shrined
Within so bright a temple!

And shall we
In fancy e'er create a meaner flower
The sovereign of these sweet and beauteous ones?
No,—seek the Lilies' still, calm haunts, and see
The waters sporting round their pearly cups,
And flinging sunny gleams upon their snow,
Like smiles and blushes o'er a maiden's cheek.
If ye e'er gazed on aught more beautiful,
O, tell me what it was,—for ne'er have I.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

[See Engraving.]

EDITORIAL.

Four hundred men are constantly employed on this stupendous structure, which now attracts a large share of public attention, and is progressing rapidly.

The interior presents a labyrinth of pillars, rods, ropes, and timbers, with workmen thickly scattered, who make the air resound with the clatter, clang, and creaking of their implements.

Visitors are excluded by a wooden enclosure, with gate-keepers; but the vicinity is daily visited by great numbers.

The quantity of iron used in the construction of the whole building will be nearly 1400 tons!

The galleries, which are 54 feet in width, contain 62,000 square feet, or about one and a half acres. The ground floor contains 111,000 square feet, or two and a half acres; making a total area of 182,000 square feet, or nearly four acres.

The extreme length of the structure is 365 feet, and its height 67 feet. It will cost about $300,000.

A great quantity of goods designed for exhibition have already arrived from abroad, and are stored in the U. S. bonded warehouses. Over 4000 applications from exhibiters have been received from this country alone, while those from Europe number about 8000; of which 700 are from England, 800 from Germany, and 500 from France.

It has been officially announced that the Palace will be opened on the 15th of July.

The products of various parts of the world, which will be collected here for exhibition, will probably surpass anything of the kind ever before witnessed.

PARENTAL DUTIES.

BY REV. J. W. GUERNSEY.

WHEN the childless Manoah was told that his arms should embrace a son, his only inquiry of the messenger-angel was, "How shall we order the child? And how shall we do unto him?"

These two questions involve the whole duty of parents to their children. First, control. How shall we order the child? Second, provision for its wants. How shall we do unto him? All parents acknowledge these duties in the abstract, and feel that they are inseparable from the parental relation. But, while they thus agree, there is great difference of opinion concerning their extent. One is satisfied with providing for the mere animal wants of the child, and exercising the slightest possible control, making parental care and authority merely nominal. Such a course may arise from thoughtlessness, or indifference, or from an idea that a fuller provision for the wants of a child, and a more rigid oversight of its conduct, will diminish its self-reliance, and impair the manly independence of its spirit. Other parents never seem to think they have done enough, while anything remains that can be done for their children. Some are ready to gratify every wish of the child, but leave its conduct uncontrolled. Some carefully watch the conduct of their children, while they are heedless of their wants. Between these wide extremes may be found every shade and phase of parental character and conduct.

Children are learners very early, and parents are responsible for the instruction they receive.

> The dew-drop on the infant plant
> Has warped the giant oak forever.

Far up among the Green Mountains of Vermont a little rivulet has its birth-place. For some distance its waters run on in a single channel, following the summit of the ridge. Just in the centre of the stream some little object divides it, and part flows to the right hand, and part to the left. Those divided waters never meet again, till they meet in the wide ocean; one stream flowing into the

Atlantic, by the White River and Connecticut; the other by the Winooski, Lake Champlain, and the St. Lawrence. At the point of separation a child could change the direction of either stream, and make it flow in an opposite course, by a moment's labor; but in a little time they diverge so far, and the barrier between them is so formidable, that the efforts of a world would hardly suffice to bring them together.

Like the infant oak, warped by a dew-drop to a form that the giant tree shall retain as long as it exists,— like that mountain-rivulet, whose whole course is determined by a slight object,— is the heart of the child. The looks, the words, the very tones, the motions, the habits of all around it, influence its character. Chameleon-like, it borrows the hue of everything it meets; but, unlike the chameleon, it does not put off one hue for another, but each new tint blends with those which have preceded it, either to deepen or neutralize them. The character of the child is an aggregate of the power of all these influences, each modified in its effects by all the others.

Over all this scene of action and counter-action the parent presides. It is his duty to bring in everything in his power which will affect the child favorably; and exclude, with the most vigilant care, everything unfavorable to its welfare. The first direct lesson a child should learn is submission. Utterly ignorant of everything at first, and from its ignorance exposed to constant danger, it must be watched with a sleepless eye, and constantly restrained by the hand of authority. The child must submit to restraint through life,— must yield his own opinions, and bow his will to others. At school he will be under constant restraint; society will hold him amenable to a thousand unwritten laws, and the civil code will bind him by its fearful penalties. The earlier the habit of submission to proper authority is formed, the more easily and perfectly will it be done, and the better will it be for all parties. The commencement of government is often delayed so long, that habits of insubordination become so fixed as to make it hardly possible to subdue them; and the parent shrinks from the task more and more, until it is never attempted in good earnest.

Said a mother to me, "My son is now seventeen months old, and I never have governed him yet, and dread to begin." Poor, misguided mother! She had neglected her work too long. It had grown more difficult every day, and her own resolution had grown

weaker by delay; she had not begun the work, and probably never will.

Meeting, one day, in a family, a little boy about three years old, a very pattern of docility, I asked the father how he had trained the child to make him so obedient. He said, "We began with him at the first. When we brought him to the table he would pull the things off, as children often do. We snapped his fingers. Our friends told us we ought not to do so, that the child was not old enough to know better; but we told them that, if he was old enough to pull things from the table, he was old enough to let them alone." This incident unfolds the true principle of early training. As soon as a child is old enough to act voluntarily, it should be taught to obey its proper guardians. If this be judiciously and faithfully done, the habit of obedience will become so firmly fixed that it will remain permanent through life. The consequences of neglecting this early training are most deplorable. The child soon becomes stubborn and self-willed. His habits of insubordination

"Grow with his growth, and strengthen with his strength."

And, unless they are subdued by a mighty and long-continued effort, they cling to him as long as he lives.

We doubt not, an examination would show that all those whom society has been obliged to cast out of her bosom, because she could not endure their presence,—the inmates of our prisons, penitentiaries, houses of correction, and the victims of the gallows,—were prepared for their career of crime, and end of infamy, by the neglect of proper restraints in their early years. The case of the late Dr. Webster is a painful illustration of this principle. In his confession he says, that in childhood he was allowed to have his own way without control. Consequently he grew up headstrong, passionate, impatient and restive under restraint; easily exasperated, and, when angry, reckless. The consequences are too well known to require repetition. Every parent who permits a child to grow up without proper control exposes it to a like career of sin, and end of shame.

Children should be required to obey promptly. No lingering to complete their plays, no stopping to object, or repine, or parley, should be allowed. They should be taught to obey with alacrity at the precise time required. Delay in obedience is the younger

brother of disobedience. Obedience should be exact. By this I mean, the terms of the command should be fully met; not a partial compliance, that leaves the child good reason to feel it has had its own way after all, but such a complete fulfilment of the command as shall make it feel that the will of the parent is its rule of action,— its controlling law, which allows no deviation or evasion. But, while implicit obedience is exacted, the utmost care should be taken that every requirement is proper and just; for the parental authority is not unlimited. There is a *higher law* to which both parents and children are responsible,— the law of God. Should the parental requirement conflict with this, children are not bound to obey it; nay, more than this, to do so would be sin. The proper course for the child, in such circumstances, is to obey God, and suffer the consequences.

The language of the Bible on this subject is, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right;" — that is, obey your parents just as far as you can without disobeying God. The moral power of parental authority depends on the manner in which it is exercised.. This should be made in such a way as to show the child that the parent has its happiness always in view,— that every requirement is prompted by love. It is not desirable that parents should *always* give children reasons for their commands; but this may be done frequently, with the happiest results, if done judiciously. We hardly need to say parents should be habitually *self-controlled*, in order to control their children successfully.

Whenever it is necessary to inflict punishment, let it be done in the calmest and most deliberate manner, accompanied with such remarks concerning the nature and consequences of the offence, and with such an arrangement of the circumstances, as shall most fully fix the moral impression of the act upon the mind of the child. Some parents are in the habit of striking their children, hastily and passionately, for almost every offence, without any words of reproof; or, which is worse, with some petulant or angry exclamation. No words can sufficiently reprehend this practice. Corporal punishment is the last resort to secure obedience; when used, it should be made sufficiently severe to subdue the child, but so accompanied with moral means that the subjugation may be moral as well as physical.

It is not well for parents to notice openly, every slight impropriety in the conduct of children; a continual mention of faults will

weary and disgust; but their eyes should be open to them all, and an untiring effort should be made to correct them, in the most effectual manner.

The great object is, to learn children to govern themselves. Mere physical restraint will never do this. It may make children circumspect in the presence of their parents, but it will not secure propriety of conduct when the parents are not present. When punishment must be inflicted, it is probably better, in all cases, that it be done in private, rather than in the presence of the family. A little girl was once caressing an infant brother, of which she seemed extremely fond. "O," said she, "how I wish you would die!" Surprised at such a wish, under such circumstances, a stranger asked the reason. "O," said the little girl, "he will have to be whipped so, if he lives!" Language is too poor to execrate sufficiently that parental discipline which leaves its impress of terrors so deeply burnt into the heart of a child.

There should be a perfect harmony between the parents in the management of their children. Neither should allow an act which the other disapproves. If differences of opinion exist, let them be discussed and settled in private; but never let the fact of their existence be known to the child. To them the parental power should always appear to be an *indivisible unit.*

The physical habits of children should be carefully watched. They are liable to form awkward habits of sitting, standing, and walking, which will render them disagreeable through life; unhealthy habits of eating, drinking, &c., that will make them invalids while they live, and bring them down to a premature grave. There is a strong and dangerous tendency among the young to pamper the appetite. With boys, it leads to smoking and chewing tobacco, drinking mead, beer, and other things, which lie, like so many decoy-lights, to tempt them on, till they plunge headlong into the vortex of intemperance. With girls, this propensity finds gratification in eating cloves, cubebs, cinnamon, and other things of the like nature; and, among both boys and girls, it finds gratification in the use of confectionary in some of its almost nameless forms; all of them useless, except as medicines, and many of them mixed with virulent poisons.

A few years since I had a school-mate, an active, intelligent, generous-hearted fellow, who was strongly addicted to the use of

confectionary. At a time when we were paying nine shillings per week for our board, he acknowledged that his confectionary cost him more than his board. He ruined both his body and mind. His pampered appetite claimed more powerful stimulants. He listened to its calls, and became a sot.

Less than twelve years have passed since we were school-boys together. In that brief time he has squandered a fortune of three thousand dollars, broken the heart of a lovely girl whom, at the marriage altar, he promised to cherish; and now, at less than thirty years of age, he halts along, a poor, decrepid, irritable old man, the wreck of that vigorous, generous, intelligent companion. And all this physical, intellectual, and moral ruin arose from the vicious habit of pampering the appetite with confectionary.

We often find, even in families who boast of considerable refinement, an offensive rudeness in the table-habits of children. Few things are more disgusting to a well-bred person. This often arises from the practice of excluding them from the table till the older members of the family retire, and then serving them with the cold, unpalatable fragments which remain. If there be one place above all others where children should associate with the older members of the family, that place is the family table, especially if there be genteel strangers present; and there must be a sad defect in the training of those children whose parents are ashamed to present them at such times.

The habits of children, when addressed by older persons, require particular attention. Some are so embarrassed as never to look at a person who speaks to them; and their answers are so confused and stammering as hardly to be intelligible. We know a man who has attained considerable distinction in the literary and scientific world, who has never been able to overcome the habits of childhood so as to look a man in the face when conversing with him. On the other extreme is a pert forwardness, disgusting to every sensible person. Between these extremes is that quiet, modest self-possession, which throws around lovely childhood one of its richest attractions.

The attention of parents should be directed to the habits of their children among their playmates; to see that they are uniformly kind, courteous, and obliging. To dress children judiciously is a very important and a very difficult matter. To clothe the body so as to protect it fully, without obstructing any of its functions,—to

cultivate correct taste without fostering sinful pride,— to give a child a respectable appearance without undue expense,— will require all the taste and judgment and firmness a parent can command. As childhood passes into youth, and youth approaches maturity, the necessity for parental oversight, discretion, and firmness, increases. There are three errors, in matters of dress, into which the young are inclined to run. The first, most common and most pernicious, is extravagance, especially in ornaments. And here we may as well say as not, we think *everything put on for mere ornament, extravagance.*

Young ladies are particularly inclined to this error; with many of them it is a perfect mania. If unrestrained, they would hang around themselves such a profusion of rings, pins, clasps, drops, chains, bracelets, buttons, bows, ribbons and laces, as to hide their real beauty, and make them but little more than walking show-cases for the jeweller, the milliner, and the mantua-maker, just as if anything hung on to it can beautify the human form and face divine. Sooner paint the rainbow, and re-gild the sun! The opposite of this is that negligence of personal appearance which marks the sloven. There is still another class, who choose gaudy, or odd patterns, and uncouth forms; evidently seeking a low and doubtful notoriety, and displaying much more vanity than taste.

All these tendencies require a careful correction. The formation of a delicate and correct taste in dress is of very great importance to the young, and intimately connected with their success in future life.

LIVE FOR OTHERS.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make *our* lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time;
Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

CHARITY.

BY REV. WM. M. THAYER.

CHARITY is QUEEN of the Christian graces.
Meekness, Patience, and fair Humility,
Three loving sisters, follow in her train,
To lift her robes from the world's foul dust, as
She walks the streets of life. Though richly clad
In garments wrought in heaven, she deigns to tread
The meanest lanes of life, and oft descends
To human habitations, dark and cold,
Where Hunger's haggard victims mix in crowds,
And roll the glaring eyeball of despair.
She loves to fling her spotless robes around
The naked forms of Want, rather than flaunt
Them in fashion's splendid parlor. She loves
To sup with humble worth in penury's home,
Rather than banquet with kings in palace
Made of gold. 'T is her joy to wipe the tear,
Breathe smiles on the brow of sadness, tender
Relief to want, revive the drooping hopes,
And cheer up the spirits with Religion's
Tale of heaven.

Misfortune's stricken sons
Rejoice to catch her smiles, and share her blest
Munificence. Nature's paupers, those
Who lack some talent on others well bestowed,
Sincerely seek her kindliest sympathies.
The countless multitude, poor, wretched mass
Of human life, thrust their fleshless fingers
Into her loaded basket. *All* hail her gifts.
E'en helpless age is captivated now,
And burns to share one sweet embrace, the last;
While tender babes of want delight
To nestle in her bosom, and draw the "milk
Of human kindness" from her fruitful breasts.

Without her aid no blest asylum stands
Upon the desert wastes of time, in which
The smitten race can find a covert from
The beating storms of woe; the penniless,
Fatherless, friendless, houseless, homeless, all
Must lie down and perish in the wild, cold
Solitude of a heartless world.

And more;
Without this QUEEN of Graces to herald
Us up on high, and seek admittance at
The gate of GLORY, all our hopes are vain.
Prophetic gifts, nor mysteries of lore,
Nor angel's tongue melodious, nor goods
All lavished on the naked poor, nor e'en
The body laid upon the flaming pile,
Can give us hope to gain admission there.
Sweet CHARITY must be our guide to Heaven,
And knock for welcome at the gate of pearl.

HINTS TO PARENTS.

BY MARY GRACE HALPING.

WHEN the tender mind of the child begins to expand, and its inquiring disposition begins to manifest itself, check it at once; it will save you a great deal of trouble. Beside, he *might* ask questions which you would find it difficult to answer.

Should he, in doing anything, commit any childish mistake, or error, laugh at him; it will inspire him with confidence, and induce him to try again.

Should you refuse him anything, after a proper amount of crying and teasing on his part, make it your invariable practice to yield, as this will cultivate in him a spirit of perseverance, and a firmness of character, which will be of great service to him in after-life.

Should he inadvertently break anything, or should you surprise him in any unconscious mischief, immediately pounce on him, cuff and shake him severely, exclaiming, as you do so, "I never saw such a child; he 's the plague of my life; always in mischief," and so forth. But, if he wilfully transgresses some trifling command, pass it over in silence. This course will not fail to impress him with a high respect for your authority, and enable him to form correct ideas of right and wrong.

If you wish to enforce some particular command, repeat it several times, threatening, if he disobeys you, "to take his head off," "to whip him within an inch of his life," or some such sort of a thing.

Your failing to execute these threats will lead him to appreciate the tenderness of your heart, and the sincerity of your love for him; beside giving him a high opinion of truth, and the consistency of your character.

Should you send him to school, be very careful to inform him that "you do it merely to get him out of the way; that you don't expect him to learn anything," and so forth. This will serve to encourage him, and will be likely to incite in him a laudable ambition to distinguish himself in his studies.

Don't strive to make home agreeable; for, if you do, he may stay there too much, which would be a source of trouble and annoyance to you.

Should he commit some trifling peccadilloes, such as stoning his neighbor's dogs, drowning his cats, breaking his windows, and so forth, don't treat him with much severity, "lest you discourage him," and break down his noble spirit.

Don't bring him up to any useful employment, but let him lounge about the streets; as this will tend not only to refine his manners and cultivate his moral principles, but to make a man of him.

Don't, on any account, allow him any spending-money; for as boys *will* have money *some* way, throwing him on his own resources will serve to sharpen his wits, and enlarge his understanding.

If, after following these directions, your son fails to become a useful member of society, and a support and comfort to your declining years, why it won't be your fault,— of course not!

RICHES.

THE way to make thy son rich is to fill
  His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill,
  To feel those tempests which fly over ditches.
But if thy son can make ten pound his measure,
Then all thou addest may be called his treasure.

GEORGE HERBERT.

IS IT WELL?

ORIGINAL.

"Is it well with thee? Is it well with the child?" And she answered, "It is well."

A MOTHER is bending the Holy Book o'er,
But she heeds not its promise of joy,
Her child's merry laughter she heareth no more,
And she mourns for her beautiful boy!
Her boy! O, how cold is the marble-like brow!
O'er his form the green sods have been piled.
Then what means the whisper that comes to her now,
"Is it well with thee? Well with the child?"

"Is it well with thee," mother? Thy heart is oppress,
And thy voice has forgotten the lays,
Whose music hath oftentimes lulled him to rest,
In the twilight of happier days.
The cradle is vacant; thy cherub hath flown,
Hath passed with the Spring's fragrant breath;
And how canst thou live with thy sorrow alone?
O, how canst thou give him to Death?

"Is it well with the child?" No mother's fond arm
Encircles the pale sleeper now!
No mother's sweet voice can relieve the dread calm
That rests on the innocent brow!
"Is it well with the child?" Who, the light to his eyes,
The flush to his cold cheek, can bring?
"Is it well with the child?" All unconscious he lies,
A chilled, withered snow-drop of Spring!

The mother is bending the holy book o'er,
She is *learning* its lessons of joy;
Her child's merry laughter she heareth no more,
Yet she feels it is *well* with her boy;
For she knows that her Saviour of infants hath said,
"Suffer children to come unto me,"
And her child, if but owned by the Saviour, though dead,
Over Death the glad victor shall be.

In a beautiful home, where shall be no more pain,
Where shall fall no dark shadow of Death,
She is looking to find her lost treasure again,
If she heeds what the holy word saith.
Thus sorrow shall fit her for pleasures divine,
In a home of repose and of joy,
And now she can answer, "The sweet hope is mine,
That 't is well with me,—well with my boy!"

ENNA.

SYMPATHY IN OUR SOCIAL RELATIONS.

ORIGINAL.

WHO can estimate the evils resulting from a want of sympathy in our social and domestic relations to each other?

While we must concede that there are secret windings and recesses of the human heart, seen only by the eye of Omniscience, we still assert that much mischief might be avoided by obedience to the precepts of the Gospel.

What countless tales of sorrow would have found no place in the catalogue of human woe, had we all obeyed the injunction, "Be ye not unequally yoked together." One example is given as an illustration.

"What shall we do with our George?" gently inquired Mrs. B. of her husband, as he was sitting by the window, on a pleasant Sabbath morning, reading a secular newspaper.

"I do not see but the boy is well enough," replied Mr. B., without looking up from the paper.

"O dear!" sighed the wife, "how much I have prayed for and with that child! How many hours I have talked with him; and all avails nothing!"

"What *is* the use of fretting, wife?" said Mr. B., laying down the paper; "he will come right of his own accord, if you will let him alone. I wish you would let him enjoy himself, and not make his life so gloomy with your puritanism. What has George done now?"

"My dear," replied the mother, with a throbbing heart and trembling voice, "I have been urging him to lay aside that fashionable magazine this morning, and take a book proper for this holy day; but his reply is, 'Well, mother, when you can make father read anything but the newspaper on Sundays, I'll agree to read sober books, but not till then!'"

We spare our readers the sequel.

Dr. Payson implied much when he remarked that he never saw a truly Christian woman united to an impenitent man, without being reminded of a dove with one broken wing.

There must be sanctified affections, unanimity of faith and practice, and heartfelt sympathy, or life at home will have no "sunny side."

MY MOTHER'S MORNING PRAYER.

BY MRS. CHRISTIANA B. COWELL.

I HEAR it still, that low, fervent tone of supplication, stealing, like the sweet cadence of some far-off music, on the half-waking slumbers of early morning! At first I seemed dreaming of something soft and soothing entrancing my senses, until, opening my eyes to the first dawning of day, I knew it was my mother's hour of prayer. She had, as she was wont, left her rest, which her weary cares demanded; and, while her babe yet slept,—while the older ones were still, and before the pressing duties of the day commenced,—was away, in the gray twilight of the morning, to commune with God. Her place of retreat was in a chamber directly above the one occupied by myself and sister. I could have been, at that time, but six or seven years of age. More than a score of years have since borne their records on high; yet those impressions, then engraven on my young heart, are with me still. They have been woven like a bright thread through my whole subsequent life. How very little did that pious mother know,—all alone and unheard, as she thought herself,—of the thrills she was sending over the spirit of her child, never to cease their vibrations! I never thought to utter them; indeed, I knew no language sufficient. I had never before so felt the great moral distance between myself and her. Although she had sometimes gathered us around her, just before we retired at evening, and described to us heaven, as the abode of all which is pure and lovely,—of our heavenly Father, who loves to meet and commune with those who seek His favor,—yet it was not until that still, impressive hour, when there was not an object or a sound to prevent my spirit from yielding to the hallowed influence thus distilled upon it, that I truly felt how close the alliance was which my mother held with Heaven. An irresistible yearning then took possession of me to have an inheritance in the skies, to which I knew she would go. But who would read the voiceless, hidden breathings of such a child, or understood the searching glance with which I scanned the calm dignity of her countenance, when I met her in the morning? Yet all these left their impress on the waxen tablet of my heart.

When there were marks of grief,— when a tear was on her cheek,— I durst not ask why; I did not then understand these tears. But now, when little immortals are here who call me "mother," whose trusting eyes are often fixed on mine with a gaze which seems to reflect my own soul,— when, too, I mark the upshootings of evil in their hearts, and think of the strength of its affinity with the thousand allurements to vice which are abroad in life's pathway, ever ready to steal away the heart's best treasures,— now it is I understand a mother's tears; and, when my spirit seems oppressed with life's ills and arduous duties,— when the countless freaks and follies of childhood are ever drawing on the small store of patience and wisdom,— then it is I understand why a mother should take the first calm moments of the morning to go up to the fountain of every grace, and gather fresh supplies to strengthen her for coming duties and conflicts.

Yet another thought hangs now upon my pen. It is, that these our little ones, now daily in our presence, will soon be away in the world, beyond the influence of the true and loving hearts of home. But, if our image be ever with them, they may cease not to be the moral daguerreotype of her

> Who sung their evening lullabies,
> And taught their morning thoughts to rise.

MY MOTHER'S VOICE.

> My mother's voice! How often creeps
> Its cadence on my lonely hours!
> Like healing on the wings of sleep,
> Or dew on the unconscious flowers.
> I might forget her melting prayer,
> While pleasure's pulses madly fly;
> But in the still, unbroken air
> Her gentle tones come stealing by;
> And years of sin and manhood flee,
> And leave me at my mother's knee.
>
> N. P. WILLIS.

HENRY INMAN.

THIS celebrated painter was born in the State of New York. Some time during his boyhood his parents removed to New York City, and there he immediately commenced the study of drawing. After having served an apprenticeship of seven years, he established himself in the great metropolis, and soon attained eminence in his profession.

Among the most notable of his productions are The Boyhood of Washington, Mumble the Peg, An October Afternoon, The Lake of the Dismal Swamp, A Woodland Scene, and The Sleep of Death.

The characteristics of Inman's paintings are full coloring and complete naturalness, together with the highest order of finish ; the first adding much to the effect of the painting, and the two latter constituting the chief merit and charm of all productions in this department of human effort.

HEALTH.

PART SECOND.

EDITORIAL.

In resuming the subject of Health, we take it for granted that every one now admits its desirableness. A few years ago, there was a class of *literateurs* whose sickly sentimentality led them to associate all female loveliness with fragility and weakness. Every novel heroine was slender and delicate, almost ethereal, subsisting without food or sleep; yet, with a strange inconsistency, they were all required to perform feats of endurance and activity which would have taxed the strongest nerves, and the most powerful genius. Every school-girl wished to be slight and pale; and many were willing to swallow the most deleterious substances, such as chalk and vinegar, in order to produce this desirable result. Thanks, however, to some strong thinkers, writers and teachers, opinion is evidently undergoing a change on this subject. Still, the art of preserving health and strength does not seem to have attained that general attention, and practical cultivation, which its importance demands.

No doubt, some of the highest instances of virtue and talent have been associated with much physical imperfection and weakness. Cowper, Dr. Johnson, Robert Hall, Hannah More, Elizabeth Barrett, and many others, may be cited as having brought their mental and moral powers to a high state of perfection and activity, in the midst of bodily pain and suffering. It has been our fortune to know a number of persons, in the common walks of life, on whose poor, misshapen frames, early disease, or accident, had wrought a cruel and lasting work; a work so dire as almost to isolate its victim from the ordinary hopes and sympathies of humanity; yet, whose soul had risen superior to the ills of its imperfect tenement, and shown itself equal, not only to the strict performance of every duty, but to the enjoyment of pure and elevated happiness. But, though by help from God, in whom they trusted, and from a peculiar innate force of soul, they were enabled to do this, they regarded health as one of the greatest and most desirable of blessings, and well might.

Well may all do so. It is noble patiently to endure. It is admirable to conceal our sufferings, from love and tenderness to others. But for one who rises so superior to the ills which flesh is heir to, in this respect, as to live in an atmosphere of peace and serenity, and to diffuse happiness around them, thousands sink into sadness, and fill the air with complaining, casting a shadow over everything which is pleasant and lovely in life, and taxing the kindness and forbearance of friends to a painful degree.

A sound mind in a sound body. This has been said, by the wise, to be the perfection of our nature; and yet, how often are both sacrificed through carelessness, or self-indulgence! Not always so. Physical disease and weakness are frequently inherited; they are often induced by sorrow; they are accidentally caught from atmospheric influences; they are brought on unthinkingly, by excess of labor, or of thought; the seeds are sown in childhood, through ignorance of parents. Foreigners, especially the English, are astonished at the disproportion between the mental and physical exertion which we require from our children; and especially at our modes of feeding them. They say that the diet of an English nobleman's child is much more simple than the fare of children in this country, even in the families of farmers, where the natural products of the earth are abundant and of the best quality. With the former, though the most elaborate cookery is carried on in their extensive kitchens, the meals of the children consist, mostly, of bread, milk, fruits, and at dinner a little tender meat, without gravy; while with us it is common to indulge them *ad libitum* with strong tea and coffee, with sweet, rich cake, with pies whose crust is heavy with lard, with quantities of meat swimming in oily gravy, with toast saturated with butter, &c. &c. Out-of-door work generally counteracts, in some measure, the effects of this evil in the sons; but the daughters are frequently cheated of their share of healthful activity, from a mistaken desire to bring them up as "ladies;" meaning, thereby, that they shall preserve a delicate complexion, be exempt from active labor, and spend much of their time in "worsted-work."

Our limits will not permit us to go into details of all, or even of many, of the best modes of obtaining and preserving health; but, considering the influence it has upon the happiness and the usefulness of life, we cannot help considering the subject as one of the greatest importance. We rejoice at the appearance of every good,

practical book upon this subject. We honor every mother who makes it a prime object in the rearing of her children. We respect every teacher who conscientiously makes it a study, and who is willing to sacrifice a portion of the immediate popularity which seems, generally, to follow a high pressure upon the intellect, in order to secure this more certain and lasting advantage.

In a former number we alluded to a single family where this subject was well understood; and to a single mode (among many) in which it was carried out. "But what is the use?" cries some one, who thinks herself unfortunate in being confined to domestic occupation. "Where is the use of describing to us excursions which we can never take,—pleasures which we can never enjoy? Our lot is labor; our routine confinement."

Thanks to the leisure and the freedom enjoyed by almost all classes of women in our country, every situation has its advantages, which, if duly improved, would tend greatly to increase their health and strength, and, consequently, their enjoyment of life, and their power of doing good. Walking is, perhaps, a better and more healthful exercise than driving. Sweeping and dusting, rubbing furniture and making beds, may be better than either. A run upon a necessary errand,—anything to stir the blood, inflate the lungs, and shake off the influences which are apt to settle around the head of one who never stirs from the same place,—have their effect upon the health and spirits.

In the family to which I have before alluded, there was one who seldom joined in those far-off excursions which were so productive of health and pleasure to the others. She was an intellectual and accomplished young lady. She understood several languages, was a skilled musician, was well versed in English literature, and was a nice critic, and a brilliant wit. Was she not, then, pale and drooping? Were not household cares distasteful to her? Did she not feel above the ordinary occupations of ordinary women? Did not study and self-culture render her habits unsocial, and her manners repulsive? If it had been so, we should never have brought forward, as an example for others to follow, the one who conducted her education, and who trained and formed her. No; in the hours devoted to domestic or social enjoyment, and they were many, no cheek was rosier, no step lighter, no laugh gayer than hers. Her cheerfulness was unfailing; so was her activity. She was the *housekeeper* in

this large family. The neatness, the order, the regularity, were all owing to her. The delicate and healthful cookery, the tasteful arrangements, were all subject to her skill and direction, and very often performed and regulated by her own hand. And did not this attention to domestic duties somewhat lower her in the estimation of society? Not at all. If it had lowered her in her own estimation, it might have done so in that of others; for, unless there is some remarkable discrepancy between our claims and our merits, people are apt to take us at our own valuation. But she believed herself to be acting in the best and highest sphere of woman, when, led by duty and affection, she contributed to the comfort of beloved inmates, and the pleasure of surrounding friends. She was the idol of a large circle, of the highest cultivation and refinement. Her friendship was a passport to the respect and esteem of others.

We have, at different times and in different places, known three old ladies, who had all brought up large families of children, and who were all remarkable for the preservation of health, beauty and cheerful spirits. We took the liberty to ask each of these fine old ladies, in a way not to offend her delicacy, and with direct reference to our own preparation for old age, how she had managed to preserve these desirable possessions, generally lost so early, to so late a period of life. The answer of all was to the same purport,— *exercise.* One said simply, after reflecting a moment, "I have never been a *sitter.*" Another said, "My life has been an active one." The third remarked, "It has been necessary for me, all through life, *to do* much for others."

If they had gone into particulars, they could, no doubt, have told of many other things which had acted favorably upon their constitutions; such as moderation in all things; contentment with their lot in life; great resolution; cheerful resignation to inevitable evils; thankful enjoyment of blessings; a quiet conscience, from duty well performed, &c. &c. But, in every instance, they possessed that unconsciousness which, in the moral as well as the physical system, is a sign of true health; and, when called upon to think and speak of themselves, they saw nothing remarkable in having developed within themselves strength, power and goodness. They knew, however, the simple fact that their strength, in every way, had grown by exercise; and the "open secret" which philosophers

would have written books to explain, resolved itself, in their minds, into one word,— *activity*.

We once resided, for several years, in the neighborhood of a very excellent lady, whose husband, imagining her possessed of extreme delicacy of constitution, housed, nursed and petted her, under the idea that the least exertion or exposure would be injurious to her; yet it so happened that twice in the year she, for a short time, miraculously recovered her health. These periods uniformly occurred at the time of the spring and the fall house-cleaning. The husband always took this opportunity to visit a distant city on business; and the wife, removed from his *surveillance*, left her twilight chamber and her soft easy-chair, to rummage closets, arrange presses, make pickles and preserves, and direct the cleaning. While this lasted, dyspepsia and nervous tremors left her, and she ate and lived like other people; but, on his return, she was again persuaded that her precious health required nursing, and another six months of delicate treatment was entered upon. This alternate state of things lasted till the husband's death; which, happening just at the time of an unfortunate commercial crisis, left her in reduced circumstances, with four children to support and educate. Then, firmly and cheerfully, did she put forth her strength, and well has she been rewarded.

Great is the power of sympathy and the influence of example. No one can calculate the amount of good performed by one noble-minded, strong-hearted woman. She does not act merely in her own peculiar sphere, raising the depressed, assisting the weak, comforting the sorrowful, enlightening the ignorant, guiding the ardent and enthusiastic, and making her own home the centre of rational enjoyment and useful activity, but others catch her spirit, and follow in her footsteps. What one can do, others can do, and *will* do. And we must remember that the influence of example is active for evil, as well as for good.

A striking illustration of the principles we have been endeavoring to establish came to our knowledge, some years ago, in a town far removed from the place where *The Furnace* was situated; and, as experience and observation are generally better teachers than mere fancy, or abstract opinion, we will give a slight sketch of the circumstances.

The village to which we refer had had a rapid growth; and, from

unusual success in a certain branch of business, a number of families had suddenly risen from moderate circumstances to the possession of great wealth. Luxury and display followed, as was to be expected. But, as it was an interior town, and as the men were still engaged in active business, those modes of amusement and improvement generally attendant upon wealth, such as foreign travel, and a change of residence to the large cities, were denied to the female part of the community. There was, moreover, very little literary taste or cultivation among them; and the clergyman, whose services they attended, was an hereditary hypochondriac.

The sudden influx of wealth had, at first, been productive of high gratification and enjoyment in a certain way; in furnishing, dressing, and feasting; but mere externals soon lose their power to give pleasure where the mind stagnates, where the affections are unemployed, and the taste is uncultivated. It was, in this instance, rather an unfortunate peculiarity that good servants abounded, which made housekeeping easy, and the actual labor of the mistress superfluous. In a range of enjoyments so limited, satiety soon followed. Then came dyspepsia, debility, hypochondria. One, and then another and another, felt the approach of some inexplicable disease; till, at the time of which we speak, no less than seven ladies, out of the fifteen or twenty who had been so signally prospered in their worldly affairs, found themselves in a deplorable, and, as they and their friends believed, in a hopeless state of ill health. They were women in the prime of life, and, generally, robust in appearance; but they had become sad, irritable, helpless and complaining. Their days were without enjoyment, and their nights were troubled. If they met, it was for mutual condolence. It was a peculiar circumstance that most of these ladies had no children, but very indulgent and devoted husbands. I think I hear the poor, over-tasked wife and mother exclaim, "With wealth, leisure, and freedom from care, how could they fail to be happy?"

And how was it that they thus failed of health of body and of mind? The subject was, at that time, a puzzle to ourself; though the question would sometimes arise, whether, if they had better understood the philosophy of life, these evils might not have been avoided. There was a suspicion in our mind that it might be indolence, self-indulgence, an imperfect sense of duty, the want of an aim, a stimulus, which thus counteracted the kind intentions of

Providence, and caused dirges of melancholy complaint to resound in their houses, instead of songs of joy and thankfulness, which changed to bitterness the fountain that should have been a well-spring of enjoyment to home, and sent forth rills of gladness in every direction. We could not help fancying that if these women had preserved the active habits of their early lives,— if they had engaged in works of benevolence, or even if they had cultivated that love of nature, or that laudable curiosity which would have led them forth in search of beautiful scenery, or to examine the rare productions of the earth,— they might have been able to welcome the most desirable of all the inmates of a family, Cheerfulness, that "nymph of healthiest hue," — a visitor which husbands are always glad to see. These, however, were our own private fancies. It was the general opinion of the community that this prevalence of disease was caused by a malaria arising from certain marshes which lay to the eastward of the town; and this idea was strengthened by the fact that an east wind always increased the complaints of the invalids. We left this place for that residence among the hills formerly described, where life, and its objects and enjoyments, were as different as could well be conceived.

Some years afterward we happened to meet with a lady, a Mrs. Keenigh, who resided in the very place where this unhappy epidemic prevailed; a town which, though not a hundred miles removed from the Susquehannah river, shall be nameless. In reply to inquiries about Mrs. B, and Mrs. C, and Mrs. D, who had formerly suffered so much from a peculiar phase of disease, this lady informed me that six out of the seven who had been so miserably affected, had entirely recovered their health, and had become active, useful, cheerful women. "Indeed! Had the marshes been drained? Had homœopathy and hydropathy been introduced?" Yes; the marshes were in a high state of cultivation, and the purity of the water had led to the founding of a large hydropathic establishment in the neighborhood. The dispensers of little pills had, also, sadly interfered with the practice of the givers of large doses of medicine; but to none of these things could Mrs. Keenigh conscientiously attribute these remarkable cures, as they all took place before the introduction of the new modes of draining land, or of practising medicine. But Mrs. Keenigh talked well; and, as most people like to do what they do well, we were put in possession of quite a

minute history of the social progress of her village for several years past.

It seems that, shortly after our visit, the Reverend Mr. Siolday removed, with his family, to another parish, and was succeeded by a rather remarkable couple, Mr. and Mrs. Goodhope. They were well-educated people, and had evidently seen and reflected much. Mr. Goodhope had originally studied and practised medicine, but a strong inclination for the ministry had led him to change his profession. He received a large salary, for men in thriving business give freely. But the pair had formed their plan of life; and, instead of vying with their neighbors in style of dress, or in luxurious entertainments, they preferred to live simply and unostentatiously. They were people who had studied and estimated the true value and importance of the various elements which constitute human happiness, and who were determined to make the most of life and its opportunities, not only in preparing for a better world, but for enjoying and doing good in this. They were frank and friendly; and, though quick to read character, and to see the influence of circumstances, they were charitable and forbearing. They practised a liberal and cheerful hospitality, and their home became the centre of attraction both to poor and rich.

A change gradually came over the village. Benevolent societies were formed; orphans were adopted and cared for; the poor assisted and encouraged; the church enlarged; in short, sincere piety and active philanthropy began to produce in this society the happiest results. Nor were these interests the only ones which received an impulse. Libraries were collected; a taste for reading and rational conversation decidedly showed itself. Mrs. Goodhope was a skilful gardener; and, as she was willing to give seeds, plants, and instruction, the cultivation of fruits and flowers, by the fairest hands in the village, flourished wonderfully. A horticultural society was founded, to whose monthly exhibitions Mrs. Goodhope always sent her finest specimens.

Nor was this the greatest wonder achieved. Mrs. D, on one of her "bad days," managed to crawl from her bed to the window, where she was electrified by the sight of Mrs. B, cantering down the street on Parson Goodhope's pony, and with the good minister at her side! Was it possible? She could scarcely believe her eyes! But so it was. She had actually been prevailed upon to

mount, and ride the length of the street. The experiment worked like a charm. Mr. B was heard to say, the next morning, that for months he had not passed so cheerful an evening in his own house. A horse was immediately purchased for Mrs. B's especial use; — the best purchase, Mr. B declared, that he had ever made in his life.

The next week Mrs. D herself was persuaded, by Mrs. Goodhope, to join a small party to visit a natural curiosity, half-way up the side of a mountain; when, a horse becoming suddenly lame, she was forced to walk a considerable distance, and finally to pass the night in a rude hut, where the wind came in through the open crevices. She was certain that the consequences of this fatigue and exposure would be death; she resolutely made up her mind to die; but Mrs. Goodhope took care that she should not suffer, and Mr. Goodhope carried off the whole thing as a pleasant adventure; and the next day, much to her own surprise, Mrs. D found herself wonderfully better. She did not catch a cold, but she caught an enthusiasm for mountain scenery, and a firm belief in the benefits of mountain air; nor did she rest until she had induced Mrs. C, and Mrs. E, to join her on many a long excursion. It was folly to sit still when such pleasant things were going on all around. The invalids, one by one, shook off the influence of the supposed malaria, and obeyed the new impulse.

Those who can be induced to self-exertion, can be induced to direct those exertions well; and the picture Mrs. Keenigh drew of the present state of her Pennsylvanian village, — the beauty of its gardens, the enlightened and active benevolence of its women, and the thriving state of its poor, — was delightful to contemplate.

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

BY C. F. GERRY.

So let us live, that, when life's sun
Shall sink to rest in gathering gloom,
The Christian's hope may be a star
To gild our pathway to the tomb.

IMPORTANCE OF YOUTHFUL PIETY.

BY. REV. H. M. BRIDGE.

"MOTHER, mother!" cried a beautiful girl, as she lay dying, "will you promise to go with me?"

"Where, my child, do you desire me to accompany you?"

"O, where we shall live and sing forever and ever!"

Such was the language of one whom I had often seen mingling in the delightful scenes of the Sabbath-school, but who was snatched away, in the morning of her life, like a flower cut down in its bloom.

But, on my right hand and on my left, I behold scores of other young persons, from whose lips fall sounds of mirthfulness, and on whose countenances sprightliness and hope sit enthroned. Their intellects are just dawning,—their education is just commencing,—while the future, though all unknown, and, so far as man is concerned, uncertain, looms up with bright and cheering radiance. They know nothing of sadness and sorrow. They have, indeed, learned that this is a dying world, and that they also must die; but they put far off the evil day, and feel almost certain that the "morrow will be as this day, and much more abundant." To such, permit one who desires ever to be doing good, to whisper two solemn truths.

1. You have entered upon a career of immortality. You have begun to exist, but you are never to go out of existence. When as many years shall have flown as there are particles of dust in the globe, leaves upon the forest-trees, or stars in the expanse of heaven, you will be no nearer an end of your conscious being than you are to-day.

If we knew nothing more of human destiny than this, the thought would be solemn. But,

2. The Bible teaches that, after death, you will be forever happy, or forever miserable, accordingly as you will have been good or bad in this world; that your lives in this world bear the same relation to your well-being in eternity, which seed-time bears to the harvest, or youthful days to manhood.

"Say ye unto the righteous, that it shall be well with him, for he shall eat the fruit of his doings. Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him."

Permit me to illustrate. I once knew a man, of sober, industrious habits. He lived in a neat white cottage, on the summit of a gentle hill, in one of the north towns of New England. He was a man of order. He had a place for everything, and everything was kept in its proper place. He also endeavored to have everything done in its proper season, and done well. In the morning he was up betimes. His lands were early ploughed, and thoroughly seeded. The tender plants were watched, and carefully pruned, and protected from weeds and noxious shrubs. He studied the art of agriculture, and applied the principles which that art unfolds most diligently to practice. What was the result? He always prospered. While a certain neighbor of his pursued — as, alas! too many pursue — a course diametrically opposite to his course, and was consequently often obliged to "*beg* in harvest, and *have nothing*," he had the pleasure of seeing his fields wave with luxuriant harvests, and his granaries and cellar yearly filled with rich stores. Moreover, while the aforesaid neighbor, in consequence of his ill-conduct, was neglected and despised, *he* possessed the peace of an approving conscience, the respect and confidence of his fellow-men, and the abundant smiles of God.

Here, you see, in the end, was a contrast of circumstances. The lot of the first is to be coveted, while the lot of the second is to be dreaded. The one received the fruit of his doings, and the other the reward of his hands. This is the way God deals with us here. Such as obey are blessed, while the disobedient and the froward are cursed.

The same correlative state of things, at least the force of *consequences*, will extend beyond the grave. Just as the course of dissipation in youth often lays the foundation of disorders which break forth like so many smouldering fires in distant times, and in other regions of the world, so a life of indifference to religion, frivolity, scepticism, pleasure-taking, sensuality, any form of sin, produces a moral disorder which stretches across the grave, and comes down upon the disembodied soul in terrible retribution.

Behold a woman of vice, as she lays upon the bed of death. A sunny youth and a glorious womanhood have been squandered in

riotous living. Often reproved by conscience and friends, she has hardened her neck, thinking that, because sentence was not executed speedily, therefore it would never be administered. But, alas! the latent fires of physical and moral disease, engendered in youth and fed in riper years, have broken forth in wild and desolating fury. She writhes in agonizing pains! Her heart is pained as she reflects on the past, and her whole soul shrieks with dread at the forebodings of the future! Her flesh and her body are consuming,— the scene is thickening around her brain,— she gasps in death! The last we see of her, fierce thunderbolts are aimed at her head, and who can affirm that they will not fall to crush her in the other world? Surely none who believe the Bible.

I am aware that I must close this sketch; but, O my young friends, my heart warms in your behalf! Suffer the word of exhortation. Weigh well the *vanities* of the world. Ponder often and deeply upon the retributions of eternity. The Bible is your CHART. In it is mapped out the PATH OF LIFE. Enter that path,— walk in it,— persevere in it,— PRESS ON, and from afar you will soon behold the glittering temple of Jehovah! Yonder is your home. It is a *pure* world, and it is *yours*, if you now fly to Christ. Then you too may "live and sing forever and ever."

PRAYER.

—— More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Therefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me day and night.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those who call them friends.
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

TENNYSON.

"TO BE SAVED FIRST IN CASE OF FIRE."

BY MRS. D. M. F. WALKER.

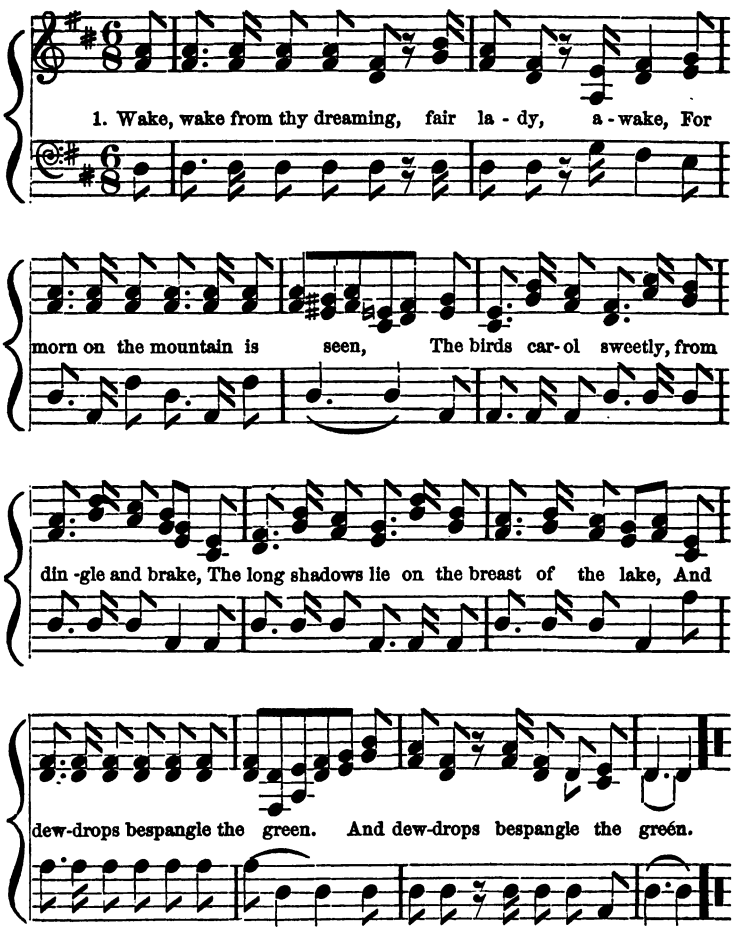
SUCH was the inscription on a strong, well-built cabinet, which stood near the main entrance-hall to a nobleman's mansion. After his death the chest was opened, and found to contain all the toys, clothing, &c., of an only child, who had long been dead. Such was the father's love, that he had preserved and cherished every memento of the departed one, as the choicest of his treasures.

If, then, these perishable relics were so dear to him, how sacred to us, who are parents, ought the living originals to be! We should inscribe on them a choicer motto than to be "saved first in case of fire;"—"Saved first for time and eternity!" Saved before wealth, honor, or ease; saved from the thousand vicious influences which surround them; saved from the pitfalls of sin and Satan; saved from the false sentiment, the scepticism, the infidelity of the age; saved from the fawning sycophancy which is paid to birth and wealth, at the expense of true worth; saved from the moral cowardice which is too often manifested in high places, filled by men who dare not advocate a just and righteous cause, unless it is popular. Our sons and daughters must be saved from all these things, and many others, if we would have them become blessings to the world. Until a generation come on to the stage of action who dare to obey God rather than man, we can only expect the same corrupt public sentiment we at present have.

This change is to be brought about, in a great measure, by the influence of parents. They must not only give the precepts, but set the examples; must take a decided stand for right and truth; must have the moral courage to sacrifice wealth, and even character, if need be, on the altar of justice and humanity.

A radical reform in the morals of the community can no more be effected without martyrs to the cause, than could the Reformation in the days of Luther. Will not that class of mothers, with whom I deeply sympathize, who are overburdened with domestic cares, make an effort to think, at least, beyond the confines of the kitchen and nursery? As they are the persons who do much of the work in the physical world, so must they do very much of it in the moral world.

THE SECRET OF FEMALE BEAUTY.

WORDS BY REV. E. P. DYER. MUSIC BY JAMES C. JOHNSON.

1. Wake, wake from thy dreaming, fair la - dy, a - wake, For
morn on the mountain is seen, The birds car - ol sweetly, from
din - gle and brake, The long shadows lie on the breast of the lake, And
dew-drops bespangle the green. And dew-drops bespangle the green.

Up, Lady, and catch, from the hue of the morn,
Its beauty to bloom on thy cheek;
Go forth to the woodlands, where incense is born;
Where the robin his matin repeats from the thorn,
And dread not thy slumbers to break.

The morn thus to thee shall its beauty impart,
Fresh health in thy bosom will glow,
A thrill of pure pleasure will spring in thy heart,
All unknown to the dreamer, unrivalled by art,
Which morning alone can bestow.

Then wake, gentle Lady, no longer repose,
For thy life is full short at the best;
Would'st thou bloom like the lily or blush like the rose?
Be abroad when the golden sun earliest shows
His eye at the gates of the east.

LITERARY NOTICES.

COUNT STRUENZÉE. Published by Jewett & Co., Boston.

Count Struenzée was born at Halle, in Germany, in 1737, was educated at the University in that place, chose the practice of medicine as a profession, and in 1768 he received the appointment of physician to the King of Denmark. Having gained the unlimited confidence of both the king and queen, he was subsequently appointed prime minister, and eventually obtained unlimited sway. He used his power to remove corruptions, with so much boldness and severity, that he offended both the nobility and the common people, and his enemies laid a plot for his ruin. He was charged with high treason, tried, condemned, and executed, April 28, 1772.

During his confinement in prison he was visited by a Danish pastor, named Munter, who made notes day by day of his conversations with him, and these conversations compose this volume. Struenzée was a sceptic; but, through the influence of this good man, became a penitent and a Christian.

THE YOUNG LADY'S GUIDE. By Harvey Newcomb. Published by M. W. Dodd, N. Y City.

Generally speaking, all persons who are good have become so, and continue to be so, by laying under contribution every kindred influence brought within their reach. They not only make good things contribute to this end, but also evil; for vice with many persons,

"To be hated, needs but to be seen."

Perhaps, next to good parents, good books assist most in the formation of a right character. We are much pleased with this book, and all *parents* should read it, and then present it to their daughters, as soon as they are old enough to read and understand it.

LAST LEAF FROM THE SUNNY SIDE. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co.

This "Last Leaf," or rather these Last Leaves, from the author of the "Sunny Side," were written by the late Mrs. Elizabeth S. Phelps, of Andover, Ms. The volume contains four Essays; which, with a sketch of the life of Mrs. P., written by her husband, make three hundred and forty-two very interesting pages, especially the Memorial of her life.

THE SHADY SIDE. Published by Jewett & Co., Boston.

A counterpart of Sunny Side, portraying the peculiar trials of a minister in a country parsonage. We take pleasure in announcing this book, for the time has fully come when the conduct of certain little persons, found in all places where a minister can be found, should be held up to the reprobation of the public.

FATHER BRIGHTHOPES. Published by Phillips & Sampson, Boston.

A very attractive book for the young, conveying, in a pleasant conversational style, instruction in relation to many important moral duties.

THE TOMB OF DR. MORRISON.

Dr. Robert Morrison was the first Protestant missionary to China. He became pious at an early age, and abounded in works of charity and piety even in his youth.

By his indefatigable industry, perseverance and patience, he mastered the amazing difficulties of the Chinese language, and eventually presented to the Missionary Society the entire Bible translated into that language. His labors were performed amid great discouragements and annoyances, which would have disheartened ordinary men.

He was in the habit of shutting himself up in his room in pursuing the acquisition of the language. Nor did his task cease at night. His coarse earthenware lamp supplied him with light, while a large book, set upright, leaned against it, and kept the flame from being blown out by the wind. He did not care for ease, but lived for a great end. He performed a mighty work, and the millions of China will one day revere his name.

Dr. Morrison made Macao his home ; and it is at Macao, outside the city walls, in the English burial-ground, that he lies buried, under the shadow of flowering trees The above is a picture of his tomb.

DUTIES OF THE FILIAL RELATION.

BY REV. HEMAN HUMPHREY, D.D.

THESE include all the duties which sons and daughters owe to their parents, as long as they and their parents live. *Duty* is some obligation, natural, moral or legal, which one person owes to another. The filial relation always embraces the two first of these, and the last also, wherever children are required by law to maintain their parents, when, by reason of poverty, sickness or old age, they are unable to support themselves. The duties of children are coëval with their ability to feel obligation; and the

First of these is the duty of obedience. It is enjoined in the Scriptures by the highest authority in the universe. *Children, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Children, obey your parents in all things; for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.* It is impossible to fix the exact age when this becomes binding upon the child, because the sense of duty or obligation is earlier developed in some children than in others. Children may be restrained, and, in a good degree, be accustomed to yield to the will of their parents, before they can understand the reason of it; and they ought to be. They have a *will* before we have any certain evidence that they have a *conscience*, or can see any reason why they should yield; and some parents lay up for themselves a great deal of trouble, by letting their children have their own way till they are two or three years old, before they begin, as the household phrase is, to make them *mind*. In my judgment, they can be brought under much earlier than is generally supposed. I know it would shock some mothers prodigiously, if I were to say that the will of any child can and ought to be *broken* before it is a year and a half old; and I will not use so harsh a word. Nevertheless, I am satisfied that, without using any harshness, a judicious parent can accomplish more than half the task of subjecting the child to his or her authority, by a word, or even a look, while yet it is scarcely out of the cradle. But it cannot, in strictness of meaning, be said that it is the duty of a child to obey its parents before it is old enough to know what duty is, or, in other words, to discern and feel the force of obligation.

The object of this essay is to point out and enforce the duties of children, by appealing to their affections, their understandings and their consciences; and, of course, it would be of no use for the writer to go back of their consciousness of obligation.

Beginning at this point, then, I say it is the duty of children implicitly to obey their parents in all things which do not interfere with their higher duties to God. In their earlier years, they cannot expect fully to understand all the reasons why they are required to do this, or forbidden to do that. They should remember that their parents, being so much older than they are, and with all the advantages of experience and observation, must know far better than they do what is safest and best for them, and cheerfully yield to their judgment. Children of pious parents, as well as others, naturally want to have their own way. Up to the age of ten or twelve, their feelings are strong, while their judgment is weak, and they are, of course, often very restive under restraints. It is wrong, it is sinful. God has made it the duty of their parents to watch over them, and to require that obedience which the word of God enjoins. From eleven or twelve to fourteen or fifteen, boys especially, and not a few girls, are apt to be wonderfully "wise in their own conceit." They think they have been in leading-strings long enough, and that it is quite time to set up for independence. They know more than their mothers, and not seldom more than father and mother both. They "are wiser than seven men who can render a reason." The time will come when they will see that they were greatly mistaken. But at present they are too self-sufficient to be controlled by anybody. This is the most critical period of their minority. It is hardly possible to make them believe it, but they need the steady, controlling hand of parents more than ever before or after. Thousands, in looking back, have felt that they could never be thankful enough for those restraints, once so hard to yield to, which saved them from ruin; and thousands more have destroyed themselves, soul and body, by breaking over these restraints, and trampling upon the authority with which God has invested all parents, for the good of their children.

Beware, my young friends, how you "lean to your own understandings" at an age when you are not half so wise as you think for. In requiring you to obey your parents in all things, God sees just

what you need. He takes notice of the manner in which you behave towards them, and he will one day call you to account for it.

I must add that the duty of filial obedience continues in force up to the age of majority; that is, till children are old enough to act for themselves, and control their own movements. Our laws fix the age at *twenty-one*, and this, perhaps, is as near right as it could be designed; though, if later than this, a parent should, in some extraordinary case, after vain attempts at persuasion, lay his commands upon his son, it might be his duty to obey. I can conceive of such a case; probably there are many such, since the Scriptures fix no definite limits. At any rate, filial obedience is a duty which continues in force during the whole period of legal minority.

But here questions will arise, touching the extent and absoluteness of parental authority, which ought to be answered. A son may ask whether he is bound to obey his parents when their commands are *unreasonable*. That such cases may and do occur, in the exercise of parental authority, is undeniable. The best of parents are liable to err in judgment here, as well as in the discharge of other duties; and some, through caprice or morbid excitement, are at times very unreasonable in what they command and forbid. But the best good of families requires that authority in a sense absolute should be lodged somewhere, and God himself has invested parents with this authority. It may be abused, as all other human authority may; but it is safer in the hands of parents than it could be in the hands of their children, or than a divided authority could be. The moment you allow the son to be a judge of what is reasonable or unreasonable, and to act accordingly, you virtually release him from all obligation. You allow him to disobey his parent just as often and just as far as he chooses. This would be the ruin of families. In a thousand cases children, by reason of their want of experience and by the strength of passion and appetite, are not competent to decide what is for their best good. The parent must judge as well as he can for them, and the child must cheerfully submit, even when the parent misjudges. There is no other way.

A son may respectfully argue the case with his father when he feels quite sure that he has the best reasons on his side, and by so doing he will sometimes prevail; for parents love so much to gratify their children, that they are ready to yield the point the moment they see that they can do it consistently with the discharge of

their duty. But, in the last resort, the responsibility rests upon the parent. God has invested *him* with the authority. He must exercise it, and the child must obey. Now and then, no doubt, he may err in requiring too much; but, if I do not greatly mistake, parents in this age are much oftener too lax and indulgent than too strict.

"But suppose my father should require me to do something which God forbids; what am I to do then?" You must be very sure, in the first place, that God *does* forbid it. You may not, to serve a turn, try to make His commands clash with those of your earthly parent. But, if your father were to require you to steal, or to swear, or to lie, or to cheat in weights and measures, or to go into the field or the shop and work on the Sabbath as on other days, so far from being under any obligation to obey him, it would be your duty mildly and respectfully to refuse. You should say, "I cannot do this great thing, and sin against God." He never delegated any such authority to parents. His is always "the higher law," and must be obeyed, come what will. It would avail nothing for a son to plead, at the great day, "I reluctantly stole, or robbed, because my father commanded me." He had no right to command you, and you had no right to obey any such command. God will punish you both. So much on the topic of filial obedience.

Secondly. Children are bound, where their help is needed, to assist their parents in supporting the family. While very young, they can do little or nothing, of course. But, as soon as they become able to work, it is their duty to lighten the toils of both father and mother as much as they can; the older children to help take care of the younger, and to do something towards earning their own living. A son may not saunter about in idleness, while his father has more than he can do to feed and clothe the family. A daughter may not sit at her ease in her chamber, or spend her time in visiting and neighborhood gossip, while her mother, in need of help which she cannot afford to hire, is wearing out what little strength she has left in the kitchen. It is not a matter of choice, in such cases, whether to work or not. It is a filial duty, and every son and daughter ought to count it a privilege. When the children of such families are grown, and cannot be profitably employed at home, they ought cheerfully to go abroad and earn what they can, and bring home their wages for the common support. This may be necessary till

they come of age, and every dutiful son and daughter will be glad to earn and afford this needful aid to parents in straitened circumstances.

Children sometimes find it convenient to remain at home for a longer or shorter time after the law makes them free. Where this is the case, and their help is needed to meet family expenses, they have no right to stay and live in ease upon the hard earnings of father and mother. They may go and find employment elsewhere if they choose, but they may not tax their parents to support them in idleness. They are bound to bring in as much, at least, as their remaining adds to the expenses of the household. And while they choose to stay, it is their duty to submit to all the necessary regulations of the family, as before they were of age. They may not stay on their own terms. Parents will be very likely to submit to it, but it is not the less unfilial and wrong on that account.

Thirdly. Reverence is another essential duty involved in the filial relation. This is something more than mere obedience. It is quite conceivable that a child may, from one motive or another, habitually submit to the authority of both parents, and yet have no proper reverence for either. Filial reverence is veneration, mingled with esteem and love; and it is so bounden a duty that God saw fit expressly to enjoin it in the very first section of the second table of the law. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." To honor parents is to revere and respect them; to treat them with deference as well as submission. Some parents, I know, are much more worthy of filial reverence than others, and wherever they cease, from any cause, to deserve respect, children may think they are no longer bound to honor them; but the fifth commandment makes no such exceptions. It is absolute and unconditional. The great Lawgiver does not say, Honor thy father and mother so long as they act the part of parents towards you, or so long as their habits are good and their characters untarnished, but the command is universal. It does not leave the question for you to decide whether the character and standing of your parents are such as to bind you. It requires you to honor them in virtue of the relation they sustain to you. I know it is impossible for a virtuous son to love and confide in a cruel or intemperate father, as he would in one of the opposite character. If he is abused by him, he may complain and entreat. If

he is in danger of serious injury, he may keep out of the way. If his father comes home intoxicated and offers violence to his mother, he may remonstrate with him; and, when worst comes to worst, restrain him by force, if he can. But he may not use any other personal violence; he may not rebuke him in language which he might use toward any other man, nor speak of him as he might if he were not his father. He may mourn over his fall in secret, and do all he can to reclaim him; but he may not forget that "he is bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh."

I have put this extreme case to guard those whom it may concern against the mistake, touching their duty, into which they are liable to fall. That a parent does not treat his children as he ought, does not exonerate them from their filial duties, of which reverence is one.

Fourthly. The filial relation involves a great many duties to parents in after life; I mean after children are of age, leave home, and have families of their own to care for. A son is a son, a daughter is a daughter, as long as the parents live; and in poverty, sickness or old age, parents have claims upon their children for support, sympathy and "bearing their burdens," which can never be cancelled. I once knew a very rich man, the son of poor but respectable parents, who was reported to have said, "I wish I knew how much I owed them for my existence, that I might pay up the debt." Pay up the debt! What son ever did, or ever can? Pay his mother! Why, that, though infinitely less in degree, would be next to paying "Him in whom he lives and moves and has his being!" God never intended that children should be able in any way to cancel the obligation, as long as either parent lives. It is impossible.

Perhaps your parents are poor, and unable, in the decline of life, to support themselves. Many are; and to whom shall they look, if not to their children, for whose sake they cheerfully toiled and submitted to great personal privations in bringing them up? Perhaps you have a large family of your own, and think you have nothing to spare to help your father and mother. If so, you are greatly mistaken, so long as you have *anything*. Many have tried it, and found it easier to support two families than one; that is, they have got along better after providing for their aged parents than they did before. And, if it were not so, it is a burning shame for children to

shift off the burden upon others, or to leave either father or mother to want any good thing. How much more criminal, in the sight of God, to let them *suffer* for want of the necessaries of life! What son or daughter, deserving the name, would not rather work harder, and put him or herself upon short allowance?

Moreover, however independent parents may be in their worldly circumstances, when sick or laboring under infirmities incident to declining years, they need attentions and sympathies which children alone can give, —attentions which could not be so gratefully administered by any other hand. It is not enough to see that they are well taken care of by others, when it is in your power to render them personal attentions. Where children live so near that they can run in every day almost, if only for a few moments, it is one of the filial duties, — especially when parents are far advanced in life, and the world has gone by, and but few acquaintances are left to call and see how they do. In this country, I know, families are so widely dispersed, that children find it difficult, if not impracticable, to visit their parents very often; but it is their duty to make this their first care in visiting friends at a distance, and, if need be, to deny themselves other more pleasant excursions for the sake of it. And, the older and more infirm parents grow, the oftener ought their children to visit them.

You must expect that, as the infirmities of age come on, and "the doors are shut in the streets, and the grasshopper becomes a burden," your parents will exact more from you than they did before they were shut up. They may at times forget that you have other duties, which you must not neglect; they may become so helpless and peevish that money would not hire you to take care of them; but it is your duty cheerfully to render them all the attentions and solaces in your power. It may cost you no little time and nursing and confinement. But what have they not done for you in your helpless infancy, and when you were sick? Think of a father's toils, so cheerfully undergone, when you could do nothing for yourselves; and of a mother's love, which "many waters cannot quench nor the floods drown." It is not uncommon for parents, in their last years of bodily infirmities and mental decay, to need attentions which money can hardly procure, and which, if it could, none can so soothingly render as dutiful sons and daughters.

And now, did space permit, all the duties involved in the filial

relation might be enforced by the most cogent motives and arguments. I can only glance at some of them. The fifth commandment alone comprises more than a volume. Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee. In quoting this, the apostle Paul calls it *the first commandment with promise.* "That is," says Dr. Scott, in his admirable commentary, "being the first commandment of the second table, the first of the relative duties, and the source of all others." It is the only one in the decalogue to which a promise is annexed. This is remarkable. It shows what stress God lays upon the duties enjoined, and what reward he has annexed to the truly filial discharge of these duties.

The promise, indeed, does not insure long life to every one who obeys the command. Some of the most dutiful children die early. But it must mean that, as a general thing, such children will live longer, and enjoy more of the divine smiles in their temporal allotments, than any other class; and I am satisfied, from the observations of a long life and extended inquiries, that God makes his approbation and his frowns more strikingly visible upon obedience and disobedience to the fifth commandment than to any other. Woe to the son or the daughter who says to a father or a mother, "It is Corban, that is to say, a gift, by whatsoever thou mayest be profited by me." "Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old." "The eye that mocketh at his father, and scorneth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." "He that provideth not for his own, especially for those of his own house (undoubtedly, I think, including his parents, if they need help), hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." I never knew or heard of a son's being impoverished by providing for his father and mother in their old age; but, on the other hand, cases might be indefinitely multiplied, where the more children have done for their parents, the more they have prospered. I do not say this as if it ought to be the *chief* motive to obedience and reverence. Certainly it ought not. Every filial duty should be discharged as a filial and religious obligation. Were there no promise annexed to the fifth commandment, it would be equally binding as it is now.

I shall close with two memorable examples, from the Scriptures, of the true filial spirit. The first is that of Solomon, the wisest and

one of the most illustrious kings that ever wore a crown. When Bathsheba came in to present a request from Adonijah, "the king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and sat down on his throne, and caused a seat to be set for the king's mother, and she sat on his right hand."

The other example was that of a king infinitely greater than Solomon. When our Lord Jesus Christ hung in his dying agonies upon the cross, and saw his mother standing by with the disciple whom he loved, both overwhelmed with grief and amazement, "he said to his mother, Woman, behold thy son; and to the disciple, Behold thy mother." He could not die till he had secured a home for his mother; "and from that hour that disciple took her to his own home."

THE SPIRIT'S TRUST.

BY MARY A. COLLIER.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." — Ps. 23: 1.

It may be that a blight hath fallen
Upon thine earthly way;
Perchance thy fair and sunny morn
Hath proved a cloudy day.

It may be that a blasting storm
Among thy joys hath swept;
Or mildew, with its silent step,
Hath darkly o'er them crept.

It may be that remorseless death
Hath laid thy loved ones low,
And all around thy daily paths
The bitter waters flow.

O, wandering mortal! wheresoe'er
Misfortune's blow hath sped,
Yet, as a plant to meet the sun,
Lift up once more thy head.

Only the Lord thy Leader make,
Thy shepherd and thy trust;
Good shall be thine forevermore,
Joy springing from the dust.

THE SPOILED PET.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

A LOVING mother sat her down to knit the hours away,
What time the elm's long shadow from the sunset crept away;
'T was an afternoon in summer-time, the sash let in the air,
For a shower had shed fresh beauty and sweet fragrance everywhere,
When there came a little flaxen head and bent upon her knee,
And "Mother, mother, pray you look, — why don't you look at me?
Say, mother, may I go alone among the grass and play?"
The mother shook her silent head, and seemed to answer, Nay!

But not a word she uttered then, for she was counting stitches,
And quite too much engaged to heed the little maiden's speeches;
So out her darling nimbly ran, and, as it came to pass,
Quite spoiled her little glossy shoes amid the dripping grass.
A half-hour passed quite rapidly, the knitting-work went on,
When this fond mother looked, — and, lo! her darling child was gone.
"Where can she be?" This way and that she runs, with anxious haste,
Till, chin-deep in the mowing field, her babe she finds at last.

Yet not with word of wise rebuke, nor rod of stern reproof,
Does she instruct the child henceforth from wrong to stand aloof;
But, "O, my little ducky dear, how very prone to err!
Poor little darling, dripping wet! how mother pities her!
Dear little chick, how wet and cold! run, Jane, and light a fire,
And mother 'll kiss her darling babe, and then sit down and dry her."
Now wherefore smiles that erring child with mischief in her eye?
Alas! her guilt mistaken love has passed unheeded by.

Beware, fond mothers, how you deal with childhood's tender years;
Love, *too indulgent*, reaps at length a heritage of tears.
The words of wisdom still address all ages and all climes,
"He spares the rod who hates his son; love chastens him *betimes!*"
BETIMES! It trains the tender twig to shape the future tree,
Aware that as the tree should grow, so bent the twig must be.
Such love with that false clemency can ne'er be reconciled,
Which bids a mother spare the rod and spoil her erring child.

A RICH INHERITANCE.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

I SPEAK not now of silver and gold gathered and hoarded for thankless and prodigal heirs. I speak not of merchandise piled in warehouses, of costly city lots, or railroad or bank stocks, or broad domains, with their wealth of flocks and herds; but I speak of an inheritance far richer than any or all of these combined,—a legacy which the poorest of the children of men may leave to the generations which follow them.

Worldly wealth may be bequeathed and transmitted by the testament of the dying father, whom God has been pleased to make the steward of his good things of earth; but who knoweth whether his "legal male heir" shall be a wise man or a fool? Who can tell whether that inheritance, gotten at the beginning, it may be, by an evil covetousness, shall not entail upon the heir to his fortune an interminable curse?

There is a richer inheritance,—a more valuable legacy,—which may be bequeathed, even by the widowed and most destitute of mothers, to bless her children and her children's children, long after her disenthralled spirit has taken up its abode in the mansions of eternal glory.

I remember, to this hour, with emotions of devout gratitude to Almighty God, the impressions made on my young heart by the devout conversation, the tears and the prayers, of my long-lost and now sainted grandmother. I cannot but revere her memory, and bless God for her pious yearnings for my welfare, even from my earliest recollections. For her to live was Christ. She made the Bible her companion, and only turned aside at times to chant the melodies of Watts, or ponder the page of Baxter, Flavel and Orton. She was a woman of deep piety and of fervent prayer.

It is now nearly thirty years since she entered her rest. At that time not one of all her household was a member of the visible church, except herself. She prayed much for her children, and her petitions always embraced her "children's children, to the latest posterity." She yearned to see some of them at least brought into the fold of Christ, but died without the sight. Were those prayers lost? I

cannot believe it. For scarcely were the days of filial mourning for her ended, ere God in mercy appeared, to answer her requests. He touched my heart by the fire and hammer of his word. At first, this proud heart hardened under its influence, and then melted like wax in the fierce flame. I believed in Jesus. I made public profession of my faith. I entered the ministry. If, in the long years which have passed since God called me into his vineyard, I have been instrumental in accomplishing anything, however small, for the honor of Christ, I must attribute all to the grace of God, bestowed on me mainly through the influence and in answer to the prayers of that pious grandmother. I trust other prayers have since been added to hers, which a listening God has been pleased to hear; for I have lived to see, since her departure, the companion of her youth, all her children, and I know not how many of her grandchildren, publicly professing their faith in Christ, and uniting themselves by everlasting covenant to the visible followers of the Lamb.

I do not make this record to unfold to public gaze a page of private history, or because it presents anything of rare occurrence. I think I could record many instances of like character in the history of other families which I have known. My object is to urge all mothers to remember the position they occupy,— its importance, its responsibility,— and on no account to give over praying for their children and their children's children, till their dying day. If any have not yet begun, let them begin at once, with a solemn and joyful trust in God, to pour out their hearts before him in prayer. What richer inheritance can a parent leave behind, especially what dearer legacy can a mother transmit to her children, than that of the memory of the just, which blooms forever?

O, mothers, let the incense of piety and pure prayer ascend from all your hearts daily, that when some future servant of God, from your children's children, is introduced into the vineyard of the Lord, his piety, like that of Timothy, may be recognized, to your eternal honor, as a rich inheritance, which has descended from age to age.

I SLEPT and dreamed that Life was Beauty;
I woke and found that Life was Duty;
Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
And thou shalt find thy dream to be
A noonday light and truth to thee.

THE DOMESTIC FIRESIDE.

BY A. TODD.

THE fireside circle, of all others, should be made the place of mutual attraction. Here should we repose our hearts' best affections, and here should we delight to dwell. There is nothing more pleasant and delightful than a cheerful and happy group of the inmates of one's own household. It is next to the reünion of kindred souls in the future world. How would the joys and happiness of earth be heightened, if each member of the family-circle would strive to make the other happy! This earth would indeed be a "Paradise below," did families live and dwell together in unity and brotherly love. The toils of life would be sweetened, household bands kept together, and the journey of life, instead of being wearisome and painful, would be one of pleasure and happiness. The union of kindred minds in the home-circle, is a sort of foretaste of what will be in that country where the righteous will shine forth as the sun.

Would that there existed *more* happy firesides! Would that each member of every kindred band had that love and friendship for his brother which our Saviour had for his *enemies!* It is not enough to live for *ourselves;* we should be interested for the good of others. This is our duty,— a duty we owe to ourselves, our kindred, and, above all, to God. Though jarring and contention are going on without, nothing but peace and good-will should reign in our midst. The family-circle should be made the home of our affections. Brothers and sisters should here mingle their voices in unison, unbosom their thoughts to each other with cheerfulness, and live in obedience to the wishes of their parents.

If families cannot live on terms of peace and friendship within their own dwellings, surrounded by their own kindred, how can they expect to enjoy each other's society in that country where all will be happiness and peace?

THE CHILD'S FIRST THOUGHT OF HEAVEN

BY C. F. GERRY.

"DEAR mother, why those marks of care,
Those lines of white in thy dark hair?
It was not so last Christmas-day;
Why, tell me why your locks are gray?"

"My son, the harvest draweth nigh
When I must lay me down to die."

"I well remember how you cried,
The day that little Henry died,
But still can see your placid look
When reading from God's holy Book."

"My son, a hope to me was given,
That I should meet him soon in heaven."

"But when *my* body, too, shall die,
And silent in the cold earth lie,
Will not my soul in joy arise
To meet our Henry in the skies?"

"It will, my son, if here on earth
You truly know the second birth."

"I want to meet you, too, dear mother,
With father, May and baby brother;
And Katy Ray, our good old nurse,
Won't she be there to see to us?"

"My son, there 's room for all above
Who ne'er forget that 'God is love.'
Go on, and through life's fleeting day,
O, ne'er, my boy, forget to pray;
And when o'erhangs the gloom of even,
You 'll sleep on earth to wake in heaven."

NEW ZEALAND CHILDREN.

New Zealand comprises two large and several smaller islands in the South Pacific Ocean. The climate is salubrious. The population is estimated at half a million. The inhabitants are a hardy race, not only capable of great physical exertion, but of high moral culture. They are, nevertheless, addicted to the greatest vices which stain the human character, — treachery, cannibalism, infanticide and murder. War is their delight, and their lives are little else than a series of acts of oppression, robbery and bloodshed.

In New Zealand there is no king over the whole, or even over one of the larger islands. The people are governed by a number of chieftains, each supreme in his own tribe or clan, and independent of every other. This leads to frequent and destructive wars, and greatly circumscribes the influence of missionaries.

In the picture above, the centre figure and that in a sitting posture are boys, while that to the right is a girl. Near the children is a calabash for water. In the back ground are boiling springs, at which the natives of the vicinity cook their food.

LOVE OF NATURE.

EDITORIAL.

In this busy working world, women, and especially young women, seem, by common consent, to be entitled to more of the leisure and holiday of life than any other class. They are the lilies for whom others are content to toil and spin. Fathers and mothers seem willing to take labor and forethought upon themselves, to exonerate their daughters from the heavy burthens of life. Brothers set their faces bravely against the world, and struggle for fortune, that their sisters may never know a care. It is true that effort is required of them in their school-days, but it is not generally in kind or degree such as painfully to tax either mind or body; and when school is done with, if the circumstances are moderately easy, the young females of a family are generally left to employ a large portion of their time and their faculties very much as they please.

It seems but reasonable that the class thus exempted from the severe exertions and stern realities of life should at least secure their own happiness, and should, moreover, return something to the community for the privileges and immunities they enjoy. And what better return can they make than to strive to form their own characters in such a manner that the influence they exert shall be pure, healthful and renovating?

The cultivation and exercise of what are usually termed *accomplishments* by young ladies seem natural and befitting to their age and position. They enable them to give pleasure to friends, and, if not suffered to encroach on more valuable and important things, are innocent as well as ornamental. But it is not of these we would now speak. It is of some of the more intimate tastes and feelings, the bents, leanings and habits of the mind, that which goes to make up private and intrinsic character, and the influence of which is unconsciously exerted.

We must say that we always deeply regret to see the charming freshness, the simple tastes and the noble impulses of early youth, become tainted by the meannesses, the frivolities and the littlenesses, which more or less prevail in the society of the world. The habit of perpetual gossip among the female sex, the necessity for the indis-

criminate admiration of the other, the passion for personal adornment, the desire of universal popularity at the sacrifice of all sincerity and independence, go to make up a character not extremely uncommon, but certainly very different from one of the kind we are contemplating.

But it may be said that the colors and leanings of character are given before the mind is capable of directing itself; that, if a girl has a common standard and mean motives constantly placed before her, she cannot be expected to form herself to a high and beautiful ideal. We do believe that there are many minds so finely gifted by nature, or rather by Providence, that they bloom into mental and moral beauty under any circumstances. And we also believe that the most worldly mothers are, in their secret hearts, gratified, when they mark pure and delicate qualities unfold themselves in their offspring. And we cannot help thinking that it is not so much from design, as from carelessness and want of foresight, that characters of a contrary description are formed. Mothers are often engrossed by the cares and competitions of life. They pay for the direct instruction of their daughters in science and accomplishments, and leave their real feelings, tastes and habits, to be formed by chance. They seek for them the society of the rich, the respectable, the fashionable, and fancy they have done their duty.

Now, we think that mothers would be immense gainers themselves, and would better insure the happiness of their daughters, if they would be a little more careful of the influence to which they expose them. Perhaps the time when a judicious guardian is most important to young females is from the age of ten or twelve to that of sixteen or eighteen years. As the physical system then receives a sudden expansion and consolidation, so the fancy brightens and the feelings deepen. New emotions and stronger affections spring up in the heart. Imagination glows and radiates. Everything is beheld under a novel aspect, and new energies are directed by new motives. At this age the desire of sympathy is strong, and society generally appears under the most attractive and fascinating colors. Which, then, is best, to gratify this desire for excitement by introducing the young and impressible, either by reading or by actual contact, into the strife and whirl of worldly pleasures and ambitions, which intoxicate for a while, but which, like all intoxication and excess, are sure to end in weariness and disgust, or so to elevate and strengthen the

mind, by a love for higher and purer pleasures, that it never can become wholly dependent upon worldly enjoyments, or worldly success, for happiness? Is it not an immense injury to young girls to destroy their love for simple pleasures by inducing an early and undue fondness for dress and parties, and visits to watering-places where crowds annually congregate, and where, if not guarded by tastes and habits previously formed, the sweet, generous impulses, natural to the youthful female heart, are exposed to be stifled, and a growth of vain and selfish passions encouraged? Is it not better to lead their young minds and hearts to expand themselves in fields and woods, and among brooks, flowers and birds? Is it not better for the young to secure for them a quiet and independent home, where bad influences can be so easily excluded, and which is the natural soil for purity, gentleness and affection, than to subject them to the surveillance of crowded boarding-houses, where, if one attempts to discriminate in the cultivation of acquaintance, or to redeem a portion of the time from gossip, or to form something like a home in their own small domain, they are sure, however just and kind their feelings and their conduct, to expose themselves to accusations of coldness, exclusiveness, ill-nature and ridiculous suspicions of all kinds, from those who are willing to sacrifice their time and dwarf their faculties to please the idle and the commonplace, and who have learned in the school of the world to forward their own ends by a mawkish simulation, and indiscriminate profession of kindness and interest?

Young girls will read; and, if left to themselves, nineteen in twenty will confine their reading to works of prose fiction. Is it desirable to give our young daughters lessons in studies of the more violent passions,— to exhibit to them such highly-wrought pictures of the delights and splendors of fashionable society, as to make them sigh for wealth, for conquest and display, and to be unhappy in a situation which does not give them the opportunity for the indulgence of these delights? If so, such works as the novels of Mrs. Gore, Lady Blessington, Sir E. L. Bulwer, and numbers of others, daily showered upon us from the press, are best adapted to our wants. But, if we would preserve the feelings fresh, if we would purify and elevate the tastes, if we would train the imagination to delight itself in natural and moral beauty, and make it a well-spring of enjoyment through the whole of life, then take these books away,

lock them in the most secret drawer of your cabinet, and give them instead beautiful poetry,— the poetry of Milton, Cowper, Campbell, Goldsmith, Thomson, Gray, Southey and Wordsworth. Stint them in books. Lead them to read over and over again, to catch their spirit, to imbibe their sentiments, to enrich memory with their lovely images, to warm the heart with their pure and gentle tenderness, to lead them to the love of external nature.

And this brings us to the thought that was first in our mind when we took our pen to communicate our idea to others. We had been looking at golden clouds and trees waving in the singing summer wind, and at the magical effect of long lines of yellow light, cast by the setting sun between their trunks upon a smooth, green meadow, and at what was a thousand times more beautiful still, a sweet young face lighted up with enthusiasm, as it gazed upon the scene of beauty; and we could not help feeling, as we have often felt before, that among the most precious powers of enjoyment which the great and beneficent Father has so abundantly bestowed upon his creatures, to which He has given the most unlimited means of gratification, and which He undoubtedly intended as a help to our upward tendencies, is this love of external nature. How wise and how kind, in a world where there is so much to blunt the finer sensibilities, and in a state of society which tends strongly to develop the harder and coarser qualities of our nature,— such as love of gain, the pride of wealth and station, the spirit of rivalry and competition in things comparatively mean and worthless,— to give us this power, which, if properly encouraged and cultivated, exerts such a sweet, preserving, cherishing influence over the higher and better parts of our being, and which is capable of adding so much to the sum of our truest earthly happiness! One who can find delight in gazing on a distant mountain or a placid lake, who loves to watch the varying hues of earth and sky as the early dawn, or the soft twilight works magical effects of light and shadow, to whom a glorious sunset brings a thrill of admiration, and who contemplates the sublimity of a stormy sky or the gentle beauty of a quiet landscape with pleasure, has always within reach abundant sources of the most exquisite gratification.

Solitude has no terrors for those who feel a friendly presence, an intimate companionship with the sweet influences of external nature. For those who truly love beautiful poetry and beautiful scenery, a thousand delicate and delicious enjoyments are always open; for

memory is a generous store-keeper, and nature is everywhere. Such can never become wholly dependent upon worldly enjoyments, or worldly success, for happiness. And let it not be forgotten that the turn of mind induced by this acquaintance with nature, and with the noblest expression of the best and finest spirits who have ever graced the earth, while it purifies the taste and enriches the imagination, is much more favorable than its opposite to warmth of heart, to sincerity of feeling, to earnestness of purpose, to attachment to home and friends, to virtue and piety, to love of God and good-will to man.

We would beg the careful mother not to be too anxious for the early initiation of her daughter into "the ways of the world;" or too much afraid of her becoming "romantic," from solitary walks, or periods of silent reflection, or a love of poetry. There are more important realities than dress and amusements, and a higher and deeper wisdom than can be acquired in the strife of worldly ambition. And this, too, if we leave out of view the most important subject of all, and confine our ideas to the enjoyment of the present life. There is a certain kind of knowledge, the absence of which enriches and beautifies the character of a young girl, and which she will be most likely to escape by such companionship and with such influences as we have been recommending. Here and there, too, we meet with superior minds, who know how to appreciate this kind of excellence, and who are ready with the sympathy and encouragement which are delightful to the youthful heart. Once in a while we see the eager claimant for admiration, the skilled practitioner in every art to obtain it, passed over by some kind, discriminating eye, which perceives and loves to cherish the modest flower of real worth.

It is not, however, for the chances of what is called *success* in general society, that we recommend a different mode and standard of culture from the one more generally met with in the fashionable circles. It is for the higher private happiness of the individual; for the inexhaustible sources of pure enjoyment, unknown and unheeded by others, which are opened to her; for the power she has of idealizing our barren, practical, sensuous habits and tendencies; for the superior charm which she is able to bestow upon home, upon intimate friends, upon solitude, sickness, and old age.

Listen to what Wordsworth says:

" Nature never did betray
The heart which loved her. 'T is her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform
The mind which is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, nor disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

THERE IS A GOD.

BY F. A. H.

The heavens declare the glory of God ; and the firmament showeth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their voice is not heard. — PSALM 19 : 1—3.

EACH star which sets its gentle light
Upon the pensive brow of Night,
Each cloud that folds its wing in air,
Or plumes its pinions lightly there,
Each dew-drop falling on the sod,
Proclaims, with silent voice, *a God.*

The sun, from his appointed way,
Ruling in triumph, " king of day,"
The moon, fair " empress of the night,
Flooding the earth with silver light,"
Both, from the paths they 've ever trod,
Proclaim to man, "*a God! a God!*"

When morning breaks upon the hills,
When noon the earth with glory fills,
When evening's lengthened shades appear,
When midnight's gloomy pall is here,
A spirit walks the earth unshod,
And gently, softly whispers, " God."

Upon the mountain, in the glen,
From the unnumbered haunts of men,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
All Nature's voices Him adore.
Where'er the foot of man has trod,
Ten thousand tongues proclaim a God.

COUNT ZINZENDORF.

ZINZENDORF is the titled name of a nobleman who lived in Europe during the first half of the last century. His parents, though rich and of high descent, were distinguished for their devoted piety. When his father was dying, he had his little son brought to his side to receive his farewell blessing. In this affecting benediction, he charged his tender child to become not only a pious nobleman, but an humble Christian. How happily this last will of the dying father was realized in the case of the son, this brief narrative will show. How much more valuable such a "will" than the inheritance of a titled name, or a princely fortune!

Repeated changes and reverses in the family of Zinzendorf threw the noble son into the care of his grandmother. Under her excellent hand he received every attention. Her affectionate care and zeal for him were most unremitting. As yet he was a wayward, turbulent child. But prayer and example prevailed, and a change began to dawn upon his existence. He began to meditate upon the past, and to weigh his childish vanities in the scale of reason and revelation. Thus the seed sown in early childhood began to bud and blossom in his tender youth. He had been early taught to pray, and to become familiar with moral distinctions. His tendency to reflect and meditate upon serious subjects grew into a habit, which, under the power of grace, exerted a mighty influence upon him through life. It gave rise to new purposes and ties, and led to new relations and responsibilities. It was a favorite thought with him that Jesus Christ was a *brother* to the human family, and that he died for the lost. His soul seems often to have been kindled into a flame of love to Christ. At one time he lay awake one whole night in deep thought upon religious subjects, so thoroughly had religious principle seemed to pervade his whole nature. "I conversed with Christ," said he, "as one friend talks with another. I talked with him when alone, and felt in my heart that he was very near me." He seems, however, to have been troubled at times with doubts; and, sad to state, he was strongly tempted to question the truths of revelation. But while his *head* had wandered, his *heart* still clung to Christ. He could give up nothing which would loosen his hold on

the Saviour. His love was the magnet towards which his faith and affection turned, as the needle to the pole, in the midst of his mental darkness, conflicts and storms. He hated these wicked speculations, and resolved no longer to attempt to bend the word of God to proud reason, but determined to force his frail understanding to bow to revelation. From this time he seems to have taken the naked truths of the Bible to his heart, and to have made them the source of all his principles and actions. He now stood upon high vantage-ground. He had overcome a mountain difficulty, and the rest of his Christian life was to his faith comparatively a plain. He was benevolent. He gave all his stock of spending-money to relieve the poor. All his faults he confessed to his Saviour and his Christian friends with the artlessness of a child. It is related of him that, when soldiers had broken into the castle where he lived to commit deeds of violence, they were so struck with the conversation and countenance of this youth, that their hearts were melted, and, though they had come for plunder, they remained for prayer.

This remarkable youth was now to be thrown into new circumstances. He was sent abroad to school. The temptations here proved too strong for his susceptible years. He was in a fashionable and voluptuous city, associated with vain, ambitious youth, and his good feelings began to decline. He fell under the censure of his teacher, who chastised him faithfully, and in a manner adapted to mortify him. The punishment served to bring him back to duty and to God. He now began to toil anew for the good of others, but soon ambition again crept into his breast. He loved to shine. His moral elevation made him dizzy. He saw his usefulness waning, and his spirituality in the dust. He was brought again to the cross, emptied of self and humbled to the very earth, after which he made rapid progress in learning and religious attainment. It was at this period that he gave himself to the missionary work. His teacher clearly foresaw and predicted that he would become a great light in the church.

The time had now come when he was compelled by his guardian to go to another university, where religion was almost unknown. Here he was forced to do many things for which he had no relish. He always asked counsel of Christ, and was thus kept from temptation. Here he turned his attention principally to the study of *theol-*

ogy, and was so happy as to exert a great influence over the professors and students.

He closed his studies and travelled; but the constant sighing of his heart, he declares, was for Christ and for man. His travels did him great good. It was his aim to be always ready to die. He saw, in the midst of splendor, the vanity of earthly things. "To sit at the feet of Jesus," said he, "is worth more than all Europe can bestow."

There were two great parties in Germany,—the one cold and formal, the other active and zealous. Zinzendorf sympathized with the latter. Forced into public life, he was constrained, contrary to his wishes, to become a court counsellor, at Dresden, his native city. But the purpose was deep in his heart to give himself wholly to the word of God. The differences in the two great parties were diminishing. He determined to found a new party, made up from the pious of each of the old ones. This plan possessed his soul. He built an *asylum* for God's true people, without distinction of sect. The persecuted everywhere fled to it. There were Moravians, Waldenses, the pious Bohemians, and the followers of Huss. There were the descendants of those who had tremblingly borne the lights of Christianity down through the dark ages. Then had the people of God rest. Afflicted saints from all parts flocked to this asylum, which was soon greatly enlarged. Zinzendorf devoted himself with great zeal to these persecuted pilgrims. He became their spiritual father and shepherd. The youth and children he taught and watched over with a fond heart. When they went into the woods to pray and sing, he would follow them, and watch them in the distance; and when they were returning, he would follow them far off, singing as he went.

This community now began to send forth pious missionaries into the world, whose voice was heard among the snows of Greenland, and under the melting suns of the tropics. Those missionaries penetrated our own country, and reaped a harvest to the Lord from the Indians of our forests. Zinzendorf was the soul of these efforts. His zeal throbbed in every heart. Nothing could rival his patience and self-sacrifice. The missionaries caught his spirit, and his community at home became a grand corporation to spread the gospel through the world. He not only diffused but concentrated a mighty influence. He harmonized the diversities of taste and habit among

his people, and was a mighty compromiser in things secondary. If difficulties and discouragements arose from their religious and national diversities, and threatened to scatter in his community, he would accommodate those differences, and restore harmony and love to the flock. Multitudes assembled from all parts, to hear his powerful appeals, and to catch the genial influence of his paradise.

The arbitrary government of Saxony at length forbade the count to reside longer in that country. He went into exile, and most of the community with him; but it was to carry the gospel, as of old, everywhere. A remnant remained at the asylum. The good Zinzendorf crossed the ocean, and preached to the German population and to the native Indians in our wildernesses with great effect. He returned to Europe, having literally worn himself out in the service of Him whom he had learned to love in his childhood. Hernnhuth lives only in history. The site of his asylum is shown to the traveller, but the influences which radiated from these sacred places are still blessing and beautifying the world. His coffin was carried to the grave by thirty-two preachers, whom he had reared, and who had labored in the ends of the earth. What monarch was ever honored by a burial like his? Do you ask for the secret of his power? It is told in a word. From his youth, Christ was formed in him the hope of glory. He was the child of prayer and parental faithfulness. The mighty stream of his influence, which overflowed the world, began in early dew-drops, that gilded his morning of life.

TO NIAGARA.

Earth trembleth at thy passing, mighty flood!
  And from the secret chambers of the deep
  The voices of thy many waters keep,
In thunder tones and wild majestic mood,
One everlasting anthem, praising God!
  Thy fearful pathway leads thee o'er a steep,
  Which thou thyself alone dost dare to leap!
I feel to worship here; methinks I 'll seat
  Me on the beetling cliffs above the brink
  Of thy abyss; there ruminate and think:
How restless is thy surge beneath my feet,
Forever rolling, rushing on to meet
  Old Ocean's boundless depths, for aye to sink
  Into oblivion, whence we mortals shrink!

THOU GOD SEEST ME!

BY MRS. E. W. A.

"MOTHER," said little Mary the other morning, "will you please give me some money to buy that beautiful book Mr. H—— showed me yesterday?"

"I am sorry to refuse you, my dear, for I know your aunt would be much pleased with such a gift from you; but I cannot spare the money to pay for the book, unless I take what I reserved to get some wood for Mrs. C——, the poor sick lady who lives over the way. Would you like to have me do that?" said Mrs. M——, as she saw the tears gathering in her little daughter's eyes.

"O, no, mother!" replied the child, brushing off a pearly drop, which *would come* just then; "no, mother, I do not want the book if it must come for that price. I should be perfectly miserable if I thought Mrs. C—— was lying sick, without any fire, that I might enjoy the pleasure of making aunt a beautiful present." Saying this, she put on her bonnet, and, with a light heart, was soon on the way to school. Two gentlemen were walking just before her, earnestly engaged in conversation. One of them put his hand in his pocket and drew out a handkerchief. As he did so, something fell to the ground. Mary sprang forward and picked up a large pocketbook. She looked around for the owner, and saw him at that moment enter a store near by. He was evidently unconscious of his loss. "I wonder what is in it?" thought she, as she turned it over in her hand. "It is full of something." She unclasped it and found that it was filled with bank bills. "O, how I wish I had just one of these fives!" thought she, as she turned up a corner of the bill; "it would buy my book and ever so many things beside. I wonder if he would miss it, if I take just one." Mary paused for a moment on that treacherous brink where many, older and wiser than she, have fallen, never more to rise.

"I will not steal. I will not be a thief," said she, as she closed the book, and hurried across the way in search of the owner. He was very much surprised when she gave him the lost treasure, and told him where she found it. "If you had kept it," said he, "I should never have known where I lost it."

"But God saw it, sir," replied the little girl; "I did not *dare* to keep it."

"But you could have bought a great many things with this money," remarked the gentleman.

"That is true, sir," she replied; "but you know I could not say

'Now I lay me down to sleep,'

if I was a thief."

"Well," said the gentleman, "you are a good little girl. Here's five dollars for you."

"O, sir," she exclaimed, interrupting him, "I do not wish for any pay."

"No," he replied, "not pay; but you must take it to remember me by."

"O, I thank you," said she, grasping the bill; "and this is the very one I wished to keep. But something whispered, 'Thou, God, seest me,' and I did not dare take it."

SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHING.

ORIGINAL.

"GOOD-AFTERNOON, Carrie; I am happy to find you at leisure, as I have come to have an hour's chat with you."

"Just in time, Ellen. I have been wishing, while sitting here, that you would come in, that I might unburden my heart to you; for there is not one of all my friends to whom I can talk as freely as to you."

"Thank you, Carrie, for the affection and confidence you express; and I cannot forbear, in turn, to refer you to my frequent visits to you of late, as a proof of the pleasure I take in your society. I was thinking, while on my way here, what a sacred bond of union ours now is. Friendship sanctified and sealed by the blood of our precious Saviour. What a charm does religion lend to everything!

"We have always been much in each other's society, attended the same school, studied and read the same books, been members of the same Sabbath-school class, have mingled in society together, have interchanged thoughts and feelings upon every topic, not excepting the great truths of the gospel, to which, till of late, you have

acknowledged yourself a stranger; but often have I thought, while listening to you, that you must drink from the fountain of living waters, till the mournful declaration fell from your own lips, '*I am not a Christian!*' Many times, after a pleasant interview with you, have feelings of sadness come over me on your account, and I have retired to my closet to pour out my soul in prayer to my heavenly Father that he would send the enlightening influences of his Spirit to renew and sanctify your heart; and O, dear Carrie, words can never express my emotions when I heard from your lips the declaration that '*Jesus is precious.*' I cannot even think of it now without shedding tears of joy." And the two friends gave vent to their emotions, which were filling their bosoms, in tears; Carrie for her new-found Saviour, Ellen that the bond of sympathy between them was now complete. After a moment's pause, Ellen continued, "But you were speaking of thoughts which were occupying your mind before I came, and for which you will find me a ready listener."

"The first intimation which I had of a change in my feelings," said Carrie, "was an ardent desire that all around me might enjoy the blessings of an union to Christ; and I even forgot my own distress, in my earnestness in prayer for those who were seeking the Saviour. From that time to this, as my evidences became brighter and clearer, this same desire to labor for the salvation of others around me has continued to increase. I have improved many opportunities for conversing and praying with my friends, and also in writing little notes to them; but this does not satisfy me. I wish to be engaged in some work immediately for God. I had hoped to have engaged in teaching this summer; but circumstances do not favor this, and I know not what I shall do."

"I am happy to see that you have determined to be a working Christian, and to diffuse around you the happiness you yourself experience. I believe these are the natural feelings of every renewed soul, and I think the great reason that so many have to mourn the loss of *first love* is that they do not cherish these feelings by engaging in active Christian duties. I long to see in Christian lands the whole-hearted zeal which characterizes the convert in heathen lands. The injunction, '*be not conformed to this world,*' seems to have been lost sight of by Christians of the present day. We do not possess enough of his spirit whose soul was in his *Master's business,*

but seem rather to make religion of secondary importance. It is important, then, that the young Christian should actively engage at once in laboring in the vineyard of his Master. But to your own case. Have you concluded upon a plan of usefulness for yourself?"

"I have not, but have come to you for direction."

"Well, I have one, and I left home with the express purpose of laying it before you. It is, that you take my place as teacher to my Sabbath-school class. You know that it is about determined that I shall leave home and spend the summer among absent friends, and I can think of no one but you with whom I wish to leave my class."

"I have been wishing that a small class might be intrusted to my care; but to think of taking yours is out of the question. In the first place, they are so much attached to you that I should think it almost impossible to gain their affections; and then I am not qualified to teach them, not having any experience as a teacher."

"I have anticipated all your objections, and am ready to reply to them. In the first place, I think my dear class are capable of loving us both, and, although I should be very unwilling to have the affection which I trust they cherish for me bestowed upon another, yet I think you would find they had a warm place in their hearts for you; and they already express more than common regard for you, which I can warrant will not be lessened by a more intimate acquaintance. Then, as to your qualifications, allow me to think myself a better judge than you, as I shall be very unwilling to have the charge of my class given to an incompetent teacher. As to experience, you will always complain of want of that, until you make a trial."

"But I fear," objected Carrie, "that I have not enough of the spirit of our divine Master to set myself up as an example before them, as a teacher must, to have every word and action watched. I am guilty of so many inconsistencies that I should be but a sad example to others. And then the responsibility is so great that I fear to undertake it."

"I am glad to hear you speak of these things, and I can fully sympathize with you, as they troubled me a long time. For several days after my appointment as teacher, they weighed so heavily upon my spirits, and I felt my incompetency to such a degree, that I had determined not to engage in so responsible a work until better qualified. This resolution was made after retiring to rest, and in the

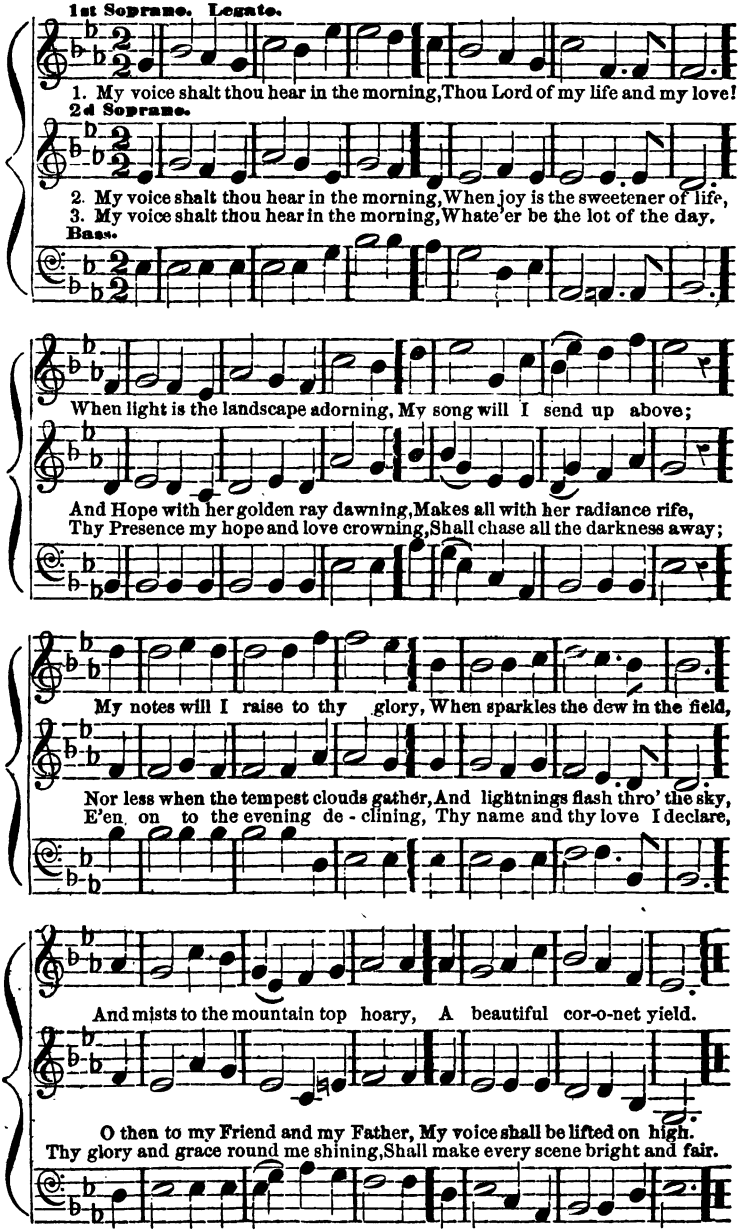
morning, when, as is my custom, I took up my 'Daily Food,' to learn the texts for the day, my eye fell upon these passages: 'They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever;' and, 'My grace is sufficient for thee, and my strength is made perfect in weakness.' I began to consider that God had promised grace and strength sufficient to carry on his work, and had encouraged me by the hope that I might be one whose labors should be blessed to the turning of at least one soul to righteousness. I fell upon my knees, promised Him that I would do what I could, looking to Him for every needed grace, and I have never since regretted the decision of that hour. I resolved to keep the salvation of the souls intrusted to my care constantly before my mind, and so to present the truths of God's word that they would commend themselves to their reason, and exert an influence over their lives. But I have met with many discouragements, and, were it not that it is the Lord's work, I should have despaired of success; but He has at length heard my prayers, and permitted me to rejoice in the salvation of some of my dear class. It is with no common emotions that I part with them, even for a few months; but trust you will be faithful to them. Do you not feel now that you will undertake it? Can you find a better field of usefulness in which to exercise your talents?"

"I hardly dare say yes; but will think of it, and meanwhile ask your prayers that I may make a right decision, and ever be prepared to enter any door of usefulness which is opened before me. I feel encouraged from your experience to go and do likewise, hoping for like results. But I shall need much aid in preparing myself. I need to be taught myself before I can teach others, and shall look to you for the assistance I need."

"My prayers, and such other assistance as I can render, are cheerfully yours. You will have need of much prayer for yourself and for them. Make yourself thoroughly acquainted with the lessons; let the class see that you are deeply interested in the study of God's word, and are laboring to interest them; and never omit an opportunity of making a practical application of the subject before you. Whenever you meet them, let them see that you regard them with peculiar affection. Above all things, labor for the conversion and growth in grace of those dear youth, and God will bless your labors, and crown them with abundant success."

EARLY DAWN.

Music by L. MARSHALL. Words by MARY A. COLLIER.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O, Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up."—*Psalm* 5, 3.

1st Soprano. Legato.
1. My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, Thou Lord of my life and my love!
2d Soprano.
2. My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, When joy is the sweetener of life,
3. My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, Whate'er be the lot of the day.
Bass.
When light is the landscape adorning, My song will I send up above;
And Hope with her golden ray dawning, Makes all with her radiance rife,
Thy Presence my hope and love crowning, Shall chase all the darkness away;
My notes will I raise to thy glory, When sparkles the dew in the field,
Nor less when the tempest clouds gather, And lightnings flash thro' the sky,
E'en on to the evening de - clining, Thy name and thy love I declare,
And mists to the mountain top hoary, A beautiful cor-o-net yield.
O then to my Friend and my Father, My voice shall be lifted on high.
Thy glory and grace round me shining, Shall make every scene bright and fair.

THE RAISING OF THE DEAD.

EDITORIAL.

[See Engraving.]

THE simple sentence uttered by Luke, in relation to our Saviour, "He went about doing good," contains a volume of meaning. In one of these excursions of mercy and love, he arrived at a place called Nain — a small city of Galilee, situated a short distance from Mount Tabor, and about twelve miles from Capernaum. Accompanied by many of his disciples, or believers, and much people, he came near to the gate of the city, when he beheld a funeral procession, composed of many people of the city. They were bearing to his grave a young man, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." She was weeping, and was in great distress. The scene excited the compassion of the blessed Redeemer, and he advanced and spoke to her, and exhorted her not to weep. Urged by his emotions of pity and love, He felt that no time was to be lost in conversation, and He therefore stepped forward at once to the bier, upon which those who bore it stood still. He then said, "Young man, I say unto thee, Arise." "Then he that was dead sat up and began to speak." The Saviour then delivered the young man to his mother. The people were greatly astonished "to see a dead man start up alive out of his coffin in the street," and they glorified God. It was declared, on every hand, that a great prophet had risen; and the news of this miracle "went forth throughout all Judea and all the region round about."

"The evangelist has left us to conceive the emotions of the heart of the bereaved mother on this occasion, to which no words could possibly do justice."

"What can exceed the beautiful simplicity of this narrative? In particular, the simple yet touching enumeration, in the following passage: Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Common writers either overlook such circumstances, and fail to arrange them in the delicate order which gives them effect, or they dwell so much on them as to excite weariness."

"This miracle was wrought the next day after the Saviour had cured the centurion's servant at Capernaum. Christ was doing good every day, and never was under the necessity of regretting that he had lost a day."

COUNSELS FOR PARENTS.

BY REV. J. W. GUERNSEY.

THE books of a child should be selected with the utmost care. Children will read, and we are glad of it. But we rejoice with trembling when we reflect on the danger to which they are thereby exposed; for, while good men are employed with commendable zeal in providing good books, bad men are still more active in furnishing such as deprave the taste and pollute the morals. Such is almost the entire mass of fictions, from the sturdy volumes of the old romancers, down to the most insignificant modern novelette, which hides its pollution in pink and yellow covers, or spreads it out on the pages of a monthly magazine or the columns of a weekly newspaper. The design of the authors of these works is to furnish something which will sell well. To accomplish this, such subjects are selected as permit the imagination to range at will, without any restraint from reason or propriety. He who can work up a passion to the highest degree, no matter how fiendish it may be,—who can color his scenes most brilliantly, though his lights and shades be borrowed from the fire and smoke of the bottomless pit,—is the hero of his day among the admirers of this kind of literature; and the vile effusions of his disordered head and rotten heart are commended to public notice in flaming hand-bills and laudatory newspaper paragraphs, written, probably, by the authors or publishers of the books; and these vile things, thus heralded to the world, depending on a large sale, are offered at prices which defy competition, and thrust upon us, with offensive eagerness, in the sacred privacy of our homes, in hotels, steamboats, cars, and every other place where the vendors of them can get access to us.

If left to provide reading for themselves, the young will be most likely to select this, because it is the cheapest, most accessible, and most exciting. And where a taste for this kind of reading is formed, a young person is far on the road to intellectual and moral ruin. It will be hard, indeed, for one who has been accustomed to revel amid the exciting scenes of high-wrought romance, to give himself to those stern studies which discipline the mind by taxing all its powers to their utmost capacity; hard to come up from the deep hells of ideal

woe to sympathize with real misery; hard to come down from the high heavens of imaginary bliss to find pleasure in the simpler scenes of real life, and in the details of business often unexciting and laborious. The indulgence of a child in such reading should be guarded against with Argus-eyed vigilance. But the only effectual method to exclude this is to preöccupy the mind with wholesome literature; to furnish it with a full supply of useful books, adapted to its capacity; and, when a taste for sound literature has been formed, there is little danger that the child will ever relish the senseless reveries of the romancer.

The associates of a child exert an almost omnipotent influence over its character. If they are depraved in their morals and vicious in their habits, no amount of parental care and instruction can counteract the evil they will do. We have in mind melancholy examples of the destructive influence of evil companions. We know children of virtuous, high-minded parents, who were trained with scrupulous care at home, that have become monsters of sin in early life, from this cause. These sinful courses are often so effectually concealed from parents that they are far gone toward ruin before they are suspected of vice. We recall a youth who was in the habit of drinking daily, and frequently to intoxication, and yet concealed it for years from his parents,— though he was living with them,— by his own cunning and the adroitness of his drunken associates.

Parents often do irreparable injury to their children, by employing vicious workmen. We know whole families which have been corrupted, and well-nigh ruined, in this way. The parents looked with dismay and anguish on the desolation of their households, and the blighting of their hopes, but never dreamed of the cause till it was too late to counteract it. When a man can take fire in his bosom and his clothes not be burned, when one can go on hot coals and his feet not be burned, then may a parent hope to bring vicious persons into his family and his children not be contaminated. We may also mention the danger to which parents expose their children by locating their families where they will be among the vicious as soon as they enter the street,— in the centres of business, where congregate the vile herds, the offscouring of humanity. It may accommodate a man in his business to do so; but what parent, who has a parent's heart, or is fit to bear a parent's name, would peril the welfare of his children for dollars and cents? Intimately con-

nected with the companions of a child are its haunts; for a child will seek those places where its chosen companions are to be found. Those who are obliged to bring up their families in cities or villages have need of all care to prevent their loved ones from being decoyed into the snares which are set for them. Where every nook and corner has a trap skilfully set and temptingly baited to catch and destroy men,— where everything is said and done and displayed to captivate the young, and lead them to ruin,— no eye can be too vigilant, no guardianship too strict. In cities and villages, no child can be safely trusted to run at will in the streets, especially in the evening; for it will almost inevitably fall among vicious companions, and be led into the haunts of sin. From the gilded and mirrored saloon, furnished with all the appliances of aristocratic drunkenness, down to the lowest shanty, where poverty can forget its destitution, wretchedness its misery, and degradation its shame, in the excitement or stupidity of intoxication, for a few cents,— from the gorgeous theatre, with brilliant lights and splendid decorations, with its captivating music and pompous actors, who point out, with unerring certainty, the paths of virtue which they never saw, and of which they hardly know the name, down to the dark and filthy alley where dirty and ragged children roll marbles and hustle coppers,— every intermediate and collateral point is filled with the haunts of sin, and somewhere in this diabolical series every one may find a place and companions suited to his depraved tastes, and within reach of his means. Into these vile holes the current sets so strong that the young, unless powerfully restrained, will be swept along by it; and, once fairly ensnared, their ruin is almost inevitable.

But, while parents guard their children against vicious amusements, they must be careful to supply such as are safe and useful; for children must have amusements. Their nature demands them; and if parents do not comply with the demand, they will furnish themselves with such as are within their reach; and these will be much more likely to be sinful than wholesome. When the child comes home with his imagination all excited, and his desires awakened, by reading the show-bill of the theatre, the circus, the juggler, or song-singer, or any other of the vile crowd of fun-makers who offer to amuse or deceive the gaping multitude for an hour, in return for a liberal bonus of cash,— when he urges that his companions are going, and pleads for indulgence, instead of peremptorily refusing him, in such a

manner as shall only check, by force, the torrent of awakened desire, leaving it to gather strength, till it shall burst all the barriers of parental authority, and sweep them away, hurrying the child headlong down the vortex of dissipation,— divert the torrent of youthful desire into another channel, by proposing some pleasant excursion, or by some other expedient; and, when the excitement of feeling has passed, leaving the better judgment free to act, embrace some favorable opportunity to compare the scenes of amusement, with reference to the amount of pleasure they afford, and the influence they exert upon the character. Such a course will lead children to discriminate wisely and act judiciously concerning amusements.

When a judicious course has been pursued with a child from its earliest hours, it will not often be necessary to use authority in controlling it. But, if it be necessary, authority, and even force, should be used to secure obedience. There is a kind of government which wastes its force in a profusion of good advice and soft persuasions, but never speaks out in the unmistakable language of authority that will be heeded. Its language is, "Don't, my child, do so,— that 's naughty; now, be a good child, and you shall have something that is pretty!"

Such treatment may succeed with a very mild and amiable child, brought up away from the influence of evil companions and strong temptations to disobedience; but, for a vigorous-minded child, exposed to a thousand evil influences, assailed by temptation in every form and at every turn, it is utterly insufficient.

A painfully-illustrative example of this kind of government, and its influence and results, is found in the history of Eli and his sons. Eli was a good man, and wished his sons to do right; but he lacked the energy and vigor necessary to control them. A fond father, he had indulged them when they were young, until they became altogether too strong to be restrained by his mild government. The kind-hearted old man could not summon energy enough to meet the crisis. When the people filled his ears with complaints concerning their scandalous conduct, he only expostulated with them, "Why do ye such things? for I hear of your evil dealings by all this people. Nay, my sons, for it is no good report that I hear. Ye make the Lord's people to transgress. If one man sin against another, the judge shall judge him; but, if a man sin against the Lord, who shall entreat for him?" But these gentle means had no effect on the

headstrong, misguided youth. And the Lord said to Samuel, "Behold, I will do a thing in Israel at which both the ears of every one that heareth it shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house. When I begin, I will also make an end. For I have told him that I would judge his house forever, for the iniquity which he knoweth; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering forever." The fulfilment of these threatenings show God's deep displeasure at parental negligence. The national army was smitten before the Philistines; thirty-four thousand warriors were left dead on the battle-field, and among them the two sons of Eli, whose sinful course had corrupted the national heart, and brought down this terrible vengeance; the ark of God was taken captive, and Eli himself, overwhelmed with these accumulating disasters, fell backward from his seat, broke his neck, and died. Let parents mark well the cause of all this. Eli wished his sons to be good, he gave them abundance of good advice,—but, *when they made themselves vile he restrained them not.* He neglected to use the three-fold *authority* with which he was invested, as a father, a priest, and a magistrate, to *control* his sons; and that was the sin which involved his nation in slavery and his family in ruin!

An important department of parental duty is to supply the wants of children. No parent, however, will neglect to provide food and clothing for his children. But the child has wants of a higher nature. It is an intellectual and moral being, and its intellectual and moral natures require to be fed and clothed, as well as its body. The child is a rational being, and requires instruction; and the parent who refuses or neglects to educate his children, so far as his circumstances will allow, is false to his high and holy trust. In this country especially, where every station is open even to her humblest sons, where intelligence is one of the bulwarks of our free institutions, and indispensable to their perpetuity, every parent is bound to give his children the best education he can. It is not enough that children are furnished with books, and sent to school; parents should see that they are punctual in their attendance, and obedient to all the regulations of school, and encourage them by every means in their power. Especially should every child receive religious instruc-

tion. The importance of this cannot be over-estimated. It is to lay the foundations of character on the only adequate basis; to fix a centre toward which everything else shall turn, and in harmony with which all the elements of the character shall be arranged; it is to prepare the spirit to enter the course that God would have it pursue to all eternity,—to place it on a high vantage-ground, whence it may start on the race for eternal glory.

Parents, in this country, cannot be too grateful for the religious influences under which they are permitted to rear their families. Few of them are not within reach of a place of worship, where the truths of the gospel are taught; and the Sabbath-school, with its scripture lessons, and its library full of the choicest gems of Christian literature, are equally accessible; and the social means of grace are more abundant, even, than these. Of all these sources of religious instruction parents should avail themselves in the training of their children, taking care to secure their attendance upon them so far as circumstances will permit. In the use of these means of instruction, parents should be examples to their children. It is a beautiful sight to see a family seated together in the house of God, the parents occupying the ends of the seat, and the children sitting between them.

But no foreign aid which parents may employ in the religious training of their children can fill the place, or excuse the neglect of direct, personal instruction. There is a lamentable neglect of this duty, even among those who profess to be followers of Jesus Christ. If there was more prayerful, labor-prompting solicitude for the spiritual welfare of children among Christian parents, we should not so often witness the painful spectacle of children turning away in scorn from the religion of their fathers. We often meet parents who claim to be Christians, who are entirely ignorant of the religious feelings of their children! They never converse with them on religious subjects; and the children, as a matter of course, keep their religious thoughts, if they have any, to themselves. Hence, religious impressions, which might have been deepened into permanent convictions by proper effort, are effaced, leaving the heart harder than before. This want of confidence between Christian parents and their children is one of the causes of the irreligiousness of such children. Faithful religious instruction in the family circle, accompanied with a corresponding walk, can hardly fail to lead chil-

dren to a religious life. True, human agency cannot convert the soul; but it can do much to prepare the heart to receive the gospel, to predispose it to yield to the influences of the Holy Spirit. Notwithstanding all apparent failures, we still believe the word of God, *Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.* We know it will be easy to mention cases of those who have, apparently, been trained with great care and judgment, and yet have become monsters of wickedness; but we have no doubt, if the whole truth were known, we should find great errors in their education, somewhere.

We recall a happy illustration of the results of an early religious training. The family consisted of the parents, four sons and three daughters. The parents have long been consistent members of the church of Christ. One of the sons died several years ago, in the triumphs of faith. Two of the sons have been for many years devoted ministers of Jesus Christ. Two of the daughters married clergymen. The remaining son and daughter are valuable members of the church. The secret of this unusual case was unfolded by the elder brother, in relating his experience. He said, "I am glad I cannot remember the day when my parents did not pray for me. I am glad my mother catechized me, and taught me the chief end of man is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever." If such parents were more numerous, there would be more such sons and daughters.

A very important part of parental duty is to furnish employment for children. From their earliest years they should be accustomed to labor according to their strength, and to do everything just as well as they can. Not that mere children should be kept to constant labor; but divide their time between labor, study and play, so as to keep them constantly busy about something innocent and useful, that the temptation to sin may be removed as far as possible. It is much to be desired that children should be employed with their parents; but this is frequently impossible. When this cannot be, great care should be used to find employment for them where they can have the means of intellectual and moral improvement, and be removed as far as possible from evil influences.

Parents are often criminally negligent in this matter. Too often they choose for their children those employments which promise the most wealth or distinction, with little or no regard to the temptations to which they expose them. We have in mind more than one

child of religious parents who has been ruined forever in this way. Our heart has often been pained to see parents plunge their unsuspecting children into the very vortex of temptation, where men of established principles might well tremble to go.

Children should be early taught the dignity of labor,—taught to eat the bread of manly independence, though it may cost them a blistered hand and sunburnt brow. Let every child, of both sexes, whatever be its situation or prospects, be qualified to earn an honest living, and made to feel that no living is honest or honorable which is not obtained by rendering to society a full equivalent, and one of the fruitful causes of existing evils will be removed. Those who live upon society, without contributing anything to it, whose entire lives are a series of depredations on community, whose presence is a curse wherever they may be, are, almost without exception, such as passed their early years without any regular, proper employment, without any confirmed habits of industry; and, when thrown upon their own resources, with the alternative to do something for a living or starve, they have adopted the business which offered them the best support with the least effort, without any regard to its character or influence on community. When children are properly instructed on the subject of labor, there will be less men to prey on society, and less victims for the vicious to prey upon.

When parents are faithful to their responsibilities, training their children with care and discretion, watching them with sleepless vigilance, guarding them against all evil influences, and surrounding them, as far as possible, with all which are good, leading them, by precept and example, in the paths of righteousness, then shall our sons be as plants grown up in their youth, and our daughters as corner-stones polished after the similitude of a palace.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is the incense of the soul,
The odor of the flower,
And rises as the waters roll,
To God's controlling power!
Within the soul there would not be
This infinite desire
To whisper thoughts in prayer to Thee,
Hadst Thou not lit the fire.

THE EMBLEM.

BY REV. W. WARREN.

'Tis calm again, — the furious shower has passed ;
The lightning's crinkling lash, the thunder's frown,
Have cleared the sky. The frighted earth is still.
The insect-voice alone the silence breaks,
And this the wide repose more tranquil makes.
How sweet, how pure, how calm, how mild, is all !
The trees and clouds stand motionless, — so still
That one would think the breath of nature spent.
The smiling lake lies waveless, voiceless, still,
As the ocean, hung on high, seen in its face.
Silence seems audible, so hushed is all.
How strange the contrast ! But an hour ago
The pines were bowing, forests waved and roared,
The heavens were hurried, waters rushed and broke, —
The winds and waves, the clouds and flames were mixed !

God reigns. He speaks, and all is calm and still.
The storm obeys Him. Humble at his feet
The billows lie. The winds He calls again
Into his treasury. From darkness light
He brings ; from chaos, harmony. From winds
And storms He calls the sweetness of the calm ;
Yon sunset's wreath of gold, dropped from the brow
Of tyrant tempests. Wrath is turned to praise.
Where am I — where ? The world of *yesterday*
Is this ? Are these terrestrial scenes ? those trees,
Those clouds, those streams, — are they the streams and clouds
Of earth, or paradise ? Of earth, alas !
I 'm yet a voyager of life. And still
It seems enchantment, not reality.
Such contrast smiles upon the hour. Calmness
So pure the senses feed.

There was a time,
Ere angels sung, or men or worlds were made,
When all was *space* and *spirit* where I gaze.
A stillness reigned than this more deep and dread, —
It was the stillness of a waste, a void,
A solitude, the calm of nothingness
Save Deity. Such calm will reign again
When earth's last storm is hushed, and all, once more,
Is spirit ! When, like the hurrying clouds, the heavens
Themselves shall roll together ; when the fires

That flew, just now, around the heavens, shall light
The universe, and in a glance paint hell
Upon creation! Earth's convulsion o'er,
The conflagration spent, then calm will reign.
Silence more deep and dread than this will be.
No ear shall list, to drink it in. No step
Shall pause, in pensive mood, to catch the spell.
No heavens will shine, nor cloud shall blush, nor lake
Shall lash the shore! 'T is universal rest;
There *are* no heavens, no clouds, nor lakes, nor shores.
Great nature, tired of storms and agitations, rests —
Rests in the sleep of calm extinction.

Sweet and impressive hour! Inspire my faith
To cast a look beyond these billowy waves,
These storms and restless shores of mortal strife,
To the calm rest and shore of heaven, serene.
Sweet hour, dear scene, depart, adieu! Cares call,
Night hastens; yet I 've read in thee a leaf
Of life. I 've seen this day an emblem true
Of man's existence here. Its rosy morn,
Its rising hopes, its cloudless, peerless sky,
The *darkening* hour, the swift vicissitudes,
The stormy strife, the peaceful end in heaven!
Let this still hour *my* closing day portend,
Then shall it stand on memory's faithful leaf
Of joys recorded, fresh on life's last page,
When all, like this day's strife, is hushed in death.

MOTHER SAYS SO.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

"DEAR me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones to her husband, one afternoon; "there is Mrs. More coming up the lane. She will stay to tea, of course, and there is n't a bit of bread in the house; and just see how I look! It seems as if that woman was abroad half the time. Day before yesterday she spent the afternoon at Mr. White's, and yesterday, when I went over to Squire Muggins', she was there. I really think it a sin and a shame for a woman to neglect her family in the way she does! Fanny," she added, sharply, addressing a little girl seated on the floor playing with her dolls, "put your playthings away directly! How often must I tell you not to litter up the floor in that manner?"

Mrs. Jones had hardly time to smooth her ruffled collar, and still more ruffled brow, when Mrs. More entered. Advancing to meet her visitor with a bland smile, she greeted her cordially, addressing her in a strain in which reproaches for so long neglecting to call, and delight at seeing her, were strangely intermingled.

The large, wondering eyes of the child were fixed on the mother with a look of mingled perplexity and doubt. "How do you do, Fanny?" said Mrs. More, kindly addressing the little girl; "come and speak to me, dear." The child drew back behind her mother's chair.

"Fanny," said Mrs. Jones, gently, "the lady is speaking to you. Go and shake hands with her."

"I don't want to," replied the child; "she is a naughty woman, and ought to stay at home."

"What is that, Fanny?" said her father, sternly, looking up from the paper he was reading; "what is that you are saying? Who taught you such manners? Go right up and speak to her!"

"She ought to stay at home, father," said the little one, earnestly, looking up into his face appealingly, her lips quivering, and her eyes filling with tears; "she ought to stay at home,—*mother said so.*"

"Leave the room, Fanny!" said Mrs. Jones, hastily, her cheek flushing crimson. The child obeyed, sobbing as though her little heart would break.

Poor child! she was learning her first lesson in deception, and a bitter one it was.

"That is not a proper manner in which to speak, Charles," I observed one day to a little boy who used the name of God lightly and irreverently; "that is not a proper manner in which to speak of the great and holy God."

"O, but it is, ma'am," he returned, quickly looking up with his clear, truthful eyes,—"*mother says so.*"

A group of little ones had collected in a corner, discussing a question to them of the greatest importance. "I don't believe that is true, Ellen," said one of the little girls, in reply to a statement made by her sister.

"Nor I either," exclaimed the others; "I don't believe a word of it."

"It *is* true," returned Ellen, positively, looking around in triumph; "it is true,—*mother says so.*"

O, take care, mother! The ear of the little one at your knee is drinking every careless word, its eye is observing every varying expression. To its little credulous, confiding heart, you are the oracle of wisdom, one who cannot err.

Children are keen and quick observers, influenced more by example than precept. And it is all in vain, Christian mother, that you endeavor at stated intervals to lead your little ones up to Christ, while your daily walk and conversation show that your heart is far from Him. It is all in vain that you strive to inculcate, by a few set phrases, the doctrines of the "meek and lowly," while the words which daily fall from your lips prove that they are strangers to your own bosom. It is all in vain that you seek to cultivate in their hearts a love of truth and a hatred of deception, while you speak with lying lips, leading their young and tender feet into the dark mazes of falsehood.

And, with habits fixed for time and eternity, it is all too late, perchance, that they learn by sad experience that you are not infallible, — that it is not always so because *Mother says so.*

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE AT LYSTRA.

BY REV. E. P. CUTTER.

TIMOTHY was the favorite disciple and fellow-laborer of Paul. He was first introduced to the apostle's notice at Lystra, by the favorable report of the brethren there. His father was a Greek, but his mother a Jewess, "which believed." This memorable fact is a clue to his excellent early training, and to the consistency of deportment that marks his youth and his mature life. From this time he became Paul's confidential companion and friend,—"his own son in the faith," "dearly beloved," his "work-fellow," who, "as a son with the father, served with him in the gospel." The record is a remarkable one. The young disciple of Lystra seems never to

have faltered in his Christian course. Though all others sought their own, he sought rather the things that were Jesus Christ's. (Philip. 2: 21.) Wherever Paul has occasion to speak of him, he uses the language of commendation,—he records his "unfeigned faith," devoted affection and persevering zeal.

We are naturally led to inquire into the circumstances under which such a character was formed, and the causes that operated to produce it. These are alluded to in the first chapter and fifth verse of the second epistle to Timothy. Paul addresses him with great affection, as Timothy, my dearly-beloved son. He then implores upon him the blessing of God, expresses an earnest longing to see him, and thanks God for his daily remembrance of him in his prayers, and for his strong confidence in his piety and devotion to Christ. Then he adds, as the ground of that confidence, "When I call to remembrance the unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois and thy mother Eunice, and I am persuaded in thee also." Here we are admitted into the secret places where God, by mighty instrumentalities, trained Timothy for the work he had appointed him. From early years a mother, distinguished for piety, guides his feet; and that mother herself was the daughter of one of like faith and prayer. "The unfeigned faith" of Timothy "dwelt first in his grandmother Lois and his mother Eunice." Their teaching and example early impressed the stamp of truth and holiness, and from childhood made him familiar with the Scriptures. With the first and deepest impressions of his mind were mingled the pure teachings of God's word. With all the undying memories of a mother's love were linked the remembrance and love of God. The mother and the Bible formed the basis of a true, symmetrical character, a matured understanding, and an intelligent belief of religious doctrine.

Hence the apostle addresses him (2 Tim. 3: 14, 15), "Continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that, from a child, thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Jesus Christ." This was the only appeal needed in the case of one so well taught from the beginning. Early trained at a mother's knee in the Bible, it only remained that he should abide in the path opened to his youthful feet. This he might do with strong confidence, for he knew the

source whence the guidance came. "Knowing of whom thou hast learned them." Of whom had he learned? Not from a stranger, nor a doubtful friend, nor a mere hireling. No, it was the best, the kindest friend that ever blessed his life,—the MOTHER, whose love is the sunshine from the cradle to the grave, who had taught him in the things of God, who had hallowed her teachings by prayers and tears, and the warm affections of a heart all wrapped up in her boy. Could he fail to cherish assured faith in all *she* taught him? Would *he* doubt her wisdom, or count her pious counsel but woman's weakness? Man, in his pride of intellect, may sometimes do it; but the heart will cling to a mother's memory, and the remembrance of her prayers sway as a silver cord the deep affections of the soul. The wayward, conceited boy, puffed up by his fancied powers of argument, not yet sobered by experience and sound judgment, may proudly break away from the womanly influence, and count it manly to put off a mother's restraints and prayers. But the man knows better; and the sweetest communion he ever enjoys is when memory carries him back to a mother's knee, and his heart bows in reverent faith, as in childhood's hour, to a mother's teaching of God and heaven. Timothy had never been guilty of this folly, even in boyhood's rash, impetuous hour. He could not doubt a mother's wisdom, for she had led him to the oracles of God, and the counsel of her lips was drawn from the word of truth. From a child she taught him the holy Scriptures. What an union of the two mightiest instrumentalities is here! God and the mother teaching one lesson, speaking out of one book,—God's wisdom the fountain, the mother's love the channel, by which the water of life flows in upon the heart of the child. If there are two whose wisdom never deceives, whose love never fails us, these are the two. There is a combination of light and love, before which darkness and doubts flee away, and mind and heart kindle to assured faith and confidence. Well might Paul write thus to the youthful disciple of Lystra: "Knowing of whom thou hast learned them, and been *assured* of." There was firm ground for assurance in a mother's love and God's wisdom united. We do not wonder that Timothy had "unfeigned faith." He must have been false to the highest affections and impulses of his nature, had he doubted.

We commend the example of Timothy to all who have shared in the same privileges as himself. God, in his allotment of blessings

to the household of men, never confers richer gifts than the pious, praying mother, and the Bible. He may withhold wealth, or health, or power; these are the mere passing pageantry of the hour,—valuable, indeed, if rightly used during the brief pilgrimage; but piety is the permanent good, the gift which has the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. We are grieved when any young man disregards the blessing, and breaks away from a home hallowed by a mother's godly teaching and example, and by the word of God, in forgetfulness of the secret influences which have lured his early feet to the path of peace. There is nothing manly, nothing noble, in such foolish conceit. It is, rather, a violenced one to the heart, a wrong to himself, which, in riper years, and when the judgment is mature, he will despise, and call by its appropriate name — youthful folly and sin.

Let me, then, appeal to the sons of Christian mothers, as Paul appealed to Timothy. You have seen a mother's unfeigned faith and prayer, and, under her teaching, have known from a child the holy Scriptures. You know her love, her kindness, her earnest desire for your good; and can you, will you break away from the path to which God and the mother beckon you? What friends so kind, so true, as they? What light so sure as that of the blessed Bible, which they would make a lamp to your feet? Let the children of the world, all unblessed with pious teaching and prayer, wander, if they will, into darkness and sin. "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned, and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them, and that from a child thou hast known the holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

DEATH—FOREVER.

"There is a time to be born, a time to die,"
For all things. The irrevocable Hand,
That opes the year's fair gate, doth ope and close
The portals of our earthly destinies;
We walk through blindfold, and the noiseless doors
Shut after us *forever*.

Pause, my soul,
On this strange word — "*forever*" — whose large sound
Breaks flood-like, drowning all the petty noise
Our human moans make on the shores of Time.

THE MAPLE SISTERS.

In a beautiful little book, entitled *The Child's Keepsake*, the poet says that in roaming through a swamp, he counted nine trees growing from one maple stump. They were all straight and fair, and stood together like so many affectionate sisters. The fierce wind, which makes its desolate track through the woodland, had spent its fury upon them in vain; for the

"Beautiful nine in their union stood
A graceful and elegant sisterhood."

Desirous of ascertaining the secret of their strength, he went near for the purpose of examination, when he found that a vine, having its root at the foot of the maples, had so adroitly coiled its folds around them as to hold them securely in its embrace

"There cannot a lovelier spectacle be
Than households exhibit which always agree;
Where the members are all very fond of each other,
And children all honor their father and mother.
When brothers and sisters united are so,
They are strong in their concord to meet every foe;
Though young, they may buffet adversity's gale,
And survive when her terrible tempests assail.
As the albatross rides the south sea in a storm,
And exhibits through darkness her beautiful form,
Now mounting the billows, now sinking between,
So, moved by the tempests, those maples are seen.
As that bird cannot possibly sink in the flood,
As the gale leaves those trees standing just where they stood,
So nothing on earth can those children o'erwhelm,
Whose mutual loves, like the roots of the elm,
Reach forth from the bosoms of sons and of daughters,
And gather fresh strength from perennial waters;
Or encircle their hearts and their destinies shape,
As were those of the maples entwined by the grape."

EDITORIAL.

EXTRACT FROM MRS. G.'S SKETCH-BOOK.

New York, 18—.

"Lady! lady!"

The voice was sad and mournful, yet earnest and imploring. In the midst of a moving crowd, the clatter of numberless footsteps, the hum of voices, the rattling of carts and carriages, it fell upon my ear clear and distinct; and, as I hurried along in the deep twilight, without distinguishing the speaker, it seemed almost like the voice of a spirit.

It was on a short February afternoon, and I had been belated at Crowen's in the purchase of some books. When I left the shop, darkness had fallen upon the earth. The lamp-lighters were running from corner to corner, and ruddy gleams were partially illuminating the thick and murky atmosphere. The streets were filled with all descriptions of people, hurrying to their homes as the early night closed in. Broadway was crowded with omnibuses, but they were filled with business men from the lower part of the city. I had nearly a mile to walk to reach the house of my friend, but it was on a great, lighted thoroughfare, and I feared nothing. I rather enjoyed the varied thoughts and emotions which the mingling with such crowds of my fellow-beings is sure to awaken in my mind.

In the formality and etiquette of artificial life, only one aspect of society presents itself; our ideas and feelings are all drawn into one particular current, and that, sometimes, a very dull and uninteresting one,—but, when the denizens of a great city meet and mingle, and you almost feel the warm beating of thousands of hearts, filled with every imaginable variety of hope, fear, joy and sorrow, how can your own heart fail to flow forth and mingle in sympathy with the great pulse-beat of humanity? How many startling gleams of intelligence are caught from an eye gliding quickly by us, how many thrilling emotions from momentary glimpses of intense expression! How the mind expatiates on the probable character concealed beneath some peculiar and striking physiognomy! How imagination is enticed to follow some expressive form, some speaking face, and build a little romance on its possible history.

So, when I issued from Crowen's, I fell into the current on the right-hand side of the trottoir, with a sensation of enjoyment and

expected pleasure, rather than the reverse. I did not fear detection in my plebeian tastes, for I knew that my acquaintances generally would at this hour be at home in their shining, comfortable parlors; and I felt that I should be well compensated for my walk, if I saw nothing more to admire than the bright camelias in that pretty green-house near Twelfth-street, or the beautiful front of Grace Church, with its tall and slender spire piercing the sky. If the walk proved rather lonely and uninteresting, would it not be all the more charming to enter suddenly from the darkness into that world of light, comfort, cheerfulness and sympathy, which would be opened to me at the lightest ring of the bell by Kitty, that most pleasant of all door-openers, that most faithful of serving-maidens to the best and kindest of mistresses? And the face of that kind mistress, that kind friend, how would it beam and radiate with cordial smiles of heart-welcome, after this three hours' separation, and how bright the contrast between it and the darkness, the rush and confusion, without! There is dignity, sometimes even sublimity, in the cold, unaided strength which despises all dependence as weakness, and needs no support from others; but, to a tender, relying, sympathetic nature, what help and comfort there is in a cordial smile, an earnest word, a trustful look.

The sweepers at the crossings, and the little importunate sellers of cheap tape and matches, had mostly retired to their homes, if homes they had; and, as I came near Eleventh-street, I was startled to hear, as if spoken close to my ear, in a hurried yet plaintive voice, those two words, "Lady! lady!"

I glanced round, and had a vague impression of a slender female figure at my side, but the next step left her behind; and, as I passed along, I heard the same words, faintly and despairingly addressed to another ear. I had twenty times in the course of the day been importuned for charity. I had given, or had foreborne to give, and the mendicants had passed out of memory as out of sight. But there was something in this touching voice which reached deeper. It seemed like the cry of a suffering soul addressed to the general ear of humanity, with small hope of being heard, yet in an agony of longing for human sympathy and help.

"And what if all should pass as heedlessly as I am passing?" said I to myself; "the poor soul would remain unheard, unaided. Who knows what misery might be relieved, what good accomplished,

by listening to this voice. A little time or a little money, though a trifle to you, may be of immense importance to her." So, when I reached the opposite corner of Eleventh-street, I moved a step or two out of the current, and looked back.

In the shadow of the tall house opposite I could just distinguish, by the light of the neighboring light, a small female figure standing and gazing at the passers-by. I noticed that whenever a respectable looking woman appeared, she stepped hastily forward, and spoke hurriedly in her ear; and when she, as I had done, passed on unheeding, she shrank again into the shade of the lordly house. I stepped across the street, and, entering the shadow beside her, laid my hand upon her arm. It trembled, as if she was frightened at finally finding some one who would listen. I said to her, gently, "Why do you call? what do you want?"

She replied, "My mother is sick; I fear very sick; she has no food or medicine. O, lady, for pity's sake, help my mother!"

"How long have you been begging?"

At this inquiry she hung her head as if in shame; but presently, impelled by a stronger feeling, she said, "I never begged till within the last ten minutes. I am not a beggar; but, O, my mother! my mother!"

"Where does your mother live?"

"In an alley three streets from this."

What should I do? Should I give this poor girl a trifle of change, or should I go with her and see her mother? The night was coming on, and I was alone. I had heard of wicked artifices to allure the unsuspecting to their destruction. But I was not young; and a latent courage and resolution, which had many times in the course of my life almost startled me by its sudden and powerful development in cases of emergency, now prompted me to go to the unknown place with this poor stranger-child. I drew her into the light of the lamp, and looked into her face. "I will go with you," I said.

With an exclamation of joy she walked rapidly down the street. I followed. After passing three or four blocks, we turned into a moderately respectable-looking cross street, and thence, shortly, into an alley, where a few small, poor houses nestled together, opposite and almost under a high wall, as if striving to hide their meanness and insignificance from the stately houses overlooking the area from

a distance. It was dark, being entirely unlighted, except by an occasional gleam through the broken shutter of some low window. I felt comparatively safe when I found that the place, though miserably poor, was in the neighborhood of respectable dwellings, and that it was free from the sights and sounds which seem to taint the very air around the haunts of vice and low dissipation, making the act of breathing it something like what we might suppose it to be on entering a city of the plague.

My rapid and silent guide led me to the smallest and most dilapidated of these apologies for houses, and, taking a key from her pocket, opened a shaky door, and went in. She felt her way through a dark passage and up a zig-zag stair, and at the top landing ushered me into a small, low, dimly-lighted room. A single glance sufficed to show all that it contained. Two or three wooden chairs, a small pine table, an old chest of drawers, some saucepans near the chimney where a few embers were decaying, and a low bed in a corner of the room, constituted the furniture. The end of the table was drawn close to the bed, and on its edge was burning a single tallow candle in a japanned candlestick. Raised on pillows, and as near as possible to the edge of the bed, lay a woman asleep. She had evidently sunk into a stupor from fatigue or exhaustion while endeavoring to work, for on one hand was a thimble, while the other grasped an unfinished sleeve of a shirt. We had entered softly, and the daughter beckoned me to a chair, and glided to the foot of the bed, where she stood gazing at the sleeping form, while tears rolled silently down her cheeks. She was a tall, slender girl, of about thirteen. She was very poorly dressed, but her face was intelligent beyond her years, and her countenance, in the midst of its grief and pity, was full of a touching sweetness. I never saw a living form so pale and thin as the one that lay before her on the bed. But, thin as it was, and lost in unconsciousness, there was a wonderful and indescribable expression of peace and calmness resting over it. I looked round the room. It could not well have been poorer, but it certainly could not have been neater. The floor, the bed, the clothes, the hearth, were as clean as it was possible for them to be. There was no litter, no unsightly object.

Presently the mother opened her eyes. "Mary," whispered she, faintly; "are you here?"

"Yes, mother; how could you try to sew while I was gone?"

"The shirt must be finished, or you must starve, my poor child."

"Mother, I shall finish it. I can finish it before morning."

"This is the last candle, and it will not last above an hour." She spoke faintly, and seemed again relapsing into a stupor.

"O, mother! are you very sick?" said Mary, bending over her.

"My fever is gone, Mary, but now I am faint."

"O, mother, why did you make me eat the last morsel?" cried the sobbing child.

I rose, and, going to the bed, inquired if they were suffering from hunger.

Mary seized me by the gown, while the mother looked at me in astonishment, but quite unable to speak.

I had in my pocket a package of cough candy, my pet medicine, which I had bought, intending to give it to the chambermaid at home, who had taken a cold. I knew that it contained a powerful cordial and stimulant, and I put half a dozen of the lozenges in succession into the mouth of the poor woman, who eagerly dissolved and swallowed them. The effect was almost immediate. A flush came into her face, and her nervous tremor subsided; though I knew that this effect would be but transient, and that she required nourishment from food. But how to obtain it? I remembered a faint smell, as of toasting, or cookery of some kind, as I passed a door standing ajar on the ground-floor of the house. I passed down the stairs and knocked at this door, when a voice answered, "Come in." I found a mother with her four children sitting down to a table, on which was a plate with five slices of toasted bread, a pot of weak tea, and a little bowl of brown sugar.

Without any prelude, I said to the woman, "Will you give to your neighbor above stairs a morsel of your bread?"

"She took a single slice, poured out a cup of tea, into which she put a spoonful of the sugar, and gave them to me, saying, "This is my share,— take it."

I took it; and the famished woman ate, murmuring, as she did so, "Kind Mrs. Baker! this is not the first time she has given away her supper, and gone without herself."

The poor woman had divided the bread and offered half to Mary; and, as she declined it, she wrapped it carefully in a napkin, as if it were some precious thing, and laid it on the table. A crust of

bread assumed a value in my eyes which it had never known before; and I have never since seen one wasted without a feeling of regret, — a thought that even then some destitute being might be pining for that which was thrown away as worthless. I felt, too, that the sated votaries of pleasure might find a new enjoyment, did they but know it, in feeding these hungry mouths, and comforting these aching hearts.

When the strength of the invalid had been a little restored, I sat down beside her on the bed; and I could not help expressing my surprise at finding one so respectable in appearance and manners so utterly destitute. I suppose she saw the sincere pity which I felt, and she told me her little story with affecting simplicity. It would make my narrative too long to detail it; and there was nothing wonderful, and perhaps nothing extremely uncommon, in it.

She had once lived with a kind husband on a pretty farm in the country; but misfortunes and losses obliged them to sell their land, and leave their pleasant home for the city, where, for a season, the husband supported his wife and child by laboring at a trade which he had learned early in life. But a sudden accident befell him, and the hands could no longer labor. The heart which had striven against fortune so cheerfully and courageously ceased to beat. The mother and daughter were left alone. They were forced to leave their small house in the suburbs, which had become endeared to them because it afforded them a glimpse of the country, and because they had lived there together in love, and hope, and mutual helpfulness, had hailed many a precious Sabbath of rest, and enjoyed many an evening of cheerful, playful conversation. Needlework was the only resource. "As long as we were both well," continued the poor woman, "we could, by working every moment of the time, and living with the most extreme economy, keep ourselves from absolute want. For myself, I had not a repining thought, as far as labor and deprivation went; but for my child, she who had been the idol and playmate of her father, whose pride it was to have her well taught and to see her always happy,— when I saw her condemned to incessant toil, without time for study, [illegible] for a walk into the country to look at the blue sky and the green fields,— if the God of the widow and the fatherless had not helped me, my heart would have utterly failed. But He did help. I remembered the promises. I trusted, and I have not been deceived. I have felt satisfied that He would do what

was best for me and for my child. I have been sick a fortnight. Human kindness would have been precious,— the voice of a friend, ah! how sweet; but God has made my bed in all my sickness; and even this evening, when I felt that my fever was gone, that I was sinking from exhaustion, and that I was leaving the kindest and most dutiful daughter, the dearest and sweetest of children alone, without earthly help or protection, I was able to resign her into the hands of her heavenly Father without a murmur."

She stopped. As for me, I was silent, I was dumb. What could I say? Enjoying the best of health, in the midst of plenty, and surrounded by friends, did I not daily suffer small inconveniences to annoy me, little disappointments to ruffle my temper, the most trifling slight or coldness in my friends to vex and worry me? When the wants of the poor had been presented to me, had I not been satisfied with giving a trifle of money or a few old dresses, without a qualm of conscience, selfishly devoting all my leisure to conversation, books, or amusement for my own individual gratification? And this very evening, when mingling with the crowd, had not my object been rather to amuse myself with drawing fanciful pictures of imaginary characters and situations, than to give honest, hearty sympathy and help to my fellow-beings? And yet, I had been rather thoughtless and careless, than wilfully selfish and unfeeling. How many are so! How many, from mere habit and indolence, fail to do the good they might do, and fail, also, to reap that rich harvest of enjoyment, the sweet remembrance that your hand, your voice, have brought relief and comfort to many an overtasked and withering frame, to many a sorrowing, weary heart! In that small, poor, dim room, with that desolate, unprotected, helpless mother and daughter, I beheld such an exhibition of the power of simple, true religion, such touching beauty of love, patience and submission under the severest trials, as I had never before witnessed.

I conversed long with Mrs. Maltby (for such was her name), and I was startled at her disclosures concerning the hardships and difficulties of the seamstresses of New York,— those poor women who, abhorring vice, and shrinking from public charity, labor incessantly for a pittance which gives them merely the barest and coarsest necessaries of life, leaving nothing to provide against sickness and misfortune, and nothing to gratify the tastes and feelings natural to a woman's heart — the enjoyment of a little leisure, occasional free-

dom from care, some small article of adornment for the room or the person.

This little cluster of four small houses, built in the rear of a line of private stables, was inhabited by nine or ten families, mostly widows with young children, many of whom supported themselves in the same manner as Mrs. Maltby, by work from the slop-shops. Their lives were all lives of hardship and deprivation; but the poor woman related instances of unselfish kindness and generosity which brought tears to my eyes.

My sympathy seemed to give comfort to the desolate soul; but I soon perceived that I was doing wrong in taxing the strength of her exhausted frame. Mary had stood at the foot of the bed, looking at me as if I were an angel from heaven; and when I put into her hand the trifle which accidentally remained of a considerable sum I had that very afternoon squandered in useless ornaments and foolish presents, she thanked me and blessed me in a way which I was sensible I by no means deserved.

Before leaving, I asked Mrs. Maltby if she knew of no one to whom she could apply for assistance, until she should again be able to labor. She hesitated, as if struggling with a natural pride, and then mentioned the name of a lady whom she had known in her youth. They had been children and girls together, she said, in a pleasant country village; but, as it often happens, the lot of the one had been cast very differently from that of the other. "She lives," said Mrs. Maltby, "in a stately house, and rolls in wealth. I know not what effect riches and prosperity may have had upon her, but she was as kind and generous a girl as ever breathed."

I asked Mrs. Maltby's maiden name, but I staid not to say another word. I longed to escape into the open air. The alley was dark and dismal, but I did not mind it. I hurried through the cross streets and into Broadway, and on, on, under a long line of lamps, and across the open square into Union-place. Corner after corner, and here is the door. *Ring! ring!* and Katie's smiling, welcoming face beams so brightly in the flood of sudden light that I can scarcely look at her. Another smiling, beaming, welcoming face in the parlor door. The tea-table has been waiting half an hour, but no shadow of impatience on that kind and cordial face. There is a questioning look, however, and I hasten to answer it. "Annie Hanford," said I, calling her by her maiden name, "did you ever

know Julia Mallory?" I knew very well how clear were all her recollections of old friends.

Yes, she remembered Julia Mallory perfectly. When a young girl she had lived in the same village, and gone to the same school. "And a nice girl she was, too. What do you know of her?"

So I told her my story, or, rather, Julia Mallory's story.

Annie has her own way of doing things; so I was not surprised to see her, without asking another question, or speaking a word to me, ring the bell and order a carriage, or to hear her call to Katie to bring a certain basket which held about a bushel and a half, and set it on the tea-room floor, into which went bottles of wine, rolls of spermaceti candles, bundles of sugar, a canister of tea, heaps of biscuits, a cold turkey, parcels of sago, tapioca, &c., to the top, and on the top a nice chintz double-gown, a warm plaid shawl, and a pretty bonnet, which had been given to Katie that very morning, but which was now begged back again till it could be replaced on the following day. Then came her own thick cloak and hood, and mine also; and, though I looked longingly at the table, I was barely allowed to swallow a cup of tea and a morsel of cake, before I was hurried into the carriage and off.

With what true humanity, kindness and delicate generosity, did my noble friend relieve and raise and comfort this poor, unfortunate sister! How gently did she take away all sense of humiliation in thus receiving assistance from an old playmate of her childhood, making her feel, what she truly felt herself, that it was God who had made them to differ in worldly circumstances, and that as long as the soul's integrity had been maintained, and each had striven to do her duty faithfully, there was true equality between them. She was reminded that Christ had directed his followers to bear one another's burdens, and she was persuaded to let this long-lost and long-remembered friend help her in her own way. Such management was not new to my friend Annie. She knew exactly where to send for the best physician, and, very fortunately, she knew of pleasant and comfortable rooms in her own neighborhood, which were vacant, and could be secured and put in readiness by the time the invalid should be able to remove. She saw, too, at a glance, that Mary was a modest, affectionate, bright, intelligent girl; and she knew of just the school where she could be educated for a teacher. Not only this general chart of Mrs. Maltby's and Mary's future

was thus laid out, but a filling up of improvements and surprises, like the objects in a moving panorama, was hastily sketched in my friend's mind. Let it not be supposed that this was a fanciful outline, destined to fade away without being worked into the real, living experience of these two. I allow that my friend's heart was uncommonly warm, her imagination peculiarly vivid, but she did not deserve the stigma often cast by the cold and the dull upon this kind of temperament,—her impulses did not evaporate in mere feeling. She had an uncommon amount of practical talent, and the perseverance with which she carried out her plans was quite extraordinary. When she had once made up her mind to benefit a person, it was quite in vain to attempt to escape from it.

And so full was her nature of kindness, so entire was the absence of all which could wound or grate upon the feelings of others, that all who came under her influence seemed made not only better, but happier. To them the air seemed softer, the sun brighter, the present more cheerful, the future more hopeful, human goodness a more real and tangible thing. I have seen this in many a one to whom I knew she had been a friend and adviser and helper for years. And I saw it in my very next annual visit, when Mary came one evening with a joyful face to take tea, and to tell how she had received the first prize in her school. When she was leaving, my friend gave her a bouquet from her greenhouse for her mother, who now was earning a handsome support by her well-paid needle, and had a cheerful little parlor to sit in. The hasty pressure of the hand, the glowing face and glistening eyes, spoke more than words.

I had not forgotten the gift of the slice of toasted bread; and one afternoon I stole into the alley and knocked at the door where I had received it. Here, too, I found the same kind hand had been busy. Gleams of sunlight had entered the dim cottages through the opening which my entrance had made. The poor women had better work at better prices. Places had been found for children, weary hands and eyes had rested, hearts had been comforted, tears had been dried. And by the same influence more than one had been led into the service of Him whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace.

HAPPINESS.

BY MISS P. R. EASTMAN.

"O, happiness, our being's end and aim,
Where shall we seek it, and be sure to find?"

PRECIOUS gem! Is it concealed in heaps of California gold-dust, or hoarded among the treasures of royalty? Is it among the spoils of the warrior, or the emoluments of office? Is it laid up in the temple of fame for the reward of its votaries, or hid in the mysteries of science? Does it gleam from the crown of genius, or flash on the brow of passion and beauty? Confine not your search, O ye who would be happy, to any of these places, or to any circumstance, but turn your eyes within. Search diligently among the elements of your own nature. Put them to the test, and see if you will not discover a principle of transmutation, an universal solvent of more value than that which scores of alchemists have wasted their lives in seeking,—not to transmute all things into gold, but all circumstances into that which gold cannot buy, namely, happiness.

If happiness were dependent on outward circumstances, we should not only find ourselves always similarly affected by like circumstances, but all persons would be delighted or annoyed by the same occurrences. But who cannot recall seasons in his own life when those things which usually administer to the gratification of the senses no longer charmed? There are times when the most tempting viands become loathsome, the sweetest music touches no responsive chord, and the eye bedimmed with weeping turns with apathy from the most ravishing prospect. And how very differently may the same occurrences affect different individuals! Two may go forth in a rural walk,—one to find enjoyment in the balmy atmosphere, the singing of birds, the fragrance of flowers, the beauties of the landscape, while the other is alive only to the petty annoyances which may have occurred in their way. Two may visit Niagara,—one to be filled with awe and rapture at the majesty and sublimity of the scene, the other only to discover an immense waste of water-power! One may look upon a flower-garden as a representative of refinement and pure moral taste, while another sees only wasted time, strength and soil.

While some look upon all things with an eye of detraction, and,

therefore, never experience the pleasant emotions of beauty and admiration, others, of well-regulated minds, accustomed to look for the beautiful, the pure and the good, have become imbued with all which is lovely, and invest all things with a radiance which flows from their own bosoms, so that they seem to live as it were in a little world of beauty of their own. As physically there is no sound unless there is an ear to hear it, so there is no beauty, physical or moral, unless there is an eye to behold it, and no happiness unless there is a *heart* to enjoy it. And it is only when *this heart* has been regenerated by the Holy Spirit, and the love of God reigns supreme there, that the individual can "rejoice evermore." It is then only that he lives,

> "While in, above the world.
> All the black cares and tumults of this life,
> Like harmless thunders breaking at his feet,
> Excite his pity, not impair his peace."

He trusts in God, and is not afraid. He believes the promise that all things will work together for his good, and, committing himself to his Father's care, he yields not to anxiety or apprehension for the future. Though some of the dispensations of Providence may appear inscrutable and mysterious, yet he *trusts*, firmly believing that all is directed by an all-wise and omnipresent Being, who doeth all things well. Though his soul be sometimes vexed by the ungodly deeds of the wicked, there is a deep under current of peace, unrippled by breeze or storm, which far exceeds the highest attainment of the devotee of worldly pleasure. He has higher aims than the gratification of the desires and appetites of depraved human nature; and, though not selfishly seeking it, attains a more exalted happiness in self-denial than can be found in indulgence.

And, if we may be permitted to follow the good man to that world whither his course tends, we may witness the triumph of the principle within over all circumstances. There it asserts its power in its victory over the last enemy, who can do no more than disrobe it of mortality, whence it may escape to its native element, there to realize a full fruition of the happiness which is enjoyed by mortals only by faith.

Will not the happiness of heaven itself depend upon the state of mind we carry there? Were it possible that the unregenerate heart, the heart at enmity with God, could gain an entrance into that

beautiful city, the new Jerusalem, would it be happy there? All the splendors of that glorious city, its pearly gates, its walls of precious stone, its streets of gold, as it were transparent glass, its pure river of water, clear as a crystal, and the glory of the Lord, which is the light thereof, could give no happiness to the soul who had not discovered the beauty there is in holiness, or made the Lord his delight. To the soul deformed by sin, and clad in the tattered and filthy garments of self-righteousness, all these things would only serve to reflect, with awful fidelity, his own deformed image.

THE BROKEN TULIP.

BY C. LEICESTER.

CHARLIE had a little flower-bed in his mother's garden, which he took care of himself. He had in it two crocuses, some lilies of the valley, a hyacinth and a tulip. These he had planted in the autumn; and, as soon as the snow was off the ground, he looked to see if his crocuses would blossom. No; they only showed a few green shoots. But the lilies of the valley rolled up their inner leaves very tightly, as if they had something well worth while to keep; and the tulip shot up her bud of promise, as if she had no fears for it, and was not ashamed to show it. Charlie watched and waited to see them open; and, finally, the lilies smiled out coyly, and the tulip laid down one bright red leaf, and then another. O, how gay and splendid was the flower she boasted for her winter's work! Charlie thought it was the most beautiful he had ever seen. He prized it the more because it was the earliest in the whole garden; his mother's were still in bud.

One day his little sister Annie, only two years old, went alone into the garden, and she thought, as Charlie did, that his tulip was the finest thing there, and she picked it from its stem without knowing she was doing any harm. The mischief was but just done, when Charlie came to admire its glory. It was gone. What a blow for him! He turned to Annie, who had it crushed in her little hand. Full of grief and anger, he snatched it from her, exclaiming,

"You naughty girl! What did you do so for? You have picked my tulip, and I don't like you!"

"I'm sells! I'm velly sells!" said little Annie, who could

not talk plainly. She meant that she was very sorry. Yet Charlie struck her, in his passion.

Poor thing! She cried as if her heart would break; and, running to her mother, poured out her complaint, "Tarlie tipped me! Tarlie tipped me!"

Charlie, too, went to his mother with his complaint. She reproved him for his anger, and the wrong he had done his baby-sister, and bade him kiss her and soothe her grief. He obeyed reluctantly, and with an unkind feeling at his heart.

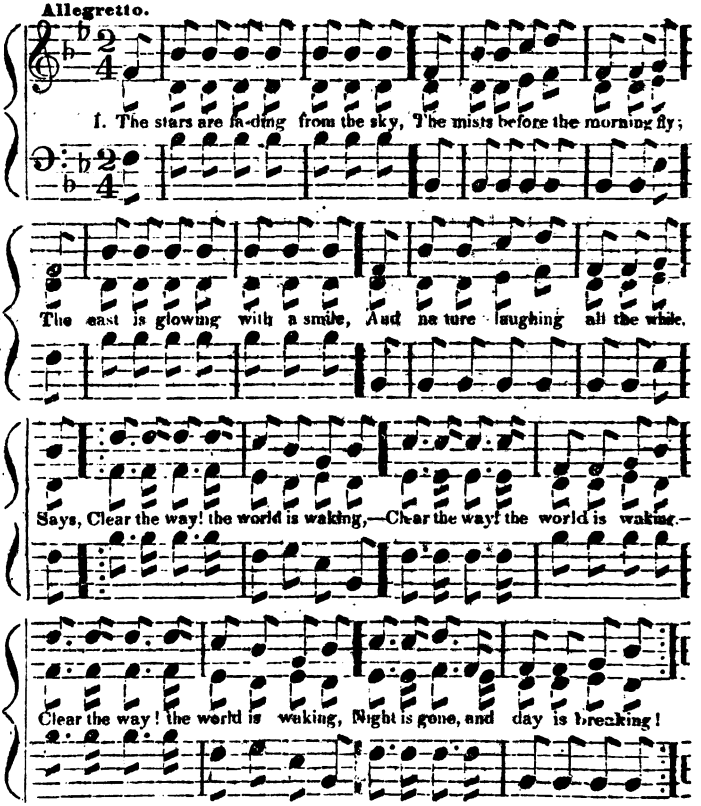
The very next day little Annie was taken violently ill with the scarlet fever. The disease soon assumed its worst form, and her life was despaired of. Most of the time she lay insensible; and, when she roused, she seemed to have lost her reason. When she saw Charlie, she would lift her arms to kiss him, and say, in the most touching way, "I'm solly, Tarlie, I'm solly," as if she had the broken tulip in mind. He would kiss her tenderly, and try to make her forget her sorrow; but he could not forget his own remorse. He picked the finest of his lilies of the valley, and put them in her little hot hand, and bade her smell them; but she scarcely noticed them. O, how many tulips he would now have given, if so he could wipe out the wrong he had done for the sake of one,—if he could make up for it! But he could not,—it was too late!

"If Annie would only get well," he said to his mother, "I'd plant her a whole bed of tulips!"

But Annie was to be gathered to the garden above. She died; and when they had made her ready for the coffin, Charlie went to look upon her. The broken tulip and the angry blow came to his mind, and his distress seemed more than he could bear. He hurried away, and gathered every flower in his little garden, hyacinth and all, and laid them on her breast. But it was of no use—she could not know it; she was dead.

They prayed above the little corpse for blessings on the loving who wept over it, and then laid it away in a pretty spot. Charlie prayed most of all for forgiveness of his sins; and, ere the grass had formed a covering for the mound where Annie slept, the sweetest summer flowers bloomed there, planted by Charlie; and when the next spring came, the tulip which had been the pride of his garden bloomed fairer than before on the little grave, the offering of Charlie, in his sorrow for his sin. Vain offering! Show kindness to the *living*,—the *dead* cannot heed it!

MORNING SONG.


Allegretto.
1. The stars are fa-ding from the sky, The mists before the morning fly;
The east is glowing with a smile, And na ture laughing all the while.
Says, Clear the way! the world is waking,—Clear the way! the world is waking.—
Clear the way! the world is waking, Night is gone, and day is breaking!

2 The cock has crowed with all his might,
The birds are singing with delight,
The hum of business meets the ear,
And face to face, with kindly cheer,
Says, Clear the way! the world is waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

3 The bell is ringing, haste away!
The school is open, leave off play,—
The sun of knowledge there we find
Arising on the youthful mind,
So clear the way! the world is waking,
Night is gone, and day is breaking!

From Baker's American School Music Book. By permission.

FIRST MISSION BUILDING AMONG THE DYAKS.

THE above is a representation of the first mission building erected among the Dyaks, of Borneo. They are a simple and inoffensive people, living in the interior of that vast island.

In 1842 two missionaries, Messrs. Youngblood and Thomson, went to this island and selected a place called Karangan as their residence. As the Dyaks had no suitable accommodations for them, it became necessary to erect a building for their temporary occupancy. The ground was cleared, and the building erected by eight men in two days.

A river, with a sandy bottom, distinctly visible through the pure, limpid stream, runs along in front of the house, affording the finest water.

The missionaries above-named intended originally to go to Java; but the Dutch government shut them out, by an arbitrary and absolute decree, from every part of their possessions in India, except Borneo. Never, perhaps, since the apostolical age did the great Head of missions say, in his providence, more distinctly and peremptorily, "Go, preach the gospel to that people." The existence, character, necessities and claims of a large heathen people in that great island, have been kept a long time before the attention of the American churches, and the seed thus sown may one day result in a rich harvest.

FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

"THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES."

BY ANN E. PORTER.

"I'M glad *my* husband is n't so notional!" said a gossiping neighbor to a friend, whose husband had just passed out of the room, after finding fault with some little domestic arrangement not exactly within his sphere.

"I am sorry Mr. C. has this habit," replied the other, mildly; "but, as I cannot remedy it, I must bear it patiently."

Such were the words which passed the lips; but the hearer little knew what a train of sad thoughts she had elicited for the day.

That afternoon, as Mrs. C. sat alone engaged with her sewing, her mind was busy with the days of her girlhood, when, free from care, she was a loved and cherished daughter, gathering the flowers of life, but bearing none of its burdens. Then followed those days of blissful anticipation, when he whom she now called husband was a frequent visitor at her father's house; she recalled the hours when together they read, rode or sung; when time was swift-footed, and the old family clock seemed to measure its revolutions by her own quick pulse and light step. But, O! how different was the present from the past! She had been married five years; their first babe, a beautiful child, had been carried to the grave just as it had learned to lisp the word mamma; their second was now an infant, but a fretful child, requiring much patience, and many hours of personal attendance. The mother had grown pale and thin under the heavy duties of nurse and housekeeper. Her husband was a physician, with the practice of a small country village,—enough to afford a comfortable support to his family, but requiring much prudence and good management to enable them to lay up anything for old age or a rainy day.

It was necessary, therefore, that Mrs. C. should "look well to the ways of her household;" nor could she, as a faithful wife, "eat the bread of idleness." Sometimes the body was weary, and the spirit, too, would flag beneath its duties. Then, too, she had learned that her husband had his peculiarities. Yes; she must acknowledge it to herself, that he was very notional and set in his way. If there

was a single heavy streak in the bread, or a grain too much soda, he would be sure to notice it; if the baby sneezed, it had taken cold; or if a button was missing from his shirt, he wondered that it should have found its way into the drawer until repaired. Yes, all this was true; and, as his wife thought it all over during the baby's nap that afternoon, she began seriously to think that she had trouble,—that life was full of sorrow and perplexity. Soon the child awoke, and cried. This set it to coughing; a short spasm followed, which alarmed the young mother, and it was some time before she could get the little one quiet. Then, on looking at the clock, it was near the usual time for tea. Seating her child upon the floor and giving it some plaything, she hurried into the kitchen; but the doctor soon came in.

"Ah, my dear, is n't supper ready? We must try to be more punctual."

"It will be on the table soon," said the wife, trying to suppress a choking sensation in her throat. As she uttered this, she sighed, and in her heart wished "she had never been married." It was a well-defined wish, and, although it was unuttered, it was for the moment the real language of her soul. In the mean time little Jessie had found the way to her father's arms, and was crowing with childish delight.

"Now for some supper," said the doctor, cheerfully, as he placed the child in its high chair, not forgetting (for he was a particular man) the linen pinafore. He then assisted his wife in putting the dishes upon the table.

He was tired and hungry, but the frugal meal revived him. If it is true that "no diplomatic difficulty is so great but it may be covered with a table-cloth," then, surely, a pleasant tea-table may prove an antidote for slight domestic jars.

"Sanford has paid me that bill to-day," said the doctor. "I never expected to get a cent of it; and now, Emma, I can purchase that illustrated edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which you have so long wished to own. I am glad we did not buy it before, for there are some at the bookstore to-day bound in morocco, plain, but firm and good."

In pleasant chat the hour of tea passed, and Mrs. C. felt a pang of self-reproach, as she moved busily about the house, replacing the tea-things and preparing for breakfast. "I was wrong, after all,"

she said to herself, "and forgot how many blessings are given to me."

The next day, when he returned home, he brought the new work, and, in looking at its beautiful illustrations, every unpleasant thought was forgotten. When they knelt at the family altar, and the husband used a petition which he had often offered before, each felt its force, and, unknown one to the other, added from the heart a fervent Amen. "O, let us not look for unattainable by looking for unmingled bliss on earth; but remember that this is not our rest, and be prepared for difficulties, trials, changes and final separation."

These last words, "final separation," softened each heart. The young wife thought of widowhood, and shuddered. "Such a punishment would be just for my rebellious thoughts yesterday," she said within herself. The doctor, with true affection, looked with interest upon his pale, gentle and still beautiful wife. But, though such feelings tended to subdue irritation for the time, their influence was only temporary. The next day brought its domestic duties, and the thousand petty trials which are always the portion of the wife and mother who performs her own household labor and takes the care of her children.

Mrs. C. was gentle-tempered, quiet and unobtrusive in her manners. She was not what is termed a literary woman, but she had a taste for reading, and her proficiency in the common English branches, taught in the village academy, was rather better than that of most of her companions. But she took little interest in the abstruse subjects which occupied the attention of her husband. He had a decided taste for the physical sciences, and his attainments in chemistry and philosophy might have fitted him for a professor's chair. He delighted in making experiments, and being, as we have already seen, a precise and particular man, he was generally very successful; for his weights were exact to the fraction of a grain, and all the furniture of his laboratory scrupulously clean. It was no wonder, then, that he thought bread and meat, puddings and pies, might be uniformly good.

"Have an exact rule, my dear, and always adhere to it, and never 'mix up,' as you term it, in a hurry; like cases will produce like results, physical laws are invariable, and there is no more need of heavy bread or overdone beef than there is that one ounce of my

paregoric should be unlike another, one box of blue pills be of different proportion from its neighbor."

Alas for the poor wife! Such doctrine was rather discouraging. She knew nothing of practical chemistry in housekeeping. She did as her mother had done before her, and, though a good housewife, yet she did not always satisfy the somewhat exacting demands of her husband. Let me not be understood that he was fretful,— far from it; but he could not comprehend why all the details of housekeeping could not be as methodically managed as those of his own library. On the other hand, his wife was conscious that her husband was becoming more and more absorbed in his profession and studies, and had less leisure for herself and child. She had little time to give to society, and began to feel more and more her somewhat isolated and lonely position. It was well for her that she had a child, though it could not yet lisp her name, and was sickly and fretful. The consciousness that her neighbors thought her husband "precise and fussy" annoyed her. She dwelt upon it when sewing in her quiet sitting-room, or when busy in her kitchen.

Her husband's practice about this time increased, and with it also his ambition to excel in those branches most nearly connected with his profession. Now, it never once entered his scientific head that the fire of domestic affection must be supplied with fuel, or the flame would diminish. He was careful to keep bright the coals in his laboratory furnace, but he forgot the fireside which conjugal love should carefully guard. He married from no mercenary motive; he believed it was true affection which led him to select his Emma from the rest of the world, and he had not the shadow of a doubt that her whole heart was his own. He had now and then wished she was more fond of scientific pursuits, yet it never occurred to him that she viewed him in any other light than the very model of a husband,— for such he intended to be.

He could see some trifling deficiencies in her, to be sure, but he believed that her affection was such as to blind her to all defects in his own character. And here we find them, a couple "happily married," as the world would say, and, for aught the world knows, and as far as outside appearance would indicate, enjoying a more than common share of conjugal felicity. But there is a sadness in that house, a little cloud in the horizon, which may spread till it

darken the whole sky, or may fade away like the light mist of morning. We have taken this instance because it is so common, and because there is in so many homes a *little root* of bitterness, marring the joy and beauty of married life. It may not be the "fussiness" of Mr. C., or the sensitiveness of his wife, but something as trivial,— some bad habit indulged, some peculiarity unchecked, which embitters life, and sometimes leads to separation. We have not taken, as we might, the sad picture of the drunkard's nome, where all conjugal happiness and love are drowned in liquid fire. With such we weep and pray, and look forward with hope to the day of our nation's deliverance, by the power of law, from this curse which has made so many homes wretched. Neither have we introduced our readers to the fireside of the gambler, the adulterer or the modern fanatic, who laughs at the sacredness of marriage, but still lives in the family relation. These gangrenes of society need desperate remedies, and a skilful physician. Our business now is with the little foxes that spoil the vines; with those homes where the plague-spot is so small that it is considered hardly presentable to the priest.

We have been astonished to observe how much conjugal happiness has been marred by bad habits, or want of mutual confidence. Sometimes, when we have heard of the separation of a married couple, or the remark that certain persons did not "live happily together," our thoughts have gone back to the little cloud, once no larger than a man's hand, and we have mourned as we thought how easily it might then have been chased away.

We sometimes feel that, if we are ever so blessed as to arrive at heaven, and are given an angel s mission on earth, we would choose, were it in our power, to carry conciliation and peace to hearts bound by the legal ties of wedlock, but sundered in spirit. But, at present, as a weak. feeble woman, we desire to say a few words to those married people who now and then find their horizon darkened by a storm.

Scattered throughout the pages of the *Mother's Assistant*, like the golden sands in the soil of California, are directions to young ladies as to the choice of companions for life, and advice as to the best method of preparing themselves for the duties of wife and mother. So frequent and so good has been this advice, that I should hesitate long before I venture to add thereto; but, my dear married friends, let me whisper a few words to you. The world calls you

happy, and, if they judge by appearances, they judge rightly; for, when neighbors enter, are not all "domestic jars," as they are called, and harsh words, hushed for the time being? It is when perplexed with the annoyances of every-day life,—the care of children, sick, playful or turbulent, as they are by turns,—or when, with a small income, we must manage to supply the numerous wants of an increasing family,—when business hurries, and household help is needed and not obtained, or, if obtained, is careless and troublesome, —when pecuniary losses depress the husband, or weariness and care steal the smile from the wife's cheek,—it is at such times we need to draw from that fund of conjugal affection which should be constantly accumulating interest as the years of wedded life pass.

See that young couple at the altar! The blooming girl in satin and orange-blossoms; the groom in his fresh coat and white gloves. How bright the future looks to them, and how faultless they seem to each other! Talk to them as you will, they cannot be made to believe that they have imperfections of character which will call for patience and forbearance, or that the love which now shapes their paradise must be accompanied with *principle*,—*firm religious principle*,—or they may be driven from that Eden which seldom opens a second time to receive the self-banished exiles.

It is not enough that they are professing Christians; they must learn to make that religion a *practical, living, every-day concern.* It must lead them to banish suspicion, not *thinking* evil, and to return a soft answer for hasty and perhaps angry words. There will a time come—it comes to all—when married life wears a very sober hue to the young couple; when they pause and look back upon the careless, free days of single life. No situation is free from perplexities, and He who instituted the family relation has sent joys to overbalance all the trials of our lot; and be assured there is more happiness in married life, where the parties are united in heart and principle, than in any other condition.

And, I may add, that an unhappy married couple are made doubly wretched by the bonds which unite them. The same soil which yields the richest products beneath the hand of the skilful husbandman, is also most luxuriant in weeds when neglected. Our Father in heaven was merciful when he gave Adam an helpmeet,—"compassionate like a God," when he allowed that helpmeet to wander from Paradise with him, hand in hand to go forth 'mid the gloom

and the thorns and briers of a world upon which they themselves had brought the curse. And we believe, also, that, as woman first led man to sin, she has graciously been permitted the largest share in winning a lost world back. I mean by this that her gentle persuasion, and her more impulsive, enthusiastic nature, are better fitted to win man to right and duty than the sterner sex. Think not, then, that I speak aught derogatory of woman's rights, when I assert that in the first domestic difference which springs up between them, where no duty is concerned, it is most becoming that she should be the first to yield. Let her do it gracefully and quietly, and she has made a conquest greater than he who wins a battle. A woman who governs her temper is more respected by the other sex than she who can command an army or discuss politics. They can do the one, but, alas! they know how much easier it is to guide a ship in a storm than to curb evil passions.

With the cares of life comes also the sad consciousness that we have not married a faultless being. The warmest affection cannot conceal from us this fact. Now, let us beware when that knowledge slowly but surely dawns upon us. Whenever the wife, in the quiet loneliness of her home life, sits down to brood over the hasty temper or other short-comings of her husband, she is in danger of marring her own peace, unless she looks also upon the reverse side of the picture, and holds his virtues to the mirror of her thoughts.

We surprise ourselves sometimes when we stop to reckon the good traits of a neighbor; and a discontented wife will sometimes end a sad hour with a song, if she will try this experiment when disposed to find fault with a husband.

Beware, also, how you speak of a husband's failings to your female friends. If you do this but once, you will find that those faults are magnified in your eyes, and you have unconsciously weakened the sacred ties of married life. There is sometimes a certain light badinage among married people, which, to say the least, is productive of no good, and sometimes leads to positive evil. It may be like

> "an arrow sent at random,
> But finding mark the archer never meant."

Let me give an example from real life. A gay young girl is visiting some friends, who have been married eight or ten years, perhaps. She is fond of society, and, as the wife is necessarily much at

home with her little ones, the husband politely attends their visitor to the concerts, lectures, evening parties, and so forth. All this is not displeasing to a lady who loves her children, and has learned to prize the quiet joys of home; she goes, too, when she can, but finds it no sacrifice to remain in the nursery when duty calls. Indeed, she is pleased to see that her husband retains the gallantry of his youth, and looks with a wife's pride upon him, and the young visitor leans lightly upon his arm.

"We will return early," says the husband, as the wife sits in a rocking-chair with a babe in her arms. She replies, cheerfully, "Don't hasten on my account. I shall not be lonely."

There is perfect confidence between that husband and wife, as nothing has ever yet occurred to mar it. Pity that a light jest should do that which years of care and trial have failed to produce. The gentleman and the visitor return in fine spirits from the concert; the piano is opened, the wife orders refreshments, and a merry hour ensues. They sing, laugh and jest. The husband jokes the lady about a certain young gentleman who seemed so eager to assume his place that evening; and one thing follows another, till, at last, he says, "No, Mary, don't marry *him*. I shall want a wife, one of these days, perhaps. Julia, my dear, what say you to my second choice?"

This seems rude and unfeeling; but it was uttered as a joke, and was taken as such, for the wife knew that she held the first place in her husband's heart. She had proved his love, and she rested upon it as upon a rock; but, nevertheless, the unfeeling words struck a chord in her heart which vibrated to tones of deepest sadness.

While she smiled with the lip, there was a tear forced back to its fountain. Those words haunted her for years. "How could he speak so lightly of my death?" she would often ask herself; and it was not until she lay upon a bed of sickness, with little hope of life, and saw his agony at the idea of separation, that she ventured to tell him how much sorrow those idle words had given her. He had forgotten the circumstance, and could hardly be made to believe that he had ever been guilty of such folly and rudeness. But most tenderly did he watch by her bedside, and in after years proved, by his increased devotion to her, who seemed raised almost from the dead, that it *was only a joke*.

We believe husbands are more addicted to such jokes than wives,

and we would kindly caution them. A woman's heart is sensitive, and, where her affections are concerned, secretive. A poisoned arrow may rankle there for years unknown to you. Heaven help you if you find at last that it was your hand which sent it!

The breach widened daily between Mr. C. and his wife, the parties with a sketch of whose domestic life we commenced this article. The doctor, as we have said, loved his profession; he devoted all the hours which he could spare from active practice to his study. Medical journals, reviews, new cases of instruments, manikins, colored lithographs of all parts of the human frame, not in the symmetry of its natural proportions, but distorted by disease or accident, filled his study and thinned his purse, leaving little for such books or pictures as would have suited his wife's less scientific taste. Once or twice he made feeble efforts to interest her in his pursuits; but the very sight of a skeleton made her faint, and a medical book was immediately carried to the study, if left by chance on the parlor-table. Her own domestic cares were not lessened as time passed, for when her little girl was but two years old the mother gave birth to twin boys. Now, if never before, as the neighbors said, "the doctor was fussy and notional." He required the most exact and punctilious attention to be paid to his boys,—the morning and the evening bath, the daily exercise, regular hours for feeding and sleeping, and no anodynes, at the risk of his great displeasure.

"May be this is right enough," said Mrs. Sloan, who lived near them, and was the mother of six robust, ruddy-faced boys; "it's well enough, if one can have strength and help. My babies all come up somehow, but I never had no rules about it; I nused 'em when they cried, washed 'em when they got dirty, and give 'em peppermint and soot tea when they had the colic. Your husband's 'mazin particular, Mrs. C., and don't know nothin about woman's work, or he would n't expect you to be regular as the clock with three children, and only one girl to help. He forgets there 's washin day, and bakin day, and ironin day. Lawful sake! if he should see my Tim rollin about the floor Monday, with an old woollen frock on and a crust of bread in his mouth, he 'd think the child would have a fit of sickness; but he 's fat and healthy as a pig. The long and short of it is, Mrs. C., you must learn to have a mind of your own, and take no notice of the doctor's whims and notions."

But she felt that her husband's plans were best, if they could only be executed; and she strove, with her one inefficient girl and her three little ones, to gratify his taste for system, and fulfil his directions as to the management of the children. They were *possibilities*, but he expected of his wife that which never has been and never will be accomplished.

The doctor was seldom with his family now, for his practice and his study demanded nearly all his time; but he came as regularly as his profession would allow to his meals, and he was disturbed if he did not find them as punctual as himself. More frequently than ever the bread was heavy, and the meat indigestible from overcooking. Sissy could eat no dinner, because she had been fed between meals; and an old cradle (a very useless thing, he averred) was found in the kitchen, and Betsy was rocking and singing with all her might, to hush the loud cries of one of the boys.

"O, dear!" he would exclaim, "I do wish, Emma, you would try to understand the laws of health, and be more systematic; the health and perhaps the life of our children depend upon attention to these little things."

Poor Emma had heard this so often that she was wearied, and, if the truth must be told, was becoming indifferent. She had struggled to perform what the doctor called a wife's duties, till her pale face and wasted form ought to have told him that she had a task beyond her strength. But he heeded it not; he was engaged in writing a treatise on the "causes of tubercular diseases," and he had little time to waste just then upon the sad, pale face of his wife.

It is not strange that in that wife's heart there sprung up a yearning for sympathy, a consciousness of neglect, and of unassisted and unappreciated efforts to do right. There was now and then a looking back to the happy days of girlhood, but oftener a sense of present weariness and desolation overcame her. She had no time to read, and the doctor seldom read aloud, or if, at rare intervals, he did so, it was some medical treatise, which he requested her to hear for the benefit which she might gain. One sunny spot in the desert only remained,—it was their hour of evening worship. At that time the domestic and the children were generally asleep, and quietly, without interruption, they read a portion from the Book of books, sung their evening hymn, and mingled their petitions at the throne of

grace. Blessed moments, that, like one golden thread, kept these hearts together!

But, one evening, as Mrs. C. sat alone in the quiet sitting-room, — quiet only when her little ones were hushed in slumber, — she was alarmed by the abrupt entrance of two men, supporting her husband in their arms. "Don't be alarmed," said the doctor to her. "I have broken my leg, but am not otherwise hurt." His voice relieved her fears, for her first thought was of death, and who shall say what agony was concentrated in that one half-moment of time? How differently do our *hearts* measure hours, minutes and seconds, from the far-distant sun, the regulator of our clocks!

None but those who have known by experience can tell how wearisome are the days and weeks of confinement with a broken limb. To the doctor, who had at this time a busy round of practice, it was very trying, to lie almost motionless upon his bed, and in such a position that it was very difficult to read. After making various efforts, and finding his eyesight weakened, he gave it up in despair. His only amusement was in watching the three children and conversing with his wife in those rare moments when she could bring her sewing and sit down at his side. He noticed how seldom this happened, and, at the same time, how much pleasure it gave her when she could find an hour free from domestic cares. For the first time in his married life, he began to have some conception of the various cares and manifold labors of a wife and mother. In silence, he watched from early dawn till twilight gray the constant step of his wife. If she was away from the kitchen any length of time, things were sure to go wrong there; the cooking was spoiled or the work undone. If her eye was not constantly on the children, then trouble ensued; now a burn which mother's hand must soothe and bind; now a fall which mother alone can ease; the next minute, perchance, the molasses-jug was robbed of its stopple, and the apron, just now clean, must be exchanged; or a pan of milk was tipped over by some careless little hand, and the recipient would come tottling into the sitting-room, dripping with the milky shower. And when, at night, sleep, that most efficient aid to the tired mother, came and wrapped the little ones in her soft mantle, there was the work-basket with its pile of "auld claithes," waiting to be made "almaist as weel as new" by the same hand which was required to work so many wonders during the day. The doctor saw all this

with a mingled feeling of wonder and self-reproach; reproach that he had ever spoken harshly to or required so much from his wife, and wonder at the patience and long-suffering of a woman who could, day after day, perform these duties without a murmur. But for the present "he communed with his own heart and was still."

"Emma," said he, one day, "I wonder if Mr. Hall, the schoolmaster, would come and read to me an hour every evening, if we should send for him. I wish very much to know the contents of my last medical journal."

"Would n't you like to have me read a while?" she said, mildly, as she rose for the book.

Now, there is a little perversity in men, as well as women, sometimes; and, though the doctor knew that his wife disliked the very sight of his professional books, he consented, and for an hour listened to her pleasant voice, as she read a chapter on tumors, containing a minute description of some difficult surgical operations for the same. Every night, for a week, she found time to read, until the book was finished; and let me add, to the doctor's credit, that not once during that week did he find fault with the cooking, though one day the beef was baked ten minutes too long, and the rice-pudding not long enough.

The doctor's limb was doing well; he would soon be out again; none the worse physically for his accident, and morally a wiser man.

"To-morrow I shall try the crutches," he said to his wife, as she closed her book for the night, "and I hope I shall not trouble you to read any more. My eyesight will be better now, I have no doubt."

"I hope, then, you will read aloud," she replied, "for I am getting quite interested in your books, and have found them very useful to me. I really ought to ask your pardon for having formerly treated them with so much neglect."

This was too much for even the doctor's firmness to bear. He drew his wife to his side, and, with her hand clasped in his, told her how much he needed her forgiveness for his former exacting, fault-finding spirit. "I little knew your cares, Emma, and far less did I know the patience and wisdom which a mother needs. Henceforth I will aid you in your duties to the best of my ability, and let me beg of you to let your husband's heart be the repository of your cares and trials; their recital will never annoy me again."

Tears blinded the eyes of the wife; she could not speak, and yet her heart was full of joy. Beautiful, indeed, was this melting of hearts that had been estranged, and pleasant to hovering angels were the mutual promises made that, with God's help, they would aid each other in their duties, and bear their mutual burdens. Sweet as incense on holy altars was the prayer offered that night, and full of meaning that petition, again repeated,

"O, let us not look for unattainable by looking for unmingled bliss on earth; but remember that this is not our rest; and be prepared for difficulties, trials, changes and final separation."

There is now many a silver thread amid the dark locks of the doctor's hair, and his wife has donned a cap, and looks very matronly with her three girls and her twin boys; but her brow is smooth and her heart at peace, for her husband is a tower of strength unto her, and his heart trusteth in her. On the blank leaf of his last present to her (don't smile, reader,—it was Condie on the Diseases of Children) he wrote,

"Our spirits ne'er grow old with age,
Eternity 's their heritage;
Our love, once nursed 'mid hopes and fears,
That grew and bloomed with added years,
Will strike its roots still deeper there,
And fruit immortal ever bear."

SWEDISH MOTHER'S HYMN.

THERE sitteth a dove so white and fair,
All on the lily spray,
And she listeneth how to Jesus Christ
The little children pray.
Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayers which the children have said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate,
And brings—that dove so mild—
From the Father in heaven who hears her speak,
A blessing on every child.
Then, children, lift up a pious prayer;
It hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove, so white and fair,
All on the lily spray.

FASHION.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

O, WHAT is Fashion's rich reward
To those who Fashion follow?
One day adored, the next abhorred,
How empty and how hollow!

The fickle-minded, thoughtless, vain,
May count her quite a goddess,
Because she asks a flowing train,
Or tightly-fitting bodice.

The fop may take her snowy hand
And lead her to the bridal;
The act may seem to him quite grand,
But, O! 't is suicidal!

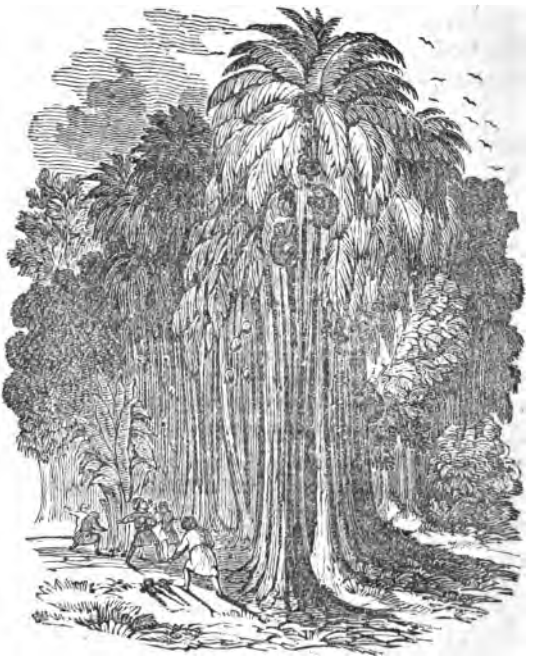
Though thousands bend before her shrine
With awed and reverent feeling,
As if the goddess were divine,
To whom the fools are kneeling,

Yet Fashion, lady, ne'er can make
Of *thee a lovelier creature;*
So do not thou, for pity's sake,
EXPERIMENT ON NATURE!

IMPROPRIETY IN DRESS.

THE eye affects the heart, and not unfrequently inflames the passions. The lusts of the eye are like the winds of heaven, giving intensity to the raging element, and spread far and wide the triumphs of desolation With what caution should everything that is unbecoming be avoided! While taste and refinement are not forbidden, it should be the refinement of an elevated, a purified mind. Any and every approach to those modes of dress which are contrary to the principles of modesty, purity and holiness, should be met with prompt, severe, and unqualified condemnation.

THE COCOANUT-TREE.



BY MISS MARY GRACE HALPINE.

In southern climes, where fair and sunny skies
Bend lovingly, with smile all pure and calm,
The lively-chattering monkey finds a home
'Mong the cool branches of the feathery palm.

Oft will the children of that sunny clime
Leave the bright plain and seek the shady wood;
Exploring with a quick and curious eye
Each green and leafy bough, in quest of food.

'Mong the dark branches of the stately palm,
Half hid by leaves of bright and glossy green,
Too high for their contracted arms to reach,
The round and luscious cocoanuts are seen.

Though thick upon each graceful bough they hang,
Their clustering beauty mocks their longing eyes;
To reach the tempting fruit 't were vain to try,
And cunning must effect what strength denies.

They at the monkeys aim the cruel stone,
And blinded, nearly wild with rage and pain,
They hurl the cocoas at the laughing group;
And, thus in triumph they their nuts obtain.

Some men, like the poor simple monkey, seem
To be but children of a larger size;
Pretended opposiiton lures them on
To do the very thing they most despise.

JUDGE NOT HARSHLY.

BY MRS. S. A. B. CARRIER.

THERE is in this dark world many a green
And fertile spot, to gladden hearts oppressed
With sin, and oft depressed with meanless words
And pharisaic acts and stoic looks.
Mankind are not all wicked. There are hearts,
Warm hearts of gushing tenderness, to feel
Another's woe amid the heartless ones.
Judge not, ye suffering, that a Christian soul
Has no humanity. One cannot ope
His purse to every applicant,— else soon
'T would hungry be itself. Sometimes, mayhap,
He 'll bless with kindly words. Sometimes in acts
Of charity and love. Again, sometimes,
With alms of silver, or with golden dust.
Benevolence is varied in its forms,
And oft an aching, sympathizing heart,
Who fain would eagles give, must be content
To offer dimes, or whisper words of love.

SIR EGERTON BRYDGES remarks, "The age of a cultivated mind is often more complacent, and even more luxurious, than the youth. It is the reward of the due use of the endowments bestowed by nature: while they who in youth have made no provision for age are left like an unsheltered tree, stripped of its leaves and its branches, shaking and withering before the cold blasts of winter. In truth, nothing is so happy itself, and so attractive to others, as a genuine and ripened imagination, that knows its own powers, and throws forth its treasures with frankness and fearlessness. The more it produces, the more capable it becomes of producing; the creative faculty grows by indulgence, and the more it combines, the more means and varieties of combinations it discovers."

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER ANNIE.

BY MRS. H. A. S.

I HELD my first-born in my arms, and looked on its features with new emotions,— hope and fear, delight and trembling, all strangely mingled. A new and holy fountain of love and happiness was opened in my heart, and waters of pleasure gushed forth, purer and sweeter than I had ever tasted before. Heartfelt thanksgivings for this rich gift from above ascended to my heavenly Father, and with them earnest prayer for strength to discharge my new duties in his fear.

The weeks rolled away,— how swiftly, every mother knows,— and my child grew in interest each day. The world seemed new to me; every duty was lighter; each pleasure was increased.

My babe knew me, and the first intelligent glance of her eye filled me with delight.

She walked. How my heart throbbed, as she ran, for the first time, into my arms!

She lisped my name. No ear but mine could have distinguished the word; yet the sound was sweet music to my ear.

Time still rolled on, and now I was never alone. My daughter was always with me; and, babe though she was, she became my friend. If I was sick, she whispered softly, lest I should be disturbed. If I was sad, her mild eye looked sympathy. If I was joyful, she shared my mirth. If I sung, she mingled her sweet notes in the strains. Long hours she sat by my side, dressed her doll and prattled words of love and happiness. Her most simple, childish words were eloquent to me.

At last my darling sickened. For a few days, I called her illness slight. I could not think that she, who clung to me with so strong a love, could leave me for the cold grave. At last I was told she must die. My own heart told me so, and it was full to bursting. I could not look upon her when convulsions rent her frame, and every nerve seemed quivering with anguish. I fear my heart rebelled against God's will. I forgot that He, the Giver of my treasure, would deal with it gently and in mercy.

She left me! The casket lay before me, more beautiful than ever,— but the gem I loved was gone! O, how little which I valued seemed left on earth! All things around me whispered of my loss.

The books I had read while she sat by my side, spoke of her. Her playthings lay neglected around her crib and chair; the clothes she wore but yesterday all were empty — all, like my heart, desolate!

I went to God. I prayed for submission to his will. He heard my prayer. My thoughts were turned from my empty home to the bright world where my child now dwelt. I thought no longer of my loss, but I remembered only the eternal gain of her whose happiness had so long been my care. A voice like that of my child whispered,

Let not a tear ungratefully be given,
Bid not a murmur linger where she trod;
The child of earth is now the child of heaven;
Thy loved one, mother, is the loved of God.

And still, forget not; but, when flowers are sighing,
And evening sunset fades along the west,
Think of thy child, — yet, O, not pale and dying,
But living, smiling, radiant mid the blest!

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.*

BY MRS. S. A. B. CARRIER.

Sweet babe, so pure, so full of life,
With bright and beaming eye,
We weep to-day, in anguish weep,
That thou so soon must die.

Blossom of joyous innocence,
Emblem of life on high,
We dreamed that thou wouldst with us stay,
But waked to see thee die.

So fade our hopes of earthly bliss, —
Its joys soon blasted lie;
The fairest flowers so early droop,
And only bloom to die.

Mourning, we 'll wipe our tearful eyes,
And turn them to the sky;
The casket 's only in the grave, —
The jewel cannot die.

The resurrection's trump shall sound,
And summon us on high;
There Christian friends rejoined shall be,
And never, never die.

* These lines are set to "Herbert," page 321, Cantica Laudis.

SPHERE AND INFLUENCE OF WOMAN.

BY REV. N. BEACH.

QUESTIONS respecting the comparative abilities of the sexes and the appropriate sphere of woman are often discussed with interest, and in many circles at the present day with much earnestness.

When asked whether the abilities of the sexes are equal, I am always disposed to answer that *they are superior.* Nothing is plainer to my mind than this, that the sexes were created for different spheres of activity and influence; and they are constituted and endowed differently to qualify them for their respective stations. They all compose one *general class*, and have many powers and qualities in common; at the same time they belong to different *species*, and as such they possess peculiar qualifications for the different spheres in which they move. The members of each sex have abilities for their respective duties which do not belong to the other; therefore no comparison can be fairly instituted between them, except to a limited extent.

The Bible speaks of woman as *the weaker vessel.* (1 Pet. 3 : 7.) She undoubtedly is such, both physically and mentally; but she is not on this account inferior to man. The gnarled oak that has grown and strengthened amid the storms of a century may be just the timber for the frame of a ship; but is it therefore better than the tall and graceful cedars of Lebanon that are wrought into the temple of the Lord? The walls of a prison may be constructed of massive granite, and rendered irrefragable by the power of man; but is it therefore superior to the tasteful cottage and the beautiful dwelling which are composed of lighter materials? Each is superior to the other in this sense,— that it is better adapted to the purpose for which it was made.

Just so, I apprehend, it is with the sexes. Now and then you will behold a female strong and athletic as any man, but generally it is not so. Delicacy and frailty characterize the former, roughness and strength the latter. Here and there you may find a female able to cope with the profoundest theologian, or statesman, or man of science; but generally it is not so. The former will excel in those branches which are ornamental and æsthetic, the latter in those

that are solid and abstruse. Man will move along like an ox, with strength and moderation, till he reaches a distant conclusion; but woman, like a fleet hare, will leap to it at once, and be equally correct. The sexes are alike in many respects, and in others very dissimilar. Delicacy, sensibility and taste, characterize the female; strength, boldness and enterprise, the male. They are mutually dependent and helpful. In some things they are equal, in others they are unequal; but each is superior to the other in the distinctive qualifications which prepare them for the respective spheres in which they move. Abraham appears best in the field, presiding over his servants and his flocks, and earning his bread in the sweat of his brow. Sarah appears best in the tent, kneading her bread, and guiding the affairs of her household.

By considering the wants of society and the capabilities of woman, it will be easy to determine the question respecting her appropriate sphere. One person cannot do everything. The same individual cannot guide the helm of state, and also be abroad on the great deep directing the course of a ship. He cannot be a mechanic and a merchant at the same time. He cannot simultaneously cultivate the soil, and "teach the young idea how to shoot;" nor can he successfully discharge the duties of a counsellor, a physician and a minister of Christ. One sphere of action is sufficient for one individual. If he divides his time and energies between two or more, he fails in all, and his success in any given pursuit depends on the assiduity and entireness with which he devotes himself to that alone.

Society, like the human system, is composed of many members, and each has its necessary and appropriate functions. There must be men to till the soil, others to work in brass and iron, others to go down to the sea in ships, and others to act as legislators, and administer the affairs of civil government; and there must be another class of persons still, to move in and preside over the most important circle that God ever instituted on earth, the family. Under the higher forms of civilization, and in every well-regulated society, there are many spheres of activity and influence. Some may appear to be more important and elevated than others, but all are necessary to the harmony and perfection of the entire system. "The eye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again, the hand to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of

the body, which *seem to be more feeble*, are necessary." (1 Cor. 12: 21, 22.)

Now look at the well-regulated family as a theatre of action, of influence and usefulness. The female who is installed over such a household may not attract public attention, like a representative, a judge, a senator or a president; but who can conceive of any one performing a more necessary and important service? She is a wife, a mother. Is her dwelling a *home*, indeed, the abode of peace, contentment and happiness? It is owing chiefly to her influence. Does her husband appear abroad with respectability and honor? It is owing chiefly to her influence; for there are but few men who would long maintain a reputable appearance, were it not for the refining and elevating influence of woman. Are her children amiable, and possessed of good manners and habits? In them you discover the fruits of a mother's watchful care and toil, for they have been in her hands as clay in the hands of a potter. Is her house the abode of industry, economy and thrift? It is owing in a great measure to her influence; for no man can prosper without the consent and coöperation of his wife.

Is this sketch of the sphere and influence of woman correct? I think it must be, for it was suggested by what the Bible teaches, and by what we observe where the religion of the Bible exerts a controlling influence. Open to the last chapter of *Proverbs*, and we shall find a charming portrait of woman. The inspired penman says, "Her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.

"Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land.

"She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness." This is but an imperfect outline of the complete picture drawn by the pencil of inspiration.

If in the light of scripture and reason we have discovered the appropriate sphere of woman, then we may derive from our subject some useful lessons with regard to *female education*.

We have occasion to rejoice in all which is wisely done for the cultivation of the female character. Parents should take great pains to have the minds of their daughters disciplined, stored with useful

knowledge and adorned with the accomplishments of art. But there is another branch of education more necessary and important still, the theory and practice of domestic philosophy. A knowledge of letters, skill in music and drawing, indeed, the most accomplished education, will go but a little way towards making a young lady what she should be, unless she knows, like the patriarch's wife, how to knead bread and bake a loin of veal. The beauty of Sarah, for which she was distinguished, and any display which she might have made of her jewels and wealth, would have been to Abraham and his guests a poor substitute for the substantial repast which her own hands provided.

Home is the peculiar sphere of woman. It is her presence and her charms which give it existence; her wisdom and skill which show forth its worth. Females should, therefore, be thoroughly instructed in everything that pertains to the necessities and welfare of a well-regulated household.

In the light of our subject, we also discover the folly of those who would draw forth woman from the retirement of home, and have her participate in all the scenes of public life. Suppose the doctrines of some should prevail, and law and custom become such that females should attend and take part in all school, parish and town meetings. Suppose the various offices in the gift of the town, the state and the nation, were filled promiscuously with males and females; that they were found in equal numbers at the bar, on the bench, in the jury-box, and in all the spheres of active life. What would be the result? We should have no *ladies*. That delicacy and refinement which are the charm of the female character would be destroyed in the toils and conflicts of public life, and all our women would be merely female men! We should have no *homes* worthy of the name. The whole world would be like the *troubled sea that cannot rest.* There would be no quiet haven to which we could flee and cast anchor, and be secure from the storms which are ever raging on the sea of life.

"Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age!
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep at least one parent from the sky."

TRIAL IN YOUTH.

EDITORIAL.

THE desire of happiness is strongly implanted in every human heart. An eager thirst for enjoyment is an almost unfailing characteristic of youth. And so natural is this desire, and so pleasant it is to see the spring-time of life bright with sunshine and gay with flowers, that, when it is clouded by misfortune, or encumbered with difficulty, we are almost ready to call in question the goodness of God, and to accuse Providence of injustice. The mother's heart leaps with joy when she beholds her young daughters blooming with health and gay with pleasure, and she would gladly take all care, all effort, all sickness and sorrow, upon herself, if, by this means, she could insure a long, unbroken holiday for her children.

But is this extreme anxiety to save the young from all pain, labor and difficulty, to clear their path from every obstruction, to surround them constantly with the means of enjoyment, wise? It might be so, if we were still inhabitants of Eden, or if we lived in a world where, according to the idea of a celebrated New England divine, play is our highest vocation and our only business. But that is far from being the case with any inhabitant of this poor, present earth. Here we have characters to form; we have long years of life before us in which duties are to be performed; we are to prepare while young for usefulness, and happiness, and contentment in age; we are to fit ourselves for a higher and more important state of being.

What does inspired wisdom say? *It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.* Of the instances of early piety and preparation for death, by far the greatest number are those who have been led by affliction, by loss of dear friends, or some other calamity, to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and to secure an interest in that world where sorrow never enters. Can that be called a misfortune which secures the greatest possible good a human soul can possess,— a treasure worth more than worlds, the happiness of eternity?

But, leaving those higher interests out of the question, and confin-

ing our views to this life, shall we not find that some of the early sorrows we so much deplore are, in reality, our greatest helps and blessings? A higher object in youth than mere present enjoyment is the formation of character, and those influences are most valuable which tend most to beautify, enrich and strengthen, the heart and the mind.

No truly superior character was ever formed without trial. Strength comes by struggle and effort. A woman who has learned patiently and courageously *to bear* has secured a foot-hold where she can calmly and firmly await the evils of life.

It is sweet and pleasant to be wafted gayly along on the surface of society, drinking in the honey-dew of admiration, and constantly looking forward to new pleasures and new triumphs; but let not those whose lot is differently cast look with longing or with envy on these apparent favorites of fortune. Not always, but often,— very often,— emptiness of mind and barrenness of heart, and a useless, discontented after-life, are conditions which attend the coveted distinction of being a belle. Beauty and the gifts of fortune are not to be despised; and, when accompanied by generosity of soul, by sweetness of temper and cultivation of mind, by a reasonable estimate of our own importance, of the rights of others, and of the true objects of life, we acknowledge their charm, and congratulate the favored beings who possess them. But this is not that training of circumstances to which we should look with most confidence, when we aim at a noble character; or, indeed, taking into view the whole of life, a successful or happy career. Let not her courage fail who is deprived of the active and alluring pleasures of youth by long-continued, delicate health; who feels that she is losing the bloom of her spring in seclusion and loneliness; who fears that life will have lost its charm, before she is able to mingle in its active pursuits and pleasures. Look up, dejected one! Life is long, and thousands, by care, prudence and judicious self-management, correct the evils of a frail and delicate youth, and become healthy and robust. Lose not the present in repining and complaint. If you cannot work and study, you can observe and meditate. There is often a beautiful world of thought and feeling developed by deep, silent reflection. If you cannot acquire new treasures of knowledge, you can arrange and digest what you already possess. You can study and practise magnanimity, unselfishness and kindness to others. You can learn calmly and cheerfully to bear. You can learn one great secret of

happiness; and that is, to value small pleasures, to be thankful for small kindnesses, to cherish the sweet treasure of home affections and home virtues. And, when health comes, you will find it no disadvantage that you have preserved a freshness of feeling which is generally lost by great contact with society; that reflection has given you discretion to pursue your onward course. You will enter upon the active duties of life with fresh vigor, and a pleasant surprise will await you when you find that for those who are true to themselves life has deeper enjoyments and richer treasures in her summer harvest-fields than in the gayest gardens of her spring.

Perhaps the trial is not sickness, but detraction and obloquy. Some hasty word has been misrepresented, some thoughtless imprudence exaggerated. Envy and malice may have exerted their baleful influence, and cold distrust and suspicion may have taken the place of cordial respect and kindness.

To the sensitive heart of youth, this is, indeed, a trial hard to bear. The young live so much in the esteem of others,— their need of sympathy and kindness is so strong,— that when the support derived from the good opinion of those around them is taken away, their very hearts fail them. They know not what to do. Surprise, sorrow, indignation and wounded pride, cause a tumult of painful agitation. Hope is, for the moment, almost annihilated. Life appears dark and dreary, and full of difficulty. The heart seems made only to ache. But yield not too much to these dark feelings. Fear is the most paralyzing and depressing of the passions. It is natural and right to desire the good opinion of others; we cannot help it, nor should we. But too great fear of opinion checks the growth of the noble and generous qualities and leads to timidity, weakness and disingenuousness. In the moment of trial, strive to rise superior to the bad influences which may be active around you. Trust not only in God, but trust yourself. Strive for self-reliance, for strength, not to return wrong for wrong, but to possess your soul in peace and calmness, till time and circumstance shall show the right.

Think not too meanly of your own individuality. It is expedient, as well as just, that you are true to yourself. The mean and injurious are far less likely to invade your rights and trample on your feelings, if they perceive in you a strength of soul which raises you above their power. Few are exempt from early trials of this kind;

and if the struggle is successfully made, a firmness is obtained which is one of the most invaluable elements of character, and which, if accompanied by tenderness, gentleness and justice, makes a truly admirable woman. And surely, when we suffer in this way, tenderness and justice to others should be one of the fruits of our experience. We should not only strive for strength, but we should pray, with Gray in his beautiful hymn to Adversity,

> "The generous spark extinct, revive;
> Teach me to love and to forgive;
> Exact, my own defects to scan,
> What others are to feel, and know myself a man."

If we are taught to feel in this way, adversity will not prove to us a hard, "relentless power," but the "benign, propitious" deity the poet calls her.

But suppose the trial to lie in early disappointments, in straitened circumstances, or in disgrace brought upon us by the ill conduct of others. Still, do not despair. Remember that human life is a battle, and that she who perseveres, and strives under all circumstances to do the best she can, will, in the end, come off victorious, and win for herself probably honor and respectability; certainly self-respect, and peace of mind, and love of friends, and the power of sustaining, and helping, and encouraging others. Life is full of compensations. We live but from day to day, and who shall say which is happiest at evening, she who has strengthened and ennobled her nature by strenuous exertion to fulfil an arduous duty, by patient submission to an inevitable evil, by throwing the light of love and joy over even the poorest home, or she whose faculties sleep from want of motive to arouse them,— whose sense of enjoyment palls from over-indulgence,— who cannot even gratify a wish because the affluence of fortune has left her nothing to wish for?

Do not, then, ye afflicted ones, weakly repine, or unworthily sink under difficulties. Let improvement in character and the fulfilment of duty be the first object. Let us remember that everything comes from God. Those who strive with pure motives generally succeed, in this world. But, suppose we should not be able to work ourselves free from difficulty while life lasts,— that we finally go down to the grave unappreciated, unfriended,— in sickness, in trouble, in poverty,— if we do the best we can, we shall have great rejoicing

at the last; more than enough to repay us for the sorrows of this short life. For there is in heaven an innumerable company with golden harps and shining raiment, received and treated with peculiar tenderness and distinction. The tears are wiped forever from their eyes, and they minister night and day at the altar, *because* they persevered to the end through great trials and afflictions.

CONVERSATION.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE YOUNG LADIES' GUIDE.

THE chief attraction of good society is found in agreeable and intelligent conversation; and this derives its principal charm from the versatility and sprightliness of the female mind. The art of conversing agreeably and well is a high attainment, and one which will well repay the effort it requires. No personal attractions in a young lady will compensate for the want of it; and nothing but goodness of heart will reconcile us to the deficiency.

In the management of the conversational powers, there are two opposite extremes, *talkativeness* and *taciturnity*. Which of these is the greater defect, depends, perhaps, chiefly upon the motive. The garrulity of a talkative person may be tolerated, where it proceeds from openness of heart and kindness of feeling; and, on the other hand, silence may be endured, when it arises not from the absence of ideas, but from a modest, unobtrusive disposition. But there is a happy medium, which is earnestly to be sought.

The talkative lady never is at a loss for something to say. Her tongue, to use a homely comparison, is like the clapper of a mill, which only needs to have the gate raised to set it agoing; and it never stops till the grist is ground, or the pond run out. You wait with painful anxiety for a pause, that you may "put in a word;" but she must "utter all her mind;" and, if one story is not long enough, she must lap on another, to spin it out. Thus she goes from hill to dale and from valley to grove, without connection, rhyme or reason, but only an association of ideas, which suggests

to her mind one digression after another, till she forgets the point where she started, and "over creation wanders." She speaks before she considers whether she has anything worth being said; and she goes on as though she were the chief speaker, without reflecting that others in the company may wish also to speak. She engrosses the conversation without adding to the general stock of knowledge, and leaves the company vexed that they have had no opportunity to participate in the entertainment.

On the other hand, the taciturn lady only speaks when spoken to, and then only in monosyllables. It is possible her mind is well stored with knowledge; but who can tell? If she has resources at her command, she is either too selfish or too modest to share them with others. The presumption generally is, that it arises from vacancy of mind; though often, we doubt not, the assumption is unjust. But, however that may be, it is "dull music" to attempt to maintain conversation where the talk must be all on one side.

The impression made by the talkative lady is unfavorable; but the taciturn makes none at all. You feel yourself at once acquainted with the former; but, whether there is anything of the latter or not, you are at a loss to determine.

But the *agreeable* lady finds out the happy mean. She has, in the first place, a well-stored and a well-disciplined mind. She has not only a rich fund of ideas, but they are well arranged. She applies to her mind the well-known rule of order, in material things, "a place for everything, and everything in its place." She does not, like the talkative lady, display all her wares in a confused heap at once, but selects and arranges in order those which are wanted for the present occasion. And this she does without seeming effort, by a sort of intuitive sense of what is proper and right. She obeys the old adage, "think three times before you speak;" and yet does it unconsciously, from long habit, without stiffness, formality, or affectation of excessive propriety. You are at perfect ease in her presence, and never feel that she is making an effort to entertain you; and she will manage to draw out your resources, if any you have, so that you may bear your part of the entertainment. She will find out on what subjects you are at home, and, before you are aware of it, she will make your knowledge of them her own; and yet, not without having given some equivalent in return. And thus, while

she entertains others, she will be constantly adding to her own stock of materials.

But how is this art to be acquired? In the first place, there must be a well-cultivated mind. The mind must be trained to habits of thought, and rapid thought, upon whatever subjects come before it. And this is best acquired by habits of study. A thorough course of solid study will fit the mind to grapple with any subject which is brought before it. And then the mind must be stored with useful knowledge, by a course of reading instructive and improving. A knowledge of the sciences, and familiarity with the best writers in the English language, will furnish a good stock of ideas, facts and principles, from which a cultivated intellect may draw at all times, as occasion may require.

In the second place, fluency of speech is requisite. To secure this self-possession is indispensable. When one is embarrassed, confused or abashed, by the presence of company, or the circumstances of the occasion, the mind plays most fantastic tricks. The most familiar words will not come at bidding. The very word you want, and which was in the mind a moment before, is now irrecoverably gone, and you are left to the painful alternative of hesitating, stumbling, stopping, or of using the wrong word, which will perhaps call for circumlocution, and certainly mar the beauty of your sentence. But, it is a great assistance, in this case, to be familiar with the vocabulary of English words commonly used in the conversation of cultivated society. I suppose the daily habit of reading aloud, from books written in a pure, classic style, and occasionally committing to memory and rehearsing some of the most interesting passages, will contribute much to this result. Then the habit of observing and treasuring up the words of the best speakers, both in public and private, will aid still further. But all high-flown expressions and sickly sentimentalism must be avoided, unless you would be a "laughing-stock;" of which there will be great danger, if you are a reader of novels, which affect the mind as intoxicating liquors do the body; weakening its powers by excessive excitement, and satisfying its cravings with that which is not food.

Good taste, good breeding, and a nice sense of propriety, also, are essential to agreeable conversation. These are necessary to teach us when to speak, what to say, and when to cease. An ill-bred person will interrupt others, and prolong discourse, so as to encroach upon the rights of the rest of the company. Bad taste will intro-

duce subjects awkwardly or abruptly; and the want of a sense of propriety will lead to the introduction of subjects unsuited or offensive to the present company.

These suggestions I have thrown out in a desultory manner, with the hope of calling the attention of young ladies to the great importance of cultivating their conversational powers, and of giving some direction to their efforts. I will conclude with the remark that the conversational talent, with which ladies are often so highly gifted, should be consecrated to Christ, as a means of usefulness. The tongue, though a fire and a world of iniquity, capable of being "set on fire of hell," yet, if held in with "bit and bridle," and brought strictly under the control of Christian principle, may be made the medium of a mighty influence for good.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ROLLO CODE OF MORALS. By Jacob Abbott. Published by Crocker & Brewster.

There is a lamentable deficiency, on the part of parents and teachers, in regard to the inculcation of moral truth to the children under their care. We see sad proofs of this truth multiplying on every hand. The cultivation of the moral sentiments, once a matter of such transcendent importance, seems to be lost sight of in the cultivation of the mental faculties. But, after all, an ignorant good man is infinitely a better member of society than a vicious learned man.

This little book was written for schools, but it is equally adapted for the family. "It consists of a series of lessons, designed to explain and illustrate to young children their most simple and obvious duties," and is better adapted to its purpose than any book we have ever seen.

THE TEACHER AND THE PARENT. By Charles Northend. Published by A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y. City.

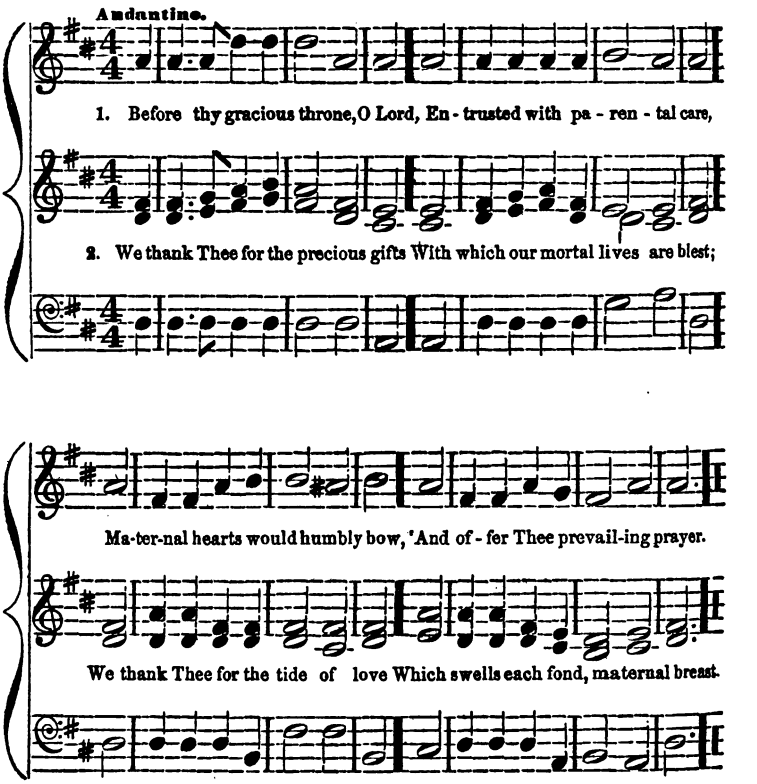
Here is a beautiful book of 320 pages, devoted to the subject of furnishing practical suggestions and instruction to teachers, and written by a gentleman who has had an experience of nearly twenty years as an instructor in public schools.

A free government, like ours, never could have been continued as ours has, without virtue and intelligence among the people. The prosperity of our common schools, therefore, should be a subject of the deepest solicitude to every American heart; and their character and usefulness may be greatly enhanced, if teachers and parents will study this invaluable work.

THE IMPROVED HOUSEWIFE. By Mrs. A. L. Webster. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

This book is mostly the result of the personal experience of the author, as housekeeper, for thirty-four years. It has reached its *eighteenth thousand*, which is pretty good evidence of its popularity, and perhaps of its value. The recipes are 859 in number.

HYMN FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

MUSIC BY L. MARSHALL. POETRY BY REV. E. P. DYER.

Andantino.
1. Before thy gracious throne, O Lord, En - trusted with pa - ren - tal care,
2. We thank Thee for the precious gifts With which our mortal lives are blest;
Ma-ter-nal hearts would humbly bow, 'And of - fer Thee prevail-ing prayer.
We thank Thee for the tide of love Which swells each fond, maternal breast.

3. Yet Lord, to mar our sweetest joy,
What fears commingle day by day,
Lest Satan tempt our children's hearts,
And lure their little feet astray.

4. O grant us grace their feet to guide
In wisdom's ways of peace and truth,
And fill their souls with faith and love,
Dear Saviour, in their early youth.

5. We yield them up to Thee, O Lord,
And on thine arms our burden cast;
Thou only canst their feet direct,
And save their precious souls at last.

"I WILL GO."

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

[See Engraving.]

"And they called Rebekah, and said unto her, Wilt thou go with this man? And she said, *I will go.*"

AMONG all the interesting scenes and incidents of Scripture, there is none more touching and lovely than that which portrays the perfect love and confidence with which Rebekah left father, mother, brother and sister, the scenes of her childhood and the associations of her youth, for a land of strangers. And it was no blind, unthinking confidence, but a firm, unwavering trust in the wisdom and goodness of the God of her fathers, in whose love and fear she had been trained from her early childhood.

How sweetly and truthfully is "the meeting at the well" portrayed, by the magic pencil of the artist, where Rebekah had gone forth to draw water with her maidens.

How proudly toward the fair and sunny skies,
Like monarchs tall, the stately palm-trees rise!

How cool and refreshing the vine-wreathed fountain, where,

Obedient to their master's least command,
The patient, thirsty camels meekly stand!

The queen of beauty, 'mid that lovely scene,
Bethuel's daughter stands, with brow serene.
Note the mild glance, the calm and saintly grace,
The quiet meekness of her placid face;
The shrinking form, its gentle, nameless charm;
The rounded beauty of the extended arm.

When her fond brother, in his manly pride,
And gentle mother, drawing near her, cried,
"Daughter! wilt thou the voice of God obey,
To other scenes and pleasures wend thy way,
Leave thy fair home, with all its varied charms,—
Thy noble father's kind, protecting arms,
Thy brother's glance, thy gentle sister's smile,
Which could in darkest hours thy grief beguile?
O! wilt thou, canst thou, leave *her* fond caress,
Whose tones were ever raised to guide and bless,—
The hand that wiped away thy infant tears,
The heart that shared in all thy childish fears,
The sunny plain, the cocoa's leafy shade,
The pleasant paths where thy young feet have strayed,—
With stranger forms in stranger lands to roam?
Say! wilt thou leave them for that far-off home?"
This answer came, in accents firm and low,
"The Lord our God hath spoken. *I will go.*"

Holy and pure, 'mid the frail things of dust,
Is gentle woman's firm, unchanging trust.

For him, the chosen, she will leave her home,
Share the rude cottage or the stately dome;
Will meekly follow where he leads the way,
To whatsoever clime his footsteps stray.
Whether around his head the tempest lowers,
Or fortune decks his path with fragrant flowers,
Until in death her loving eye grows dim,
Whate'er betide she still will cling to him.
Wipe from his clay-cold brow the dews of death,
Soothe the last pang, receive the latest breath.

Yet, Christian wife, if he to whom is given
All love, save that due to your Lord in heaven,
With whom the thorny path of life is trod,
Denies his Saviour and defies his God, —
If Sinai's threatenings fail his heart to move,
If the strange story of redeeming love
Wakes in his breast no sweet responsive tone,
If to your Father's throne you kneel *alone*, —
Of love, of sympathy, 't were vain to talk,
In different paths, toward different homes, you walk:
You, toward that radiant land where angels dwell;
He, the dark, gloomy path that leads to hell.

If he, the father of the child who lays
Upon your breast, or round you sportive plays,
Is all unworthy of the charge that 's given, —
That pure and stainless bud, the gift of Heaven, —
Unfitted to direct its steps aright,
To guard from danger, or to shield from blight; —
Say! is it not a bitter thing to bear
To the weak heart a hindrance and a snare?

Then, Christian maiden, bend the suppliant knee,
And breathe a fervent prayer to God that He
May keep thee from that dark and fearful snare,
A *prayerless, godless husband!* O, beware!
The heart that in thy gentle breast doth swell,
It is a priceless gift. O, guard it well!

Yet, should it be thy happy lot to find
One in whose mild, yet firm and steady mind,
Thou canst with safety every thought confide, —
Whose hand thy feeble, faltering steps can guide,
Whose truth and honor will for aye endure,
Whose heart is noble, as his soul is pure,
On whose strong arm thou mayst all proudly lean,
With soul untroubled and with brow serene;
Whose heart the love of God hath early won,
A loving brother and a filial son; —
If such should woo thee, thou may'st murmur low,
Like Bethuel's lovely daughter, "*I will go!*"

THE THREE MOTHERS.

EDITORIAL.

CHAPTER I.

THINGS were getting to be too bad in the family of my cousin, Mrs. Dilmer. I felt that I could remain with her no longer. Nothing could be pleasanter than it was when I first came to reside with her. She was such a fine-spirited, warm-hearted creature, and such a nice little housekeeper, and her husband was so kind and good-natured, and their snug parlor so sunny and warm in winter and so shady and cool in summer, and my chamber with its white draperies was so fresh and neat, and we had such agreeable neighbors and such pleasant tea-drinkings, such sleigh-rides in winter and such picnics in summer; it was the very perfection of village life. We put no more scandal into our gossip than just to redeem it from insipidity, and make it piquant and agreeable, and at the least breath of sorrow or misfortune, we were all alive with sympathy and kindness.

But the lapse of six years had brought three children to Mrs. Dilmer's family, and this had changed matters wonderfully. Willie, the eldest, was a darling, bright, little creature, and, when a baby, I had learned to love him dearly. Many a romp have I had with him, and many and many a time have I coaxed and nursed him to sleep in my arms. But, as he grew older, and especially during this particular winter, he had become so noisy, rough and unmanageable, as really to torment me. Katie, a year and a half younger, was following in the steps of her brother; and even little Sally, the youngest, was beginning to set up her will, and enforce her rights over every member of the family.

I know very well what people say about old maids' children; but why should not an old maid know how to bring up children properly, when she has nothing to do but observe other people's mismanagement? If I have a talent for anything in the world, it is for the bringing up of children. I have my own theory, and it is my hobby. I could have made Willie, Katie and Sally, the best children in the world, for they were naturally sweet and full of charming

traits. I should not have indulged them as their mother did. But no one likes to interfere with other people's children; so I determined, rather than have a constant heart-burning and vexation, to make a certain, long-promised visit to my relations in New York, thinking that if I could find among them some little, snug, unoccupied corner, I would settle down where I should not meet with so much to annoy me. I felt pretty sure of finding a welcome; for, having a handsome little independence of my own, and making a very respectable appearance, none of my friends could be ashamed of me; and, possessing great cheerfulness and vivacity of temper, and knowing how to make myself useful in many little ways, I was rather a desirable inmate than otherwise.

I did not know, until the time actually came for parting, how much I was attached to the family where I had lived so long, and, on the whole, so pleasantly. I was to leave early in the morning, and late in the evening Maria came to my room. I had not thought it necessary to tell her that I probably should not return. I would write it from New York. A kind of coldness and distrust had grown up between us of late, entirely on account of the children. She saw that I did not approve her management; and I did not like to speak out, for fear of making a difficulty. This was painful to us both, for our mothers had charged us to love and confide in each other, and I had once loved Maria like a sister.

Parting softens the feelings and opens the heart. We both found it so. Looks and words of old-remembered kindness gradually broke up the ice-crust which had of late been forming between us, and we again saw into each other's hearts and minds. I found Maria's heart warm and true. I saw the young mother loving and earnest, and striving to learn how to fulfil her arduous duty. I began to suspect that a bilious and nervous attack, under which I had labored for the last two or three months, had somewhat discolored the medium through which I saw things; and that, after all, these children might not be worse than others. As the ice was broken, however, I spoke my mind very freely to Maria, advised her to read the Proverbs of Solomon attentively, and promised to write, for her benefit, the observations which I made in the families of our friends.

I must confess that my heart beat a little on taking leave of Dr. G., our nearest neighbor, and one of the most excellent and agreeable of men; but if I shed a few tears I did not let him see them.

His wife had been my dearest friend, and since her death her little orphan daughter had been my special pet and favorite. During the last summer, I had seen the doctor go into his garden almost every morning to cut flowers, and about half an hour afterward, Fanny would be sure to come running over with a pretty bouquet for me. He always passed his evenings with us; but that was natural, living so near, and having nobody at home. As I took a last look at the house and garden,— the prettiest in the village,— I felt a little choking in the throat; but it passed off. I am not at all a sorrowful sort of person; and I have my share of pride.

I pass over the details of my journey. As I neared the city, my mind was full of queries and anticipations concerning those I was going to visit. It was twelve years since I had been in New York, or seen my relations there,— and people alter so in twelve years! I have a mobile, enthusiastic temper. Perhaps nobody is more affected by the people and the circumstances around them than I am. But steam-travelling does not allow much time for the imagination to work. In the morning I was far, far away in a secluded country town; at three o'clock I was ushered into the house, or rather palace, of my rich cousin, Mrs. Dater, in Fourteenth-street, New York.

I had expected to find my cousin well situated, for rumors of her magnificence had reached us in the country; but I had witnessed nothing of the sudden growth of luxury in New York, and was not prepared for the splendor of her establishment. So many beautiful and elegant things I had never seen collected in one house before; such appliances for luxurious enjoyment to every one of the senses! I must confess I was very much struck by it. I will not describe the furniture, the tables, the dresses, the equipage; it is sufficient to say that everything was superb and costly. I could not help thinking Julia Dater a fortunate woman; and, as she had received me graciously, even kindly, I felt almost secure of a permanent position in the midst of all this luxury and magnificence. My habits and mode of life had been extremely simple, and for several days I felt oddly, as, in my brown merino dress, and plain little black velvet bonnet, I ran up those massive stone steps, with heavy carved balustrades, and was let in by a great moustached porter to a broad hall lined with statues and hung with pictures; as I ascended the superb staircase, sinking into the thick, richly-tinted carpet at every

step, and entered my chamber, draperied with blue and white damask, and glittering with polished and gilded furniture, I thought the inmates must be happy. I was dazzled, delighted with everything around me; and it was many days before I could sit down and weigh in the scales of sober judgment and reason, the real value of what I found here.

It was one evening after Mrs. Dater and her daughter had driven off to a party, that I sank down in an easy-chair before the parlor-fire, and fell into the following train of reflections, speaking half aloud to myself: "How grand and gorgeous is everything around me; how splendidly cousin Julia was dressed to-night; what a show of lace and what a glitter of diamonds! But, after all, do this wealth and these luxuries make people happy? No. My cousin is not a happy woman. I saw it, the first hour I came into the house; and, as her real life opens to me, I see it plainer and plainer. She is not happy in her husband, who is ignorant and conceited; she is glad that he is constantly away. She is not happy in her children, who are selfish and intractable. She is not happy in society, where she is in a constant state of emulation and rivalry. I fear, alas! that she is not happy in her own heart and conscience, for I see no expression of thankfulness to God, or of the sweet inward peace which springs from a consciousness of duties performed and affections gratified. I don't know that there is any help for an uncongenial husband. Thank Heaven, I have none; but surely, with such leisure, such means and such advantages, she could have trained her children to be her happiness and pride. Yes; and she *ought* to have made them so! I have no charity for those miserable failures and paltry excuses in this first and plainest duty of woman and mother. And what a scene between mother and daughter I have witnessed this evening! Such a combat of wills, such unamiable looks and expressions, such flushed and angry faces! How the value of velvet, satin, diamonds, feathers and flowers, sunk into insignificance and paled into dulness, when compared with affection, docility and reverence!"

I pondered upon this great mistake,— the mistake of a life,— for the whole life is colored by it. I thought long upon the uses and abuses of wealth, and the pleasures and penalties of fashion. I compared the enjoyments of city and country, and I resolved to wait, observe and examine, before I determined upon my future course of

life, or upon the degree in which Mrs. Dater had been to blame in bringing up her children. It may be wrong that I permit my happiness to depend so much upon the qualities of those around me; but I cannot help it. I am fond of society, but I would rather live in the cave of a mountain, with only my own thoughts for companions, than in a social atmosphere where love, peace and goodness are wanting.

Another week passed. My attention became less and less attracted by the splendid and beautiful objects which had at first filled me with admiration, and my feelings were more and more drawn into the circle of vital life around me. I longed to solve this problem of domestic happiness or misery, and I soon found myself in a fair way to do so. At first my presence had evidently been a restraint upon the family; but, by little and little, this wore off, and things returned to what appeared to be their natural and habitual condition. The children treated their mother's opinions with contempt and her wishes with disregard, and even with opposition, when they conflicted with their own. This led to endless little scenes, which it was anything but agreeable to witness, more especially as they generally ended with the defeat of the party whose word should have been a law to the rest. As a specimen:

One evening, at nine o'clock, and just after the two little ones had been coaxed to bed, a ring came from the door. The eldest son, a youth of nineteen, rose to leave the room. "Where are you going, Charles?" inquired the mother.

"To Buck's," replied Charles, carelessly.

"To join a company of drinking, riotous young men!"

"Fine fellows! glorious fellows!" said Charles.

"Don't go there to-night, Charles; stay at home. Won't you stay at home to-night?"

"Can't, thank 'ee, ma'am," said Charles, moving off.

"Go with your sister, then."

"Where is my sister going?"

"To Mrs. Mallard's."

Charles came back and said, "Mother, you are a fool to let Anne go so often to Mrs. Mallard's. She is a vulgar woman, and her associates are vulgar. The greatest rowdies in our club leave every Wednesday evening, when they are half tipsy, to go there and dance

with the young ladies. I tell you you had better keep Anne at home."

"She won't stay. For once, one single evening, to oblige me, give up this rioting, and go with her, and take care of her."

"Confound it! not I! I've other fish to fry. Good-night."

"Who is Mrs. Mallard?" inquired I.

"A boarding-house keeper, who lives a few doors from us, and who, every Wednesday evening, gives a dancing soiree to her boarders and about twenty other young people. Anne seems infatuated with the desire to go there; all other invitations are declined for this. I am very much afraid of some improper attachment. I do wish she would give it up."

At this moment, Anne, gayly dressed, with sleeves very short and neck very low, entered the room. She was a well-made girl, of something less than eighteen; and she would have been handsome, but for a certain self-willed expression about the mouth, and an unpleasant stare in the eyes, the lids of which seemed never to drop or fall. "Anne," said the mother, "I have a very particular request to make of you this evening."

"Make it quick, then," said Anne, "for I must be off."

"My request is, that you will not go to Mrs. Mallard's."

"Not go to Mrs. Mallard's! I would not miss it for a thousand dollars!"

"If you must go out, go somewhere else. It is not too late for Mrs. Vesey's. I can dress in an hour, and I will go with you."

"I don't wish you to go with me. I like best to go by myself. John will follow me to the door, and Mr. Hunting always comes home with me. You see, cousin Sally," speaking to me, "it is so pleasant at Mrs. Mallard's. The gentlemen are so fond of dancing, and they polk and waltz so delightfully, and we have such free and easy times, I am determined to go there every week for the rest of the season. They are neighbors, you know, and we call it only running in; though, to be sure, I never get home before two o'clock."

"Anne," said Mrs. Dater, very decidedly, "I will not coax nor reason with you. I am your mother, and have a right to control you; and I tell you that you must not go to Mrs. Mallard's."

Anne looked at her mother with mingled anger and surprise.

Then, laughing scornfully, she said, "It seems to me that 't is a fine time of day to begin to tell me that I *must not* do things, now that I am almost eighteen years old! I tell you that I *must* go, and that I am going."

"Then I will go with you."

"You, indeed! No; you have never been invited; and, if you were to go, it would spoil half the pleasure. But why are you so unwilling that I should visit at Mrs. Mallard's?"

"No matter. I want, for once in your life, that you should do a thing because your mother wishes it and requests it."

"You have asked that thing so often, mother," replied Anne, with the utmost coolness, "that I should think you would get tired of it. Ask me to stay at home from Mrs. De Witt's, on Friday night, and I'll stay, but not to-night. Good-by." And, saying this, she rang the bell for John. Presently, a bang at the street-door, and Anne was gone.

Mrs. Dater looked mortified and distressed. The longer she thought, the more excited she became. At length she broke out with, "Were there ever such children? What is to become of them?"

I could not answer this question, so I sat silent.

"Cousin Martha," said Mrs. Dater, "I am called a fortunate woman; but I am miserable. I will not speak of my husband; you know how unlike and uncongenial we are; but he makes money, and gives me in that way all that heart can wish. While it was new, it was pleasure to live in a fine house, and drive a splendid carriage, and dress in satins and brocades; but, O! how soon that wears away; how little reality there is in it! Custom has rendered these things necessary, but it has destroyed their charms. My heart pines. I want something to fall back upon. I want the love and reverence of my children. My dignity and self-respect are lowered, my affections wounded, by their treatment. You see I have no influence over them; I cannot control them. And it is so unreasonable in them, so ungrateful! There is not a wish of their hearts which I have not gratified, ever since they were born. They were indulged from the very cradle. When they were to school, if they wished to stay at home, they staid. They went and came, just as they liked. Their wishes in everything were anticipated. But, with all this, they were never grateful, nor respectful, nor even happy. I expected that when they grew older

they would naturally see and feel what they owed to me, and that then I should be rewarded for all my kindness and indulgence; but, instead of this, they constantly grow more indifferent and self-willed. Now is the time; I see it, I feel it. I have never seen it so clearly or felt it so deeply before; but now is the time, when they are just entering upon the world, that a parent's influence is all-important to lead, to guide, to protect. But my children will not be led, they will not be guided; and they are without principles to guide themselves. They are like vessels launching off into the broad waters of life, without helm, ballast or rudder; and I must look helplessly on, without power to assist them. Why is it so?" Bitter tears forced themselves down the cheeks of the mother, as she said this.

I pitied, I sympathized with the anxious and distressed mother; but my disposition is such that, if I speak at all, it must be the truth,— that which I really think and feel. Beside, as I said before, I have no patience with the weakness, the selfishness or the indolence, which always, more or less, lie at the bottom of that system, or rather that want of system, which makes spoilt children. Moreover, when people spoil their children, I think they fall into the delusion that it is in consequence of their virtues, and not of their failings. At any rate, I was determined to be frank with Julia, and I thought it was the greatest kindness I could do her to let her see that, according to her own account, her plans had been radically wrong.

I made, then, a little speech, giving my own views of education. I confess it was rather tremulous in the beginning; for, when I spoke of the blessing of children, a sweet little picture arose in my fancy, which had often been painted there before, and a natural pang shot through my lonely heart,—an infinite regret at the false position I was destined to occupy in the world, as an isolated, useless being, wandering from house to house in search of a home, instead of living the life of the happy, judicious and respected little wife and mother, for which nature intended me. But I wiped off the tears, drew a long breath, and, gathering courage as I proceeded, I made it as clear as possible that, in eight cases of ten, where children do not love, respect and obey their parents, it is the parents' own fault. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

"Let a mother," I said, "begin with her child from the cradle,

teaching its little heart to love by kindness and caresses, but never permitting it to disobey the parent's voice, or even look. Let her watch over the formation of its first habits, the right direction of its first feelings. Let her not leave the moulding of her precious charge to accident, to coarse or unprincipled servants or nurses; but let the priceless germ of its spiritual life be born of herself. And, as it grows older, let the mother be the first to develop its intelligence, to form its habits; teaching it truth by being always truthful, and inspiring confidence by never failing in a duty or a promise. Let her be associated, as a guardian and helping angel, with all its pleasures and all its trials. Let her lead its little heart to God in love and reverence, by carrying it daily to the feet of the Saviour, and by teaching it the Saviour's love. Let her correct her own faults, subdue her own temper, and inform her own mind, that her children may be proud to follow her example. Let her keep her heart young and fresh, that she may share their sympathy and confidence; but let her be firm and unwavering, that she may never lose their respect, or her own influence over them. Let her make home pleasant to her children by cheerfulness, intelligence and reasonable indulgence in all innocent gratifications; but let her not forget that she is the ruler of her household. Do you suppose that children brought up in this way will not cling to their mother, will not love her society, will not respect her, will not look up to her through all their lives? How can a mother who, for the mere froth of life, or for a weak and selfish indulgence, has left her living diamonds unpolished, her heart's best gold uncared for,— how can she be surprised when the dark and turbid waves of the world come to engulf them and sweep them away like rubbish? You say that you have indulged your children in every wish of their hearts. And you expected gratitude for this? How could they be grateful for that which cost them nothing, which was given from indolence or vanity, and which they felt in their hearts they did not deserve? The smallest pleasure received with a feeling that it had been earned, the most trifling gift from sincere and deserved affection, the word of praise or of blame accompanied by the conviction that it was strictly just, a half-hour spent in bringing rebellious feelings into harmony with love, order and child-like submission; these things, when the mind was fresh and the heart ductile, would have done more for this

training that Solomon speaks of, than endless showers of unearned and undeserved gratifications."

I have always observed that it never does any good to convince some people that they have been in the wrong. The plainer you make it, the worse it is. I have often tried it, and always with the same result. There is so much self-love in many hearts, that one can hardly utter a word which might really do another good, without wrapping it up in so much flattery as entirely to neutralize its effects. Mrs. Dater was not an exception to this rule.

"One would know you were an old maid, Sally," said she, angrily, "merely by hearing you give such a formal lecture about bringing up children. I wish you knew what it is. I wish you had tried it. I wish you had been in my situation, with such a house as this to furnish and oversee; with servants to manage; with visiting, shopping, dressing, dinners, parties and balls, how could I give all this attention to my children? I gave them the advantage of the highest-priced schools and masters; I have taken them everywhere they wished to go; there was nothing heart could desire that they did not have;—" and she went on with the same list of merits in herself and grievances from her children with which she began.

I did not choose to subject myself to being again called an ill-natured *old maid*, or to have my friendly suggestions stigmatized as *a formal lecture*,— so I held my peace; but never did the insufficiency of worldly splendor to insure happiness, never did the sweet rewards of duty faithfully performed, never did the enjoyments of a home made beautiful by piety and peace, by honor and affection, so impress themselves upon my mind and heart, as when I listened to the complaints of my rich cousin, and compared her miserable mistakes and failures with what might have been had she early and resolutely set herself better to understand and perform her duty. But it was too late now. Charles and Anne had each entered upon their course, and every attempt to control or guide resulted in opposition and defeat. The younger children were following in the same steps.

After this evening the pleasure of my visit was very much lessened. A note of discord had been struck between my cousin and me, which never came into perfect harmony, though we were outwardly friendly. My heart always warms to young people, but here

there was no answering glow. Each was intent upon enjoyment; but they looked for it abroad, and not at home among themselves. At first I had looked upon the splendor and luxury around me as a never-failing source of enjoyment; but day by day the fascination became less, while there was so much to annoy me in the lawless habits of the children; so that, at the end of a month, I was quite willing to take my departure.

Mrs. Dater made me a present of a maroon satin dress and a pretty white silk bonnet, for which I am sure I felt very much obliged to her; but I do not think she saw my departure with any great regret.

I wrote to Mrs. Delma, but I said nothing about my future plans, for I had yet two visits to make; and I had a fancy they would turn out very differently from this one, which, in truth, they did. I will, however, say nothing about them here, as I intend to give an account of them in another number.

TO THE MEMORY OF ONE WE LOVED.

BY REV. E. PORTER DYER.

Gone to the grave! She meekly kissed the rod,
And went with angels to an endless rest;
There dwells her spirit pure, henceforth with God,
Here the green turf swells o'er her peaceful breast.

Gone to her grave! Alas! how much of love
And meek simplicity from earth have flown!
But she hath found a holier home above,
And tastes delights to mortals all unknown.

We stand to weep where snowy marbles press
The turf that wraps her frail and crumbling clay!
We weep and wish, and half the wish express,
She had not passed so soon from earth away.

But hence, away, ye selfish griefs and tears!
Since Faith unfolds the portals of the tomb,
And shows beyond that life of endless years,
Her spirit lives in its eternal home.

Yea! rather let our hearts most thankful be
That she has reached so soon the blissful land,
Where sin and death come not, — where, pure and free,
"The just made perfect" in God's presence stand.

MATERNAL PATIENCE.

BY REV. E. P. DYER.

A MOTHER'S patience always excites my admiration, and sometimes fills me with utter astonishment.

Perhaps all mothers are not alike distinguished for this maternal excellence. But, when I think how many millions of human beings have been born, nursed, cradled, washed, clothed and fed, through the helpless period of infancy and through the wayward years of childhood, and remember how large a share of the daily toil, care and responsibility, involved in all this nursery work, has fallen to the lot of mothers, and been performed by them with so few rebellious murmurs at the dispensations of Divine Providence, and with so much apparent cheerfulness and good-will, I am persuaded that maternal patience is an inherent quality in maternal history.

I can comprehend something of a mother's love. I am not surprised at the deep joy which thrills her bosom at the birth of her first-born. I do not wonder that, when she first clasps to her heart the babe she calls her own, she feels all a mother's pride. Her emotions of deep tenderness toward the little helpless being just committed to her watchful care, may arise in part from beholding a new creation of God, and in part from the novelty of the fond relationship which is just begun. But I confess I cannot account for that after-growth of patience which I see her manifest week after week, month after month, and year after year, and which seems not only to be daily renewed from all weariness, but to be utterly inexhaustible.

While her babe is in early infancy the mother incessantly attends its wants. There is not one to whose care she ventures to entrust it long. Hour after hour she does something to promote its comfort. She holds it. She feeds it. She talks to it. She changes its apparel. She folds it to her bosom. She sings the same unwearied lullaby, and continues the same monotonous rocking of the cradle, sometimes for a full hour, watching the half-open eyes and dreamy smile of the little one she vainly seeks to lull to healthful and calm repose.

And when, at length, her patience triumphs, and the happy moment comes, and sleep descends on the dewy lids of her child, she hastens to employ her empty arms in the other numerous and varied duties of her household. Yet seldom, for a moment, does she venture to avert her eye or ear from the cradle where the babe of her bosom drinks in its balmy slumber.

When unaccountable illness has made her babe more than usually sensitive and fretful, I have seen her again and again, after unwearied effort in rocking and singing, lay her babe down to rest in the cradle, and again and again run to its little bed, drawn by its sudden and piercing cry, and take it up and fold it to her bosom, and sit down in her nursery chair to swing to and fro to the music of her maternal lullaby, till gentle sleep comes once more to her relief. And yet her patience is not exhausted; nay, it seems to me sometimes that it gains fresh accessions of strength every day. But the nature of that fortitude which enables her to endure with patience not merely the monotony of woman's lot, but the cares, the anxieties and the trials of maternity, is to me a most impenetrable mystery.

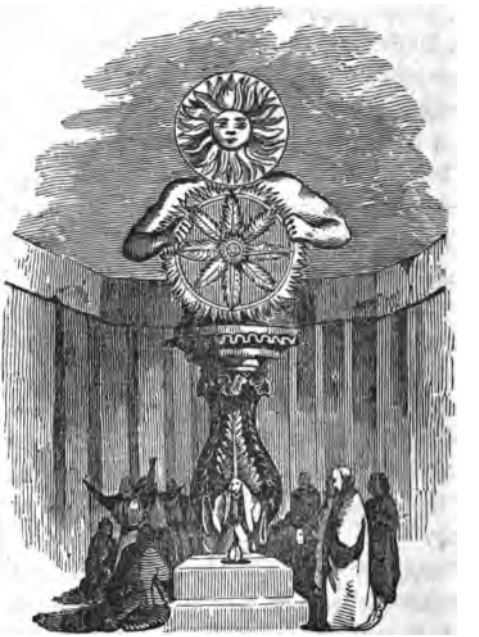
Who has not seen her, with her lap full of some kind of necessary needle-work, sitting by the side of the cradle, with her foot on the rocker, to accomplish the double task of toiling and watching, with most imperturbable patience, the whole evening long, ready to stir the cradle at the slightest symptom of uneasiness exhibited by its darling inmate?

When the hour of morning worship gathers all but the slumbering babe to the chamber of prayer, who takes her seat nearest the nursery-room, and sits with door ajar while the Scriptures are read, as if it were not possible for her to cast off, for a single moment, the burden of maternal responsibility?

O, the patience of a mother is a wonderful endowment! Its value is not yet fully appreciated. Its history is yet unwritten. The more it is contemplated, the more wonderful it appears. It is not courage, it is not mere endurance, it is not the grace of Christian resignation that I mean. It is a quality resulting from that fortitude which seems peculiar to her sex; a quality so lovely and so amiable I sometimes feel that even I could write a volume in its praise.

IDOLATRY OF THE SAXONS.

THE Saxons, who conquered Great Britain about A. D. 450, were pagans, and they brought with them from northern Germany their false gods, and required the people to worship them. Many, who refused, were put to death, and some were driven into Wales and Cornwall, and others to that part of France which, in consequence, was thenceforward called Brittany.



The above is a picture of the first of these Saxon gods, the idol of the sun, to whom sacrifices were offered.

The Saxons had many temples, and idols of silver, brass and stone. One of their temples was so large that the army of Charlemagne was employed three days in rifling it of its treasures, and demolishing its structure. Among their religious customs was that of human sacrifice to their idols. On their return from war, they sacrificed one in ten of the captives they had taken, as a thank-offering for their success.

It is an interesting fact, that the mass of the English race, at this day, have descended from the Saxons who conquered England. We use, in a great measure, the same language (Low German) which they then used. It has been much changed in its form, but a great part of it is essentially the same. Every word in the first verse in Genesis, except "created," is a Saxon word. The first ten verses of the gospel are composed entirely of Saxon, except the word "comprehended," in the fifth verse.

"SHE MADE ME WHAT I AM."

BY E. W. A.

"No, my child," said a professedly Christian mother, "I shall not allow you to stay out of school. You can obtain religion just as well there."

This was a mother's reply to a daughter's earnest request to be allowed to stay at home one week, that she might attend the religious meetings to be held in the neighborhood. A revival was in progress in that part of the town, and many of the youth were anxious for their souls' salvation. Inquiry meetings were held; and at last, to our great joy, Eliza joined the little circle who met together with the important inquiry on their lips, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Never shall I forget the last time I saw her. It was a Sabbath noon, and a few of the young ladies retired to a barn to enjoy a season of prayer. Eliza asked permission to join us. We saw at once that she was no longer the gay and thoughtless girl she had been. As we knelt upon the hay, and each in turn besought the Lord for mercy, she seemed in great distress, and begged us again and again to pray for her. Said she, "I feel as if I should never have religion if I do not obtain it now! Something tells me that this is my last opportunity to make my peace with God!"

The afternoon service served to deepen her convictions, and she obtained permission to stop with us and attend the evening meeting. No alteration in her feelings, however, took place. When we parted, she said her parents had made arrangements to send her to school in a distant city; but, said she, "How can I, with my present feelings, spend my precious time in music, dancing, painting and embroidery, and all the fine things which a fashionable lady is expected to learn? No, I cannot attend school until this great question of my soul's salvation is settled, and, by the grace of God, I am prepared to combat the temptations of the world, and the snares of the adversary!" With this resolve she left, saying, "We shall meet again Tuesday evening." She thought her mother would consent to her spending a few days with us, that she might attend the religious meetings, which she could not otherwise do on account of the distance.

Tuesday evening arrived, and again the conference-room was filled with anxious persons, who had set their faces Zion-ward. It was a season long to be remembered. We felt that the Lord was indeed with us. But Eliza was not there. She was compelled to start for school early on Monday morning, notwithstanding her earnest entreaties to be allowed to stay at least one week longer. Her mother said "she need not neglect her soul because she was going to school." And, when a friend hinted to the protection which Christian principle would give to the youthful character, she replied, "I should be ashamed to call her my daughter if she has not mind enough to withstand temptation, in whatever form it may be presented."

Thus was a darling child launched forth by a mother's hand on the fearful voyage of life, without anchor or rudder to guide her amid the shoals and quicksands of the stormy ocean!

What wonder, should she be drawn within the charmed circle of pleasure's maddening whirl? And upon whom would the blame rest, should her frail bark be dashed on the rocks, or foundered amid the heaving billows? Would it not rest on her who sent her forth alone to stem the storms of life, and unsuspicious of the dangers which surrounded her? Where was that mother's heart, that she could allow that inexperienced one thus to quit the peaceful harbor of her childhood's home, all unfurnished with the only chart which could have guided her safely to the haven of rest?

After an absence of six months, Eliza came home on a visit. But O, how changed! She was no longer the docile, affectionate, tender-hearted child she had once been. Her religious impressions had left her, and her love of dress was equalled only by her passionate attachment to novel-reading. Again she left, but not till she had planted a thorn in that mother's heart, which embittered every future hour of her life. She was grieved to the very soul that her daughter should prove thankless and unkind. But she never asked herself "How might this have been prevented?". She had "sown the wind," but, when she came to "reap the whirlwind," she wondered that divine Providence should send her such a bitter harvest.

A few months passed by, and again her tears flowed afresh. It was said that Eliza kept bad company. They sent for her; but she came home reluctantly. The peaceful joys of that quiet fireside had no longer charms for her. There was no romance, no excitement

there; and she had now no relish for the dull, uninteresting realities of life. She remained with them a few months, and then, in a fit of passion, bade farewell forever to home and friends! And that, too, when she well knew her mother lay upon her death-bed! In justification of the act, she said, "When I wished to stay she drove me away. She made me what I am, and now she must make the best of me!"

And so that rude, imperious girl left her dying mother, to all the anguish of a breaking heart; left that grief-stricken father to mourn over his ruined idol, and lament that he had ever permitted her to leave his own hearthstone!

Christian mother! ponder well the fact we place before you, for the time may come when that child of yours will likewise say, "*My mother made me what I am!*"

SWEET THOUGHT.

WHENEVER we find our temper ruffled toward a parent in the family-circle, a sister or brother, we should pause and think that, in some few months or years, they will be in the spirit-land, watching over us; or, perhaps, we shall be there watching over them. The intercourse of life, during a season on earth, should be like that between guardian angels. As the poet Hunt sings:

"How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His eyes divine, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed, as we shall know forever.
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths, — angels that *are* to be,
Or may be, if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air
A child, a friend, a wife, whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, forming its future wings!"

WHAT A CONTRAST!

BY E. W. A.

A GENTLEMAN was recently urging the claims of religion upon a young man in whose welfare he was deeply interested. The youth listened for a moment, and then suddenly interrupted him by saying,

"Don't speak to me in that strain, I pray you. I value your advice in all other things, but I want nothing to do with your religion. It is all fraud, imposition and artifice, from beginning to end!"

"Why, Frank!" exclaimed the gentleman, "do you believe that all who profess religion are impostors?"

No. I know very well that some sincere, upright persons are drawn into it, as they are into the "spiritual rapping" delusion. But I speak of the mass. There is my mother, for instance. She is a great Christian, talks a great deal about religion, attends all the meetings, and prays long and earnestly. But, I tell you, sir, if she is a Christian, I do not wish to be one. If she has religion, I will have nothing to do with it!"

As I heard this fact related, memory presented another scene, which transpired in the city of Boston a few years since.

A young woman lay upon her death-bed, and she earnestly prayed for death, as her only comforter. What had she to live for? She had broken her parents' hearts, and brought down their gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. And he who had lured her from her mountain-home, to whom she had given all the wealth of her young heart's priceless love, even he had tempted her to sin, ruined and then forsook her. Yea, he had driven her in anger from his door, and even "wished her dead." And, as those harrowing, maddening words fell upon her ears, she turned away, and, rushing to the wharf, would have plunged into the dark waves, had not a watchman arrested her movements.

Finding her completely exhausted by cold, hunger, fatigue and anguish of spirit, he bore her to his home, and kindly provided for all her wants. He had known her in early life, and it gave him pleasure to be able to smooth her dark pathway to the grave. But

he was deeply pained to find that her moral nature had been shockingly perverted. The man for whom she had given up friends and home, whom in her blind idolatry she worshipped as the very perfection of manly beauty, generosity and honor, was an atheist! And she, too, became a convert to that soul-withering theory. And now, where can she look for comfort? No God, no Saviour, no Bible truths to sustain her, no hopes of a glorious immortality to light up the dark portals of the tomb! Alas! What remains for her but the blackness and darkness of everlasting despair?

The winter passed away, and spring returned to clothe the earth in beauty and gladness. But for her there was no joy in the glad sunshine, no sweetness in the zephyr's breath. Her sensibilities seemed to have been exhausted by the storm of grief and anguish which swept over her spirit. She was wretched and sad; but calm, cold and unimpressible, as a marble statue. No smile lit up those gloomy features, no tear moistened those fiery eyes and burning cheeks. Her friends strove in every possible way to awaken her sensibilities, and impress upon her mind the soul-stirring and elevating truths of the gospel; but all in vain! Despair was gnawing at her heart-strings, and its withering hand had swept from her soul every hope, every desire, except to die.

One morning a little girl in the family received from a friend a beautiful bouquet of spring flowers. The child ran to the invalid, exclaiming, "Look, Sissy! See what pretty flowers I have got for you!" She then commenced singing that sweet song, "*Wild Wood Flowers.*" When she came to the line, "I gathered them all for you," she put them into the hand of the invalid, and ran off to her play. There was something in this incident altogether irresistible and indescribable. The child did not do it for effect,— she was too young to think of that. She acted from her own generous heart, and in her own artless way she made her offering. But the effect upon the sick girl was pleasing and surprising. Those flowers brought back the recollection of her own childhood, when she wandered through the wild woods of her mountain-home, and gathered just such flowers as these. But for whom? Alas! the kind mother who received her little offerings was sleeping in the grave! And the instructions of that mother, O, how they came thronging up from the deep grave of the past, and, like accusing spirits, hovered around her, pointing back to the time when she knelt

at her knee, and repeated her prayers! Unconsciously she again repeated those prayers, calling down Heaven's blessing on her dear mother. Then came the cutting thought, "My mother, my angel mother, is beyond the reach of prayers like mine! And, O, I shall never meet her more!"

She lay long and wept over those wild spring-flowers. At length she exclaimed, "It will not do!"

"What will not do?" asked her friend.

"Infidelity," was the reply. "I have tried," she continued, "to believe there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no judgment; but I cannot. I am constrained to confess that I feel even now a foretaste of future punishment. I feel that the hand of God is upon me, and I must meet him in judgment! If there is a God to punish the wicked, surely there must be a heaven for such spirits as my mother's!"

From this time a pleasing change came over the dying girl, and before she left the shores of time she gave good evidence of having passed from "death unto life." A few moments before she died, she exclaimed, "My mother! O, my sainted mother! I shall meet you at last! Your prayers, your early instructions, though so long neglected, have at length led me to the Saviour!"

O, mother! what are *your* children saying of *you?* What will they say of you when they lie upon a death-bed? Remember that the words you speak to those children are never to be forgotten. As long as the cycles of eternal ages roll, the influence of that act, that word, that look of yours, will be felt, either for good or evil.

THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

BY REV. M. SHEELEIGH.

The way that leads from earth to heaven
Must be maintained by strife;
All who have walked therein have *striven*
To win the crown of life.
It is a way with ills beset,
Apparent and concealed;
These must in strength divine be met,
And boldly brought to yield.
But he who blindly seeks his ease,
And folds his hands to rest,
Will miss the prize that might be his,
And fail of being blessed.

SUSAN WEST.

A TRUE TEMPERANCE STORY FOR LADIES.

BY C. LEICESTER.

AMONG my school-mates were some of the most beautiful, gifted and amiable girls I have ever known, but none who was held in such general estimation as Susan West. If we had been called upon to award an honor to one of our number for real merit of character, we should have been unanimous in giving it to her. She was so amiable and affectionate, so diligent and conscientious in the performance of her duties, that she was our model of goodness. We measured ourselves by her as a standard; her example or opinion in questionable matters was authority. Even now, when two of us chance to meet, and turn back to school-days, she is spoken of as "the good one" among us.

She was as much a favorite with the teachers as with the scholars. I well remember how one of them used to say we could all make ourselves beautiful and graceful if we would; and that not by trick and decking, but by being beautiful and lovely in heart; and on one occasion he added, "I know a young lady who, though she has no Grecian outline, or roseate bloom or ball-room air, you will all agree with me is both beautiful and graceful,—such a lovely spirit beams in her face and guides her motions." We well knew that he meant Susan West, and we *did* agree with him so entirely, that I do not believe the slightest envy or jealousy was ever felt toward her.

Yet, lovely and excellent as she was, and such a pattern, Susan West is now confined in a lunatic asylum on account of her *intemperance*. She is a drunkard, and has sunk so low in her depravity that she seems beyond all the influences of honor, pride, affection, or conscience. She cannot be restrained from drink except by confinement. When I was informed of this, it was so unexpected, so strange and improbable, that I could not at first believe it; still it is true.

But how came it? Soon after leaving school, Susan was married, and went to reside in a western city. Her husband was a widower, whose years doubled her own; but he was possessed of great wealth, and lived in style and luxury. Though a man of elegant appear-

ance and courtly manners, he was stern and unyielding in his opinions and habits; — one who, though he might win a woman's love, would never foster and cherish it, but leave it to die with neglect and coldness. Susan's abilities were overtaxed to fulfil her husband's expectations. Style and luxury will not long make up for tenderness and consideration, and she was soon disappointed and wearied in her married life. Wine gave relief from exhaustion and depression, and it was resorted to as a medicine.

This was her time of danger. Here her foot slipped. When she needed rest and change of scene,— when she needed strength, hope and cheering from God,—she turned to the fatal stimulus which proved her ruin, though she little dreamed it then.

I have often recalled a visit I made her at this time, in connection with her sad fate. I was passing through the city of her residence, and, having a few hours of leisure, was very glad of an opportunity to see my old companion. We had but just exchanged greetings, when she perceived that I was somewhat wearied with travel, and offered me wine, which I declined. She urged it.

"It will do you so much good. It is so refreshing. Don't you drink wine?"

"No."

"Do you never?"

"No; never."

"Why? Don't you like it? You don't think it's wrong to drink it, do you?"

"I like the taste of wine, and the excitement of it is quite agreeable to me," I answered; "but I do not think it right for me to take it."

"Why, you ain't afraid 't will hurt you?"

"It might, if I indulged in it. I am not conceited enough to think I could resist its power, when so many stronger than I have yielded and gone to ruin."

"Yes; but not ladies. There's no danger for us. We have no temptations. They won't let us sit long at table, or go to club-rooms. I never knew an intemperate woman."

"Don't you know Mrs. S., of N. Y.? Though she is never seen drunk, they say she is almost continually under the influence of liquor, and that is why she is so silly, and why her husband is never seen with her. Rumor says, too, and says it pretty confidently,

that Mrs. F. died of delirium tremens. Intemperance in a lady is so revolting, that it is concealed if possible. Yet there are instances where it comes to light."

"It is horrid for a lady to drink," said Susan; "but that does not make me afraid to take a glass of wine. And I think it really is of benefit to me when I feel languid and dispirited."

"The *main* reason," I added, "why I never taste wine, is on account of the influence I may have over others. You know we all have some influence, especially with those who love us,— husbands. brothers or friends. I could not encourage my brothers, whom I love so well, in the least indulgence in wine. But I ought not to be preaching to *you*, who used to be such a conscience to us all."

"O, I never was so puritanic as you have grown to be!" replied Susan, with a laugh.

After this Susan had frequent seasons of ill-health. and lingering convalescence, when wine was thought indispensable, and its use became a daily habit. Like all false remedies, it increased instead of mitigating the evil sought to be cured; and, when its stimulus failed, through over-use, stronger waters were demanded. The effects of wine and strong drink are the same on youth and delicate womanhood as on age and rugged manhood, only more sad and deplorable; and Susan became a drunkard, beyond all moral restraint. Though her husband banished all liquor from his house, she bribed her servants to obtain it for her, and even purloined it from the sideboards of her friends.

A drunken lady! The words seem incompatible, contradictory. But Susan *was* a lady, though now a miserable, worn-out, half-demented thing. I have never seen a lady drunk. May I be spared that sight of lowest degradation from so fair a height! It is hard enough for woman to see the ignorant, the unfortunate, the wretched and debased of her sex, turned into the beasts of drunkenness: but when the fortunate, the educated and accomplished,— those who should bring peace, purity and holiness, to earth,— become the lowest slaves of sin and death themselves, hide from me the sight, or my faith in humanity might grow too weak. It was enough for me to see Susan, as she now is, in sober mood,— such a forlorn and hopeless wreck, confined among the insane and idiotic, for her love of drink.

I had been told of her confinement, but did not know the place of

it, when, on a short tour westward with some friends, I visited the large establishment for the insane, at U——. As I looked through the building the thought of Susan did not enter my mind; but, on going through the grounds, I noticed, in a retired corner, seated on a garden chair, with her face half averted from me, a woman. the bend of whose neck and whose profile were strikingly familiar. I approached her. She turned, and it was Susan. O, how changed! so haggard and gray at her age! She sprang toward me as if involuntarily, while a smile lighted her face, then paused, and dropped her eyes with a shamefacedness which was pitiful.

I addressed her pleasantly, "Mrs. ——, Susan West that used to be, is it not?"

"Ah, yes! How do you do, P.?" she said, in her old tone, as she regained her self-possession. "Won't you sit down with me? Have you time?"

I sat down with her. "I hear you are in bad health, Susan," I said.

"My health *is* bad; but how did you hear it? It is now long years since we have met."

"Yes, long years; and time has done a great deal of work in them," I answered; also mentioning who had told me of her.

"Ah! then you know all! Yet you met me kindly. How you recall the beautiful old days of school, when we were so happy! But I am so changed now!"

I hardly knew what to say that would not be painful to her, and answered, "We have all changed."

"But none so much as I have. Who *could* have changed so, and who would believe it possible?" Here the tears flowed down her wan cheeks.

I had now no answer to make. I said, "You have children, Susan; how many?"

"Two little girls and a boy,— beautiful children,— but, O, that I had died at the birth of the last! To live to be their shame! That they should be ashamed of their mother! and they will be, they must be!"

"You may yet live to be honored and loved by them; why not?"

"How little you know, P., of sin,— of such sin as mine! I cannot give it up. The will is all gone. I am bound hand and foot.

I am in a charm, and I cannot break it. The spell was woven, thread by thread, till I'm wrapped in it completely. There is nothing before me but shame and death, and both I dread. How can my proud husband endure my presence after this confinement, even could I reform? and I know there is not enough strength left in me to resist the temptations beyond these walls!"

"God gives strength to all who ask it."

"Yes, He is good; but I have no right to hope in Him. The blackness of darkness is mine!"

She wept bitterly; and how could I restrain my tears? I left her. Alas, poor Susan!

Who may tamper with wine unharmed? Who may sip the poison, and defy its hurt? Who has strength or art to resist its spell? It has a snare for beautiful and refined womanhood, as well as for hilarious youth and worn and weary manhood; and that snare is spread, not only at the banquet and the board, but wherever "it is red," wherever "it giveth color to the cup, and moveth itself aright." "Look not on it" then.

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow?" I have never seen more touching woe, or more hopeless sorrow, than in the poor victim of wine, my once school-mate, Susan West.

This is not a sketch of the imagination. Would God it were! And, as I say it, there comes back the echo, deep and heavy-toned with agony, from many bleeding and broken hearts which cannot be healed, "Would God that it were!"

WEALTH AND FAME.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

I 've seen the wealthy and the proudly great,
The poor and humble in their low estate;
Have trod the halls where wealth, but love is not,
And blessed the light that gilds the lowly lot.
O! could ye feel what they are doomed to bear,
The shafts of envy and the thorns of care,
Ye would not envy fortune's fickle ray,
Nor think the path of fame a thornless way;
High 'bove the head a gorgeous wreath they raise,
The world with acclamations loudly praise;
But, ah! those flowers dark envy's thorns conceal,
Whose points are sharper than the sharpest steel.
'Mid all the fair and gorgeous light they fling,
We shrink from slander's keen envenomed sting.

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION.

BY M. J. MERWIN.

"He that believeth in me shall never die." How beautiful and sublime this declaration! One mighter than the King of Terrors has despoiled the victor of his proud trophies, and henceforth he shall be led captive by the glorious Redeemer. Now does the believer rest in hope; life and immortality are brought to light in the gospel; and when the great change takes place, then only can the Christian be said *to begin* to live. One sigh, one groan, and the fettered, earth-bound soul bursts from its thraldom, and enters into the joy of its Lord. Then farewell, a long, an eternal farewell, to sorrow and pain, to weakness, to frailty and sin.

Is there, then, no joy, no consolation in this blessed truth to bereaved ones? The fond wife, in whom the heart of her husband trusted safely; the devoted, praying mother; the kind, sympathizing friend, and the active Christian, has been removed from our midst. But here can all bring their sorrowing hearts; for "earth has no sorrows Heaven cannot heal."

The hand of affection gathered the fairest flowers of departing summer; and, as sad mourners assembled to her burial, calmly did the peaceful sleeper repose among the sweet perfumes she had loved so well. How beautiful, at such a grave, to plant the simple white cross, were it not that it has almost become a symbol of idolatrous worship! But still it would speak of Him who died for sinners; and around it should the ivy twine its tendrils,—thus beautifully would a life of faith be typified, which rendered her so dear who has gone.

"He that believeth in me shall never die." No, she is not dead; she treads the streets of the New Jerusalem to-day, that blest city of our God, which is watered by the *river of life*, and "in the midst of the streets thereof, and on either side of the river, is the *tree of life*." O, there is no death there; but all is light and joy and *life!*

Here we have highways for the busy throng to pass along in their hurried course, and for the funeral procession, too; but there are trees in the *midst of those golden streets*, and partings there are never known.

Said one in deep affliction, like that we contemplate, "I envy that man who can say, 'My daughter.'" And is it not often that the

bereaved husband can find in his desolated home some darling child who bears her mother's image and temper, and whose pleasant converse shall beguile her father in many a weary hour? But the sweet music of a daughter's voice has never gladdened his heart who is now so deeply bereaved.

He shall weep in his loneliness, as he remembers the sweet counsel and intercourse which has now been closed by death. May the prayers of that beloved partner be answered; and he who is now lost upon the tempest of trial and affliction be enabled to hear, above all, the still small voice of his Saviour, saying, "It is I; be not afraid!" Verily, "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;" and it is in hours like this, when the best of our earthly comforts are removed, that our minds should be directed to Him who can fill the aching void, which in kindness has been made. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," is the free and gracious invitation to all those who feel their need of a friend and comforter. O, how earnestly did she long that the valley of tears, through which her death would lead the cherished objects of her affection, might be the place where should spring up the waters of salvation, of which, if a man drink, he shall never thirst again!

"He that believeth in me shall never die." — Filial piety may cover a mother's grave with the mute emblems of purity and love; ay, it may bring from her deserted garden the flowers she has reared and watered, and thus render the spot doubly sacred; but well do they know, who perform this mournfully pleasant labor, that "*she is not there, she is risen.*" The sons of such a mother can never become sceptical, or forget their mother's God. They may go into the world, and, amid its cares or pleasures, seem well-nigh wrecked in its dread whirlpool; but the image of a sainted one will rise between them and threatened destruction, and soft accents, like those which soothed them in infancy, shall be heard, saying, "Turn ye, for why will ye die!"

"Forget their mother's God!" — No, never. Should memory ever for a moment slumber, let but the head throb with pain, or the sudden cold cause the fevered pulse to beat, and quicker than lightning's speed shall thought go back to the spot called home, and, — links of the same chain — mother and heaven.

The church of Christ joins in the sad lament which ascends from wounded, bleeding hearts; but they sorrow not without hope. They

rejoice that she girded on the armor of their Lord, and fought a good fight, glorifying the Captain of their salvation; and, now that she has left the church-militant, Christian faith can see her among the redeemed, in the church-triumphant. But, who shall fill her place? "Who shall be baptized for the dead?" Who shall enter the ranks of Immanuel in her stead? Who shall visit the sons and daughters of sorrow and want, ministering to and relieving their necessities? Who shall hasten to watch by the bed-side of the sick, and whisper words of holy cheer to the dying? How does the spirit of Christian benevolence which she exhibited rebuke those who recognize not the ties of "kindred in Christ" beyond the pale of their own communion! "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus" was the motto of her life. "Go work to-day in my vineyard" was the command she heard from her Master, and her course was made up of each day's labors. Well has she shown us what woman's glory is in woman's true sphere of *usefulness*.

"He that believeth in me shall never die." — Blest sister! thou dost indeed live; for engraved on our hearts is the remembrance of thy meek and lowly graces. Thy pleasant smile and cheerful voice do we miss; but, when those little circles meet for prayer, where thou wast wont to go, we seem to catch the sound of thy golden harp, and the chantings of the spirit-land. Thoughts of thee shall come over us in life's busy scenes; and thy cheerful, self-sacrificing spirit, thy faithfulness to more than maternal trust, shall teach us how a kind influence, sanctified by grace, may shed the perpetual sunlight of a happy home. We will think of thee, too, at the table of our Lord, and prepare to drink with thee the new wine in our Father's kingdom; as thou hast followed thy Master, so may we follow thee. "May we die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like thine!"

MORAL DARKNESS.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

O! IT is sad too look abroad and see
So much of guilt and fearful misery;
To view the many snares that lead astray,
The hands that beckon to the downward way.
O, Lord of right and justice, Prince of peace!
Will wrong and dark oppression never cease?
Dispense to darkened minds thy truth and light,
Stay Thou the tyrant's hand, make vain the oppressor's might!

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SHAWM. By W. B. Bradbury & G. F. Root. Published by Mason Brothers. N. Y. City.

This collection contains the largest amount of music we have ever seen in a book of common psalmody, there being about one thousand pieces ; and it is no small recommendation that, along with much music which is new, the compilers have inserted all the choicest of the old. The elementary department is arranged with judgment and skill, and on the entire work a great amount of patient labor must have been bestowed.

MAPLETON. Published by Jenks, Hickling and Swan. Boston.

In relation to the subject of Temperance, a great reform is in progress; but it has as yet reached only one class of three, namely, the middle class. The rich and fashionable, and many of the poor and degraded, are still in "the bonds of iniquity."

The object of the writer, in this work, is to sanction and uphold the Maine Law by a narrative showing how inefficient previous laws have been in rooting out the monster evil.

REDBROOK. By Francis Forrester, Esq. Published by Geo. C. Rand. Boston.

In the Sept. number we spoke of Arthur Elleslie, the brave boy. This beautiful little book is a continuation of Arthur's history, showing what a blessing he was to his unhappy mother, and how his good conduct was the indirect means of the reformation of his father from drunkenness.

MAN: HIS RELIGION AND HIS WORLD. By Rev. Horatius Bonar. Published by Robert Carter & Brothers. N. Y. City.

The object of the writer in this work is to call the attention of men to the varied and subtle forms of evil by which they are surrounded, which are constantly leading them to grasp the unreal for the real, and amid the earnestness of the age, and the making haste to be rich, to forget their Maker and their destiny.

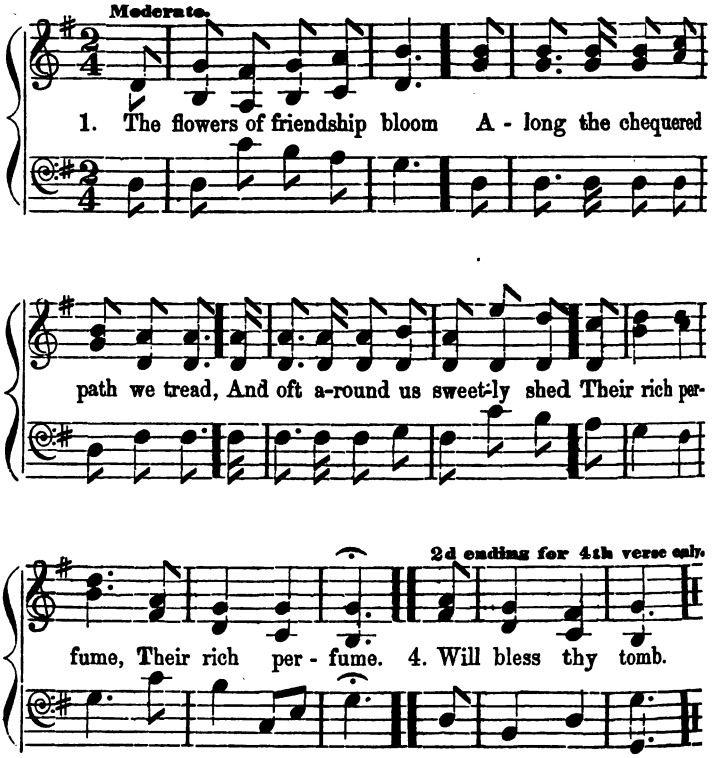
For earnestness in enforcing truth, for faithfulness in the exposure of error, for elegance of diction, and for all the elements of a beautiful style, we rarely, if ever, saw this book excelled.

CHRISTIAN DUTY. By Rev. John A. James. Published as above.

This is a volume of Pastoral Addresses, chiefly on the subject of religious duty. In furnishing books for the spiritual good of his fellow-men, the venerable author of this volume has won for himself a name held in the highest estimation by the two great English nations.

The great theme, practical piety, so faithfully, earnestly and effectually presented in his other works, is the leading topic here, and the volume is well adapted to promote its object.

THE FLOWERS OF FRIENDSHIP.

WORDS BY REV. S. D. PHELPS. MUSIC BY J. C. JOHNSON.

Moderato.
1. The flowers of friendship bloom A - long the chequered
path we tread, And oft a-round us sweet-ly shed Their rich per-
2d ending for 4th verse only.
fume, Their rich per - fume. 4. Will bless thy tomb.

2

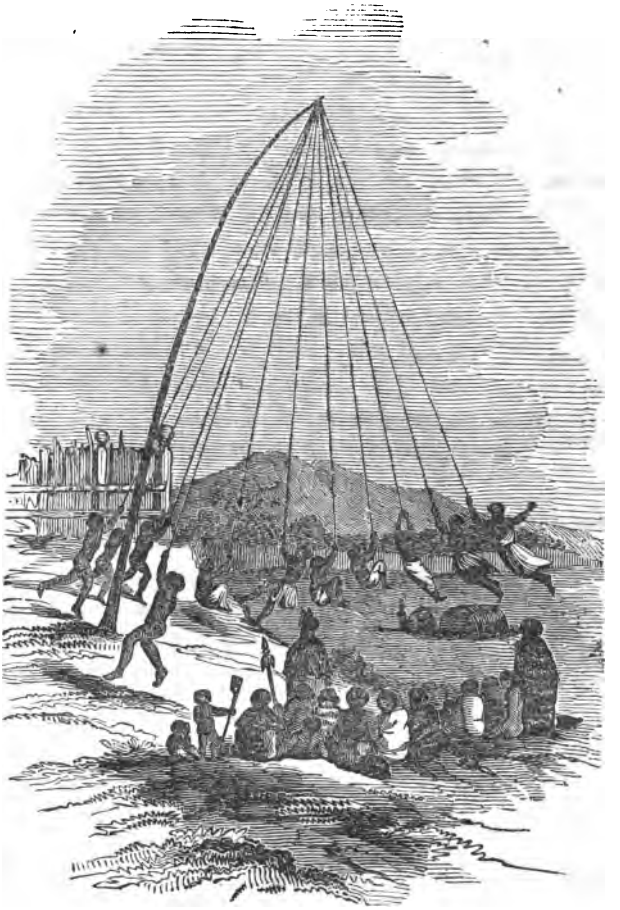
But they are fragile flowers,
A cold rough blast may cause their hue
To fade away like morning dew,
In summer hours.

3

Select, with choicest care,
The purest plants in Friendship's field,
And they will sweetest fragrance yield,
And blossoms fair.

4

Amid life's darkest gloom,
Their hallowed light will meet thine eye;
And, joined with friendship from the sky,
Will bless thy tomb.



A NEW ZEALAND SWING.

This swing is one of the recreations of the New Zealanders. It consists of the trunk of a pine, erected in an open space near their village, from which are suspended strong ropes; taking hold of these, they whirl themselves round and round, as is seen in the above picture.

New Zealand is composed of two very beautiful islands, with a salubrious climate and a fertile soil; and is traversed by tall mountains. The inhabitants are tall, finely formed, intelligent and warlike, belonging to the Malay race; usually living in fortified villages situated on hills, which can be gained only by ascending narrow, steep, and intricate paths. They draw uncouth figures on their faces and limbs, by pricking their skin with black paint; this, together with their peculiar costume, makes them present a rather singular appearance.

They were formerly cannibals, very cruel and vindictive in their feelings; but a very pleasing change has been brought about by the active labors of missionaries.

M. G. H.

THE THREE MOTHERS.

EDITORIAL.

CHAPTER II.

During my stay with Mrs. Dater, I had scarcely seen my cousin, Mrs. Norton, as she and Mrs. Dater had quarrelled, and there was no intercourse between the families. I had promised to be at Mrs. Norton's to breakfast, which I was told was precisely at eight o'clock; and a few minutes before that hour, I was set down at a respectable looking house in Bleecker street. I had just time to place my trunks and arrange my hair when the city clock struck, and exactly at the same moment the breakfast bell rang.

I made my way down stairs into a couple of plain, but very neat parlors, and was thence conducted to the basement where Mrs. Norton was already seated at the table. She received me coolly, but civilly, excusing herself for not coming to meet me, on the plea of its being necessary for her to be at the table at the precise moment, on account of the children; her first duty, she said, was to her children. She did not admire the hap-hazard, accidental kind of way in which some people brought up their children; she was determined that hers should have good habits and live according to rule. I was forthwith introduced to a regular set of steps from eighteen to four years old; all with the smoothest of hair, the cleanest of collars, the neatest of teeth and nails, the most upright of backs, and the gravest and demurest of faces. "Well," thinks I to myself, "this is the family; we shall certainly have order and obedience, here." And, indeed, nothing could equal the order and exactness with which the meal was conducted. Every child was helped from the same dishes, nobody asked for more; it seemed a kind of allowance. To be sure the meal was rather stiff and formal. There were no attempts at pleasantry, except a few playful remarks which I addressed to a little fair-haired girl opposite to me, and which she seemed sufficiently disposed to respond to, a disposition which a glance from the mother checked on the instant.

Prayers had been attended before breakfast, and as soon as the meal was finished, the daily family routine was entered upon. I begged that my presence might make no difference in the ordinary arrangements; to which Mrs. Norton acceded with a look of surprise, that I should for a moment have supposed it would make any difference. She informed me that she never permitted any thing to interfere with her family arrangements; that however other people might choose to manage their houses, servants and children, she was determined that hers should be managed in the best possible manner. She had begun she said, with the birth of her first child; she had taught it to obey before it was three weeks old; she had been studying and practising ever since, and if she did not know how to govern and bring up a family she did not know who did. Now, then, I was with a model mother; I should see, I should learn. I would take notes. I would write whole quires to Maria Dilmer. She should have all the benefit of instruction; and moreover, it would be a pleasant satire upon her own want of system. So I took my post of observation.

It gratified Mrs. Norton that I should observe and watch. She was willing that her light should shine. And though, as she said, (rather unnecessarily I thought,) that I should probably never need to put in practice her maxims myself, still it could do no harm to any one to know how children should be brought up and servants managed. The world was getting to a sad pass, and she was determined to do what she could to correct it.

And, certainly, nothing could be more perfect in its way than the order and system observed. Every thing went like clockwork. Every hour had its regular employment; every individual, his or her appointed duty. Mrs. Norton *governed* her family. She loved to give minute and special directions, and her word was law. The meals were ready at the exact moment, and if Mr. Norton or any of the children were not at the table, they were warned that they were behind the time. The house was as neat as wax. No litter was allowed. No careless spilling was unreproved. Even the boys (a most unusual thing with boys) were taught to put away their clothes in their presses. No stray garments were left hanging over the backs of chairs; no boots were

kicking about the room, or brushes tossed upon the bed. None of the family were allowed to be out in the evening. Even Thomas, the eldest son, a tall young man of nineteen, a clerk in a store which was closed at eight, was required to join the domestic circle at a quarter past that hour, and spend the rest of the evening in reading some good, solid book of instruction; or in listening to the conversation which his mother almost always led; and as it was generally very serious and somewhat didactic, it could, as she said, hardly fail to be improving.

But little attention was paid to me. My cousin was absorbed in her family; and they, even in their amusements, were so much under the rein, that there was no scope for a voluntary expression of interest and feeling.

The system I thought seemed to bear rather hard upon the little ones. Tears and laughter were alike repressed. The least cry was instantly rewarded with the dark closet, or the solitary corner, or the decided slap; while a laugh was as regularly chidden.

I observed that if any of the children wished for any thing very eagerly, it was almost uniformly refused; while such indulgences as were permitted, were extended with the most rigorous exactness to all. Little Neddy was one day possessed by the most extreme desire for a sugar lamb which his sister had brought home for him, and of which his mother had taken possession. His face was flushed; he put forth his hand trembling with eagerness to grasp the coveted toy. "Neddy?" said his mother in a stern voice. He looked up in an agony of fear and desire, but could not withdraw his hand. She struck that little trembling hand a smart blow. An irrepressible cry burst forth. A punishment followed which soon stilled the child. After a while, the mother brought a paper of lozenges, and gave each one six. Neddy declined, but he was compelled to take his share and eat them. This was a lesson in government.

I one day followed Mrs. Norton into her son's room, where she proceeded to examine his closet, drawers, &c. In one of the latter, she found some water-color landscape drawings, with a collection of colors, pencils, &c. "Ah!" exclaimed she, "this is what I expected; this is the way he employs his leisure." I

looked at the pictures and found some of them beautiful ; and I was not a little surprised to see his mother take them, together with the materials for drawing, and lock them up in her own bureau, saying, "This is the last Tom will see of these. He is to be a business man and to business he must give his attention."

I accompanied her to the chamber of her two eldest daughters, who were not then in the room ; there, also, she not only went to the bottom of drawers and trunks, but turned up the bed as if expecting to find something under the mattrass. Ellen, the second daughter, a girl of fifteen, came in and found her mother thus employed. A derisive smile flitted over her countenance, but she said nothing. Indeed, with the exception of Mrs. Norton herself, this was the most silent family I ever saw. Her husband generally spoke in monosyllables. Thomas seldom spoke at all. Eliza was quiet and subdued. Ellen's voice was most frequently heard, but it was generally in opposition to her mother. The little ones were taught to sit still in a corner. Little fair-haired Jenny was the only one who ventured to prattle, and she always looked frightened after a laugh, as if she had done something wrong.

But notwithstanding the strictness and the order, a weight seemed to hang upon my spirit and I did not enjoy myself. There were so few objects of taste in the rooms, so little sun shine and geniality in the faces, I seemed turning to stone and the natures around me appeared so dull and cold that I wondered if they really were so ; if this system of parental constraint, this power of will and command had actually formed the characters and moulded the dispositions of these children. As I was studying educational influences, I determined to watch closer. I did not wait long for some rather startling developments.

Tom's chamber was next to mine, and they were the only sleeping rooms on that side of the house. I had once or twice heard a peculiar noise outside in the middle of the night, and on this night at about one o'clock the same sound was repeated. I softly stole to the window and looked out. A light knotted rope had been fastened from the next window to the ground, as if for the purpose of training a vine, and up this rope Thomas Norton

was making his way like a squirrel. He entered the window, and with a chuckle and a whispered "good-night," to some companions below, who answered with a low laugh, he shut the window and went to bed. I determined for the present, to say nothing of what I had seen, but I thought a great deal.

The next morning, at a time when the girls were usually in their rooms getting their lessons, I was seized with a sudden desire to go to the top of the house and look out of the scuttle window to see if I could get a view of the Weehawk hills. Picking my way carefully among piles of old furniture, I reached the rough board steps which led to the roof, when looking between them, I saw Ellen in a corner, almost hidden by an old feather bed, intently engaged in reading. She started when she saw me, and hastily hid her book; but not before I had seen the name of Eugene Sue in large letters on the bright yellow cover. I went to the window and saw the Weehawken hills, not as I had seen them fourteen years before, a bower of green, but studded with what appeared to be gorgeous marble palaces, stretching away in the distance like the perspective in one of Martin's pictures. At the foot of the stairs as I came down, stood Ellen. "Cousin Patty," said she, "you think me a very bad girl."

"I think it wrong to deceive your mother, Ellen."

"I know it is, I know it. But I do love poetry and novels so, and mother never lets me read them as other girls do."

"She would not like you to read the works of Eugene Sue."

"I would not read them if I could get anything else. If she would once in a while let me read one of Dickens' stories, or even, one of Scott's or Edgeworth's novels, I should be satisfied. She makes no distinctions. She would not let me read the Wide, Wide World, or even The Lady of the Manor, because they are *novels*."

"And your sister, does she read these books?"

"She takes turns with me. One of us is always in the room to make an excuse for the other. You won't tell mother? Don't."

I left her without a word. What could I say? What should I do? That afternoon I was left alone with the three younger

children. Mrs. Norton had been invited to go early and take tea with an old friend, and she asked Cousin Patty to stay with the little ones, charging them not to litter the room nor soil their aprons. The shutting of the street door was the signal for Jenny to begin dancing, jumping, racing, singing, laughing, shouting, in a most wild and remarkable manner. The two little boys caught the spirit, and such a hubbub I have seldom heard. Every hoarded toy was brought forth. Horses were driven careering round the room, drums were beating, trumpets were screeching, chairs were overturned, aprons were torn, and I was almost frightened. Eliza and Ellen appeared and joined in the uproar. This state of things lasted for an hour ; when, suddenly, the father appeared at the door. I expected a scene of dismay and condign punishment among the unruly flock, but they seemed to feel that there was nothing to fear. He smiled, and called upon the girls to restore order, which they soon did.

As I was alone, Mr. Norton contrary to his usual custom, remained for an hour after tea ; and I was astonished to find how conversable and agreeable he could be be. His countenance lighted up, and he seemed like one relieved from an habitual pressure. He apologized for the children, saying they were generally good children, but that it required their mother to keep them in order. " She is a little too strict with them, perhaps, and that I suppose is the reason they go to such extremes when she is away."

" Father," said little Neddy, " I wish mother would stay away a whole year."

After Jenny was in bed, I went to her room. " Jenny," I said, " don't you want me to hear your prayers, now your mother is away ?"

" I don't want to say my prayers," said Jenny. " I don't like to. I never do except when mother makes me."

I returned to the sitting-room where I found the two girls engaged in an animated conversation on the delights of a visit they had made the year before to an aunt, a sister of their father. Their countenances usually so dull and apathetic, lighted up as they described the pictures, the pretty furniture of the rooms, and the charming way in which they passed their evenings.

Ellen declared that the only thing in life she looked forward to with any pleasure, was the making her aunt another visit, and getting away for a while from her "old, dull, musty home." "I wonder if every body hates home as badly as I do, cousin Patty."

"It seems to me if I had a home I should love it dearly," said I.

"Well, it seems to me natural to hate home. I am always glad to get away, I know."

"Why are you?"

"O! I don't know; mother never tells us do what we wish to, and she always makes us do what we don't like to. To be sure she teaches us to mind her, that is, when she is by; but she does not enter into our feelings; she can't, I suppose."

Presently, Mrs. Norton came in. There was no pleasant greeting between mother and daughter. The first salute was an expression of displeasure that they were still up, though it was but fifteen minutes after their bed-time. They took a hasty leave and I followed. My feelings were very much disturbed. I know it was foolish to permit myself to be so much excited by what did not really affect me, but I could not help it. "What a failure!" I exclaimed to myself, as soon as I had locked my door. "What a miserable failure!" A pattern woman indeed! A pattern family! I would a thousand times rather live with Maria Dilmer, though Willie, (the dear little rogue, how I long to kiss him,) should tear every dress I have into shreds! No love! no sympathy! no warmth! nothing exercised but iron will, and nothing aimed at but the most barren, practical, external life. No wonder they deceive her. Look at Thomas in his midnight escapades, and Ellen hiding herself in a dark corner of the garret in order to get a little pleasure; and little Jenny hating to say her prayers; and Neddy wishing his mother would stay away a year. It is worse than at Mrs. Dater's, for there, they, at least, did not deceive. Government without influence, submission without affection, activity without development;—there is a radical defect somewhere. It is in the heart, the heart, yes, and in the judgment also. She a sensible woman! But does good-sense lead to such mistakes as she is making? How strangely the world is imposed upon.

At first, I thought I would have a talk with Mrs. Norton, and try to enlighten her a little. Then I reflected that she was armed so strong in her own good opinion that anything I could say would not merely fail of doing good, but would be considered the height of presumption. I remembered my conversation with Mrs. Dater, and its unpleasant termination. And after all, why should I fret myself about other people's mistakes? The dream that I might find a pleasant home here had vanished. I would rather live alone in some deserted cabin, than in so cold and cheerless an atmosphere. But I could leave her quietly. That was easy enough; and that I was resolved to do, after a visit of very moderate length.

I don't know how it is, but there is something in my temper that always leads me to do just the thing I don't intend to do. My feelings had become quiet, and I had prudently resolved to be silent, but the very next day, I found myself expressing my opinion in the freest possible manner. Mrs. Norton had remarked in her self-satisfied, dictatorial way, that naturally, all children were alike; that all were made and formed by education. I dissented from this, decidedly. I thought there was a great original difference in different minds; and that education should be adapted to the natural bent, if we wished to obtain any thing bright or good. Mrs. Norton, as usual, insisted upon her opinion. We kept upon generals for a while, but presently, she mounted her hobby, her own children and her own mode of training them. "I am so determined," said she, "to form my children myself, that if I perceive any particular inclination, I take special pains to counteract it. Thomas had an extreme desire to be an artist; and since that was forbidden, he is crazy to learn drawing as an accomplishment. He would sit up half the night engaged with his pencil if I would permit him. He would spend every shilling of his money if I did not prevent it. But I do. I insist upon his remaining in the parlor till bed-time; and I don't allow a picture to come into the house. He hates the store, but a merchant he must be and a good one. I make him do several sums in arithmetic every evening. He often makes a mistake, but the trees and cascades with which he fills up every corner of his slate are perfect nature.

Eliza loves music and fancy work, so I set her to make puddings and pies, and writing out recipes. Ellen is active, and has quite a turn for domestic affairs, but she cannot be taught to make a strait line, therefore I am determined that she shall be taught drawing. The difficulty of doing what they have no mind to do, will sharpen their faculties; and the effort to overcome their natural inclinations will give them self-control. I have begun even with Jenny and little Ned. Jenny would be glad to sing, and dance the live-long day; so I keep her on her stool with her needle. Ned would kiss and caress half the time, but I won't permit it. He and Jenny would give away every thing they have if left to themselves, and therefore, I always insist upon the most exact division. No one among them ever has a particle more of a good thing than the others. They would all like to see the house filled with ornaments. They would love to dress, visit and read novels, and spend their evenings in gaiety; but I will have no such useless expense, or topsy-turvy doings in my house. I want them to grow up sober, religious people, and good members of society, and I am determined they shall be so.

Mrs. Norton stopped; and with my ideas and feelings, it was not in human nature to hold my peace. "Why cousin," said I, "for a woman of your sense you astonish me. Don't you perceive that you are disgusting your children with their home, and almost with life? That your plan will inevitably repress all beautiful and harmonious development, and leave them crude, unformed, and dissatisfied? Why not let Thomas employ a portion of his leisure in drawing? He delights in it; he would excel in it. It is an accomplishment which would beautify his life and his home; and who knows from what bad companions and what nightly dissipation it might save him? And why should you counteract Eliza's taste for music? It is an art which gives more pleasure to its possessor than any other, and is, more than any other, a gift of nature; and yet, to those who have not this charming gift, it is misery to be forced to it. Why force Ellen against her inclination? Why not let her follow her own bent? With her taste for construction and arrangement, she would make a charming little house-keeper. With the simplest materials, I observe she has made her own chamber the prettiest room in the house. And lit-

tle Jenny with her sanguine, active temperament, remember she is a playful little child, and don't for pity's sake keep her so long on that miserable stool. As for Ned, dear little Ned, how any human being, how any mother's heart can resist the caresses of such a sweet little fellow, is more than I can conceive. It really seems to me that it is your, that it is every parent's duty to make home a pleasant and happy place for children. Not to permit them to be masters and mistresses as I confess too many do; but to consider their youth, to give them reasonable indulgences, to enter into their feelings and to sympathize with them. To follow in some measure, the indications of nature in their development and culture, thus giving them a chance to attain excellence in their pursuits and to find pleasure in them. How can a mother who has merely the outward submission of her children, who has never gained their love and confidence, expect to influence them in the highest and most important of all objects; how can she lead them to love and gratitude toward a heavenly Parent, if they know not the feeling toward an earthly one? How are they to learn the pleasure of magnanimity and self-denial, when they are not even permitted to yield to a generous, self-renouncing impulse? How can it be expected that they will grow up indifferent to the pleasures of sense, when even in the low gratification of eating, they are taught to consider it an injustice for one to receive the slightest indulgence less than the others?"

Mrs. Norton was confounded, not by my reasoning, but my audacity. A little old-maid cousin from the country to lecture her upon a subject where she considered her own knowledge and practice perfect,—a model! It was rather too much. She gave me to understand that she thought so. Perhaps it was. I had been hurried away by my feelings, and the impulsive frankness of my disposition. However, Mrs. Norton was not a woman easily to forgive; and though I was sorry I had offended her, I could not retract.

My third visit was yet to be made, and I fixed an early day for leaving. The children, particularly Jenny and little Ned, bewailed my departure, but I was not sorry to leave a place so little congenial to my taste. My remaining visit will be described in another chapter.

THE PRAYER FOR LIFE.

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

'Twas morn—the fierce and phrenzied hour had passed;
All low and gasping on his couch he lay;
The fever flame, which burned too bright to last,
Had left the cheek and forehead pale as clay;
But, with the calmer pulse, alas! alas!
Came gloomy thought with reason's steady ray,
Thus, to the Lord of life, I heard him pray.

"Father of all created beings, Thou,
Thyself the only uncreated One,
Before thy throne, this radiant morn, I bow,
Whose glory knows no rise, no set of sun.
Behold! that strange, mysterious night draws near,
With rapid, noiseless steps, the night of death;
Before its gloom, the spirit shrinks with fear,
And faint and gasping comes the shortened breath.

Must the decree go forth? To die! to die!
And must I tread *alone* that gloomy road?
Ah! whither can the trembling spirit fly?
Where will it find its last and sure abode?
Oh! gently still the spirit's wild alarm,
And calm the raging tempest's ceaseless wrath,
For I am weary of the clouds and storm
That ever circle round my onward path.

Oh! spare me yet a little longer, then,
'Till some more lasting good my life has known;
I am not fit to touch Thy garment's hem,
Much less to stand before Thy glorious throne.
Thy strength unto the feeble body give,
And let the mind its wonted powers regain;
Oh! gentle Lamb of God, for sinners slain,
Thou wilt not let me plead with Thee in vain."

He ceased. No sound the solemn silence broke,
And yet a voice the listening spirit heard,
Like the low thrilling strains, by angels woke,
Fell the soft echo of each soothing word.

"Fear not the terrors of a judge severe,
Nor yet the horrors of the gloomy grave!
Is my ear heavy that it cannot hear?
Or my arm shortened that it cannot save?

It shall be well with thee, in life, or death—
(My child draw closer to thy Father's side,)
For from thy earliest to thy latest breath,
My arm shall guard thee, and my hand shall guide.
When o'er thy head shall roll death's fearful wave,
These solemn words of mine remember well,
I will not leave thee in the gloomy grave,
Nor will I doom thee to the House of Hell."

CHRISTIAN SUBMISSION.

BY REV. THOMAS SHEPHARD D. D.

"The morning cometh and also the night." Great and surprising changes attend the rapid flight of time. The morning light and the evening shades are fit emblems of the joys and sorrows which cast their varied hues across the pathway of life, from the cradle to the grave. The past! How checkered the scene! How quick the transition from the joyous tints of morning to the gathering shadows of night! From the mount of vision all bright and cheering, how rapidly have we descended into the valley of darkness and tears. "In the garden there was a sepulchre." The bow with its variegated colors, upon which we loved to gaze, passed away, and the heavens were overcast with clouds and tempests.

The future! Its destinies are wisely hidden in the sealed book of secret things which belong to God,

Nor dares the favorite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

One who has often drunk of the bitter cup, and is, therefore, the better prepared to sympathize with those who suffer adversity, would take this opportunity to address a few familiar considerations to the readers of this journal, which may lead them to bear the trials and afflictions of life with a quiet and cheerful submission to the will of heaven.

If any whose eyes may fall on these pages, find, on retrospection, no sad changes crowding the mind with sorrow, their circumstances in life must certainly differ from the common lot of humanity. If any look forward, anticipating an even current, unruffled by the adverse winds which bring disaster and distress upon the body, the mind, or estate, they are certainly preparing for grievous disappointment. How true to common experience the proverb, "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." "Go to now, ye that say to day, or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell and get gain; whereas, ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." The fairest prospects of gain and of affluence, often vanish in a moment. Riches in present possession, take to themselves wings and disappear in an hour. The countenance indicative of health and long life may soon wear the lineaments of wasting disease and premature decline: To day, the voice of health and joyous hope may echo through every apartment of your happy home. To-morrow the destroyer may enter and lay his icy hand on the partner of your bosom, the hand which toils for your subsistence, or the child of your fondest hopes; and the wail of sorrow is heard there, and the grave opens its dreary cavern to receive your dead from your sight.

With many whom I address, this is neither fancy nor fiction but sober history. The present year has disclosed an unusual number of fatal disasters upon the great thorough-fares of travel by land and water in our own vicinity. Many of our most useful and respected citizens have been suddenly arrested by death in its most appalling forms, away from home and at a moment when they least suspected danger. To many an unsuspecting family, the first intelligence of the disaster has been the arrival of the mangled remains of a father, mother, brother or sister, son, or daughter, whose happy return, in health and life, was eagerly waited for at the self-same hour. Alas, what a disappointment! Language is too feeble to describe the scene. Think of that awful plunge at Norwalk, in which *forty five* persons were, in a moment transferred from among the living to the dead! Think of the many dependent fathers, mothers, widows and orphans whose hearts were rived with sor-

rows which no tongue can utter, by that event! And yet this is only the latest tragedy that fills up many a dark page in the history of providence, during a few past months. Contemplate these things, and tell me if this sin-smitten earth is not rightly styled "a vale of tears?"

And when your reflections are turned upon the days of darkness which are many, let your mind rest upon the thought that *afflictions are a needful discipline in our present imperfect state.* Were we as pure as the angels of light, then might we be safely permitted to share in their unalloyed pleasures. But it is not so; and, therefore, offences must needs come. The rod must be felt in some form. Pride must be abased. The love of this world must be held in check. Inordinate propensities must be mortified, the aspiring of ambition subdued, the temper mellowed, and the inner man developed by a process of trials frequently and fitly compared with action of an intensely heated furnace upon the precious metals. What greater calamity could befal a young man, constituted as he is, than to be borne along upon a smooth and prosperous element, up into manhood and mature age, without a ruffle or a breaker to test his patience, and discipline his skill and self-reliance? Examine the records of history and see if you can find an individual distinguished, for patient endurance, unflinching integrity, and self-denying devotion to the good of his country, his kindred, and the church, who was not trained for such eminent services, in the school of adversity and trial. Even Jesus, the captain of our salvation, was made perfect through suffering. Let not, then, sinful men, dash aside the cup given them to drink, though it may be bitter to the taste.

Another consideration may aid us in our patient endurance of evil. *Providence wisely adapts afflictions, both in kind and degree, to our particular case.* Not that they are meted out in exact proportion to our ill deserts. Here was the mistake of Job's friends. This is not a state of exact retribution. But He who knoweth the hearts of the children of men selects the best means to accomplish his purposes. He knew just what trials would best develope the character of Abraham. He knew in what circumstances Hezekiah would the most clearly manifest what there was in his heart. Pharoah, Ahab and Judas Iscariot were

placed just in those circumstances which would manifest to the world their individual, ruling passion. No one who cherishes iniquity in his heart, who indulges in secret habits of evil, can calculate on screening his true character from the light of day. From the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak out. Circumstances and trials will develope the man. That which is done in secret will be proclaimed upon the house-tops.

The man, who wishes to lay aside every weight and the sins which most easily beset him, will have no desire to conceal iniquity in his heart. His daily prayer will be, "search me, O God, and know my heart, try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." The development may be mortifying, the ordeal may be like the dividing asunder of the soul and the spirit, the joints and the marrow, a moral crucifixion which is painful to flesh and blood, but its tendency is to humble that which exalteth itself, and to subdue the carnal mind, to purify the heart, and to concentrate the affections on things unseen and eternal. "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."

Afflictions if borne with a proper spirit, are among the most effective means of sanctification. No one can look into the Scriptures, or study the history of the faithful, without seeing this sentiment written on every page. "Every branch in me that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bear more fruit." "For our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." There is a promise that the loss of earthly good shall be more than made up to us, if it be rightly borne. But I know of no promise that the loss of afflictions shall ever be made up to us. If in this life we escape chastisement wholly, if we receive all our good things here, our loss will be irreparable.

Why then should you repine when the hand of your heavenly Father is laid upon you? It may be only to dethrone some idol for which you have long prayed in that beautiful stanza of Cowper:

"The dearest idol I have known,
What e'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only Thee."

It may be the cutting asunder of those cords which hold you too closely to earth, that you may the more freely rise to the communion of God and the hope of heaven. Feel the wound you may to tears, and even beyond tears, but do not murmur nor distrust his loving kindness. Roll all your burdens upon Him and be still. There is nothing so quieting to our spirits naturally anxious and restless, as to lose ourselves in God by a constant nearness and communion with Him. He lives and moves around us in his providence, and though clouds and darkness sometimes intervene, yet He is ever the same; He changes not.

"Trust in the Lord at all times and do good, and verily shalt thou dwell in the Lord and be fed. Thou Lord, wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

THE MILITARY BALL; OR, ONLY THIS ONCE.

BY E. W. A.

For some weeks our village had been blessed with a revival of religion. Converts were numbered from all classes and of all ages. Strong, sturdy manhood, and gentle woman; the child over whose head had passed a few fleeting summers, and the man bowed by the snows of many winters.

And that band of gay young men; who met so often over the sparkling wine cup! Several of them were deeply impressed with a sense of their lost condition, and two of them were already inquiring, in tones of heartfelt earnestness, the way to eternal life. At last the leader of the club became alarmed — something must be done to arrest the contagion, or their convivial party would be broken up. A consultation was held, and a military ball decided upon.

But while this resolution was passing in the festive hall, a far different scene might have been witnessed in the house of God. There, immortal spirits were consulting on the fearful question of their eternal destiny. That evening, two young ladies were added to their number. One of them was the child of pious

parents, who had carefully instructed her in the things pertaining to her eternal well-being. In person beautiful, in disposition amiable, and with manners affable and engaging, her society was eagerly sought by her young associates. Many were the temptations thrown in her path, yet nobly had she resisted them. It seemed to be her highest ambition to set an example worthy of imitation for those younger than herself. Yet with all those noble and endearing qualities of mind and character, one thing was wanting, and without that, her mother assured her that she could not be accepted by a pure and holy God, any more than the vilest sinner, hardened by a long career of crime and folly. But Maria could not feel this, and, therefore, many and fervent were the prayers offered by the mother for her first born.

When the revival commenced, hope sprang up anew in the mother's heart. More frequent and fervent were her prayers in behalf of her beloved child. Still more earnestly did she entreat the great Shepherd to call the wandering lamb to his heavenly fold.

And now to her joy she found that praying breath is never spent in vain. Coming one day from her closet, her daughter threw herself into her arms, exclaiming in the bitterness of a wounded spirit, "Oh, mother, I am such a sinner! I have been so proud, so self-confident, I don't know what the Lord will do with me!" The next evening she repaired again to the prayer meeting, and with her came another lady, an intimate friend, though wholly unlike in character and disposition. Their mothers, also, were still more dissimilar. Maria's mother was a devoted Christian. She lived herself and endeavored to train her children for eternity. But the mother of Eliza Jane lived for this world only. She laid her treasure up here, and "where that is the heart will be also." It was not to be wondered at therefore, that Eliza loved the world; that she prized the glittering chain, the brilliant gem, and the rich attire more highly than the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." It was not strange that she loved the excitement of the ball-room, and that she was so often seen threading the intricate wanderings of the mazy dance.

Maria invited her to attend the meeting, hoping she might become interested in the important subject of her soul's salvation. The result was in accordance with her hopes. Eliza did not know exactly the character of the meeting to which she was invited. Her sympathies were easily excited, and when she heard one and another speak of their sinfulness and danger, when she heard Maria express her determination to give her heart to God, her own fears were aroused, and she too resolved to forsake the world with its alluring vanities, and set her face heaven-ward.

The next morning a gentleman handed Maria an invitation to the ball. Surprised and grieved at the evident recklessness of the managers, she remonstrated with the gentleman on the untimely appointment, and entreated him to give up the project. But he only laughed, endeavoring by ridicule to shake her resolution. She replied, however, "Mr. F——, I cannot with my present feelings attend the ball. Too long already have I trifled with the strivings of the Spirit, and should I again turn a deaf ear to its friendly warning, I fear the door of mercy will be forever closed against me."

"Why Maria, exclaimed the gentleman, smiling, you are quite an orator, I really believe that Spirit you talk about so pathetically, has given you a call to preach. Do you really think it so very sinful to attend a dance?"

"I think it sinful for *me* to attend one with my present feelings," she replied. As he was about to utter some idle jest, she interrupted him by saying solemnly, "William F——, laugh now if you will; but be assured the time will come, when you will view these things in a different light. Would that I could persuade you to give up these follies, and seek the ark of safety ere it be too late."

"But Maria," said the gentleman, "I wish to ask you one question. If there is a reality in religion, if Christians do find so much enjoyment in it, why do they seek the amusements of the ball-room and theatre?"

"Before I answer your question," she returned, "you must prove that they do visit those places."

"Do visit them!" exclaimed Mr. F—— in a tone of contempt,

"Does not Dea. M—— and his wife attend the theatre? And do they not enjoy it as well, and enter into its spirit as fully, as any one present? And is not our first manager for this very ball, a church-member?" "I know all that," replied Maria, "to their shame be it spoken. I know that many church members visit these places, but I do not believe they are Christians. "By their fruits shall ye know them," said our Savior. Who would wish to be summoned from the ball-room to a death bed, or to the judgment? And who will pretend that these amusements prepare the mind for the discharge of Christian duty? It is a fatal mistake to think that those who have once tasted the sweets of redeeming love, need the amusements of the world to add to their enjoyment. No sir, it is because they do not relish those pure and exalted pleasures. It is because they have never learned to speak the sweet language of Canaan. Because their hearts have never been attuned to the melodious strains of the seraphic choir, that they fall back upon the insipid joys of earth."

She paused, thinking she had said too much, and expecting some sarcastic reply. But, to her great surprise, he said,

"I believe you are right, Maria. Indeed, your words are but the echo of the voice of my own conscience. For, to tell the truth, gay as I have been, thoughtless as I have appeared, I have long felt that these amusements are really unworthy the attention of rational, intelligent beings. And, if it is indeed true, that this life is but the dawn of our existence; if the influence we exert while playing our part in life's great drama, takes hold upon eternal realities, then surely we have motives sufficient to lead us to forsake forever the alluring follies of the ball-room."

"And will you not forsake them, asked Maria? Will you, can you longer turn a deaf ear to the still small voice that urges you to a life more consistent with man's high destiny? Oh! if you would but take a decided stand on the Lord's side how much good you might do.

"And I will," he replied, as he arose to go. "I thank you for the example you have set me. I will endeavor to profit by it." Thus saying, he left her, but not till he had given his word, that he would leave no means untried to break up the ball.

As soon as Mr. F—— had gone, Maria proceeded to call on

her friend Eliza. She found her busily engaged in preparing for the contemplated amusement.

"My dear Eliza," she exclaimed, is it possible you are intending to go to this ball? Are the resolutions of last evening so soon forgotten?" "No," Eliza replied sadly, "I have not forgotten the resolutions I made last evening, but I do not see how I can avoid going once more. Brother has given me a beautiful dress and these costly ornaments, on condition that I wear them at the ball. And I promised him I would go. I do not think that going once more, will make any difference. And I am fully resolved that this shall be the last time. I told mother this morning that to please her, I would go once more, and then I should leave such scenes forever."

"Oh! that once more. How many has it ruined," said Maria. "Eliza, beware lest it ruin you also! Trifle not with the strivings of the Holy Spirit. I feel that this is a critical moment to both of us. Has not the Lord often called us, and have we not as often refused to listen? Now God is calling us again. If we refuse this offer, have we not every reason to fear that He will "swear in his wrath we shall not enter into His rest." Go to the ball if you will, but you go without me. I am resolved to become a Christian. I have seen enough of worldly sorrow, to make me long for that "peace the world cannot give, or take away."

And now, my dear friend, will you not give me your hand, and say that you will seek that peace with me? Maria extended her hand, hoping Eliza would clasp it and give the promise she desired. But no, the hand was not clasped. She sat with her eyes fixed upon those glittering jewels, as if she were balancing the merits of the two worlds before her. Maria caught her hand, exclaiming," "Promise me, dear Eliza, that you will not go to this ball."

"Oh Maria!" said Eliza, bursting into tears, "do not talk so to me; you know I must go, for I promised N—— this morning, that I would go, and cousin William said he should persuade you to go."

"I saw your cousin not an hour since, replied Maria, and he gave me his word that he would not be seen in the ball-room to-night. I presume he will try to persuade you to give it up also."

"Then I shall not meet him, for I have promised to go, and mother and brother both, would be very much disappointed if I refuse. You know the Bible enjoins obedience to parents."

"Yes," said Maria, "the Bible does command us to obey our parents in the Lord, but when parents stand between us and our duty to God, does it not command us to forsake father and mother, yea all that we have, if we would be the disciples of Jesus? There need be no mistake here. The Bible is very explicit, and through it, God is now saying to you, "He that loveth father and mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." What will it profit you, if you gain the favor of the whole world and lose your own soul?

The two friends separated. Eliza Jane to prepare for the evening, Maria to pray for her deluded friends, who seemed resolved to trifle with their eternal interests.

In the early part of the afternoon, Eliza commenced dressing for the dance. But while busy with ribbons and laces, she could not banish from her mind the remarks she had just heard. Once she turned away from the glass, and, bursting into tears, said, "I shall be so glad when this is over. Then I shall certainly renounce all such amusements. I suppose I must go this once, but it is the last time." She then completed her arrangements, little thinking that it was indeed the last time she was ever to dress for that, or any other purpose. Oh! could she have realized this, could she have known that before another sun had run its daily course, she would be called to try the dread realities of another world, how different would have been her views and feelings!

At the appointed time a carriage appeared to convey her to the hall of mirth and revelry.

The tender mother, with affectionate but mistaken kindness went to her room to see that her beautiful child was dressed with suitable care and taste. As she gazed upon her blooming, lovely countenance, where the lilly and the rose strove for the mastery, her heart swelled with emotions of gratified pride and affection.

Fondly kissing the fair cheek, she congratulated her child on having regained her spirits. "I am really glad," said she, "to

see you looking so cheerful to-night. Go now, dear, and be sure you do not dance too much, or stay out too late."

The fair girl turned away to hide the tears which would flow as she thought of all that had passed within the few last days.

The carriage soon bore her away. Her mother watched from the window as long as it could be seen, and turned away to weep. Conscience was beginning to awake after long slumbers, and its voice could no longer be disregarded. The pointed arrows of remorse entered her soul, and her heart strings, so long and so thoroughly encased in worldliness and indifference, now vibrated with thrilling anguish beneath the lacerating stroke. "I have done wrong," said she, "to urge my child against her convictions of duty, but will never do it again. Thus tortured with remorse, and striving to gain relief in good resolves for future time, hour after hour passed slowly by. A dark presentiment of evil entered her mind, and seemed not only to overshadow, but also to overpower her spirit.

Eliza arrived safely and entered the brilliant throng, resolved to banish thought and enjoy herself. Every arrangement had been made to contribute to their enjoyment and make the evening pass pleasantly away. But why should we attempt a description? Why speak of the splendor of that gas-lighted hall, with its beautiful festoons of evergreen and flowers of various hue? Why describe the rich, military uniform, or the gay attire of those symmetrical forms, or the soul-stirring strains of music to which the flying feet so merrily responded? Would that the recollection of that night, might go to oblivion, never more to revive again. But that cannot be. To some minds at least, those few short hours of forced gayety and mirth, will be ever present; for they were broken in upon, by terrible realities.

Eliza had danced two figures, but when asked to go upon the floor again, she declined, saying gayly, that she preferred to look on, and criticise the rest. She was joked about "conscientious scruples" by some, and urged by others, until she consented. "O, thank you," said the gentleman to whom she gave her hand, "I was fearful that you too, were about to join the saints." "O no," she replied, "I mean to enjoy myself in this world, and let the next take care of itself." These words were hardly uttered

when she was seized with a fainting fit, and fell nearly lifeless in the arms of her partner. In a moment all was confusion and dismay. With pale faces, and trembling limbs, they bore her to her home, and summoned a physician. Maria too was called to minister to her cherished friend in this, her last extremity.

She gradually recovered her senses, and looked around the room, apparently for some one not there. Maria asked if they should send for a minister?

"It is too late now," was the whispered reply. "O Maria," said the dying girl, you said that fatal *once more* would be my ruin, but I did not think it would be so. Tell them all to take warning by me, and never trust again to that fearful ONCE MORE."

The physician could not deceive them, as to the nature of the disease. It was a heart complaint of long standing, and the exercise and excitement of the evening, had hastened it to a premature crisis. The village pastor had been sent for, and he arrived just in time to witness the expiring struggle. It was a scene of terror and anguish, such as I never wish to behold again. It was the counterpart of Warren's thrilling sketch, "Death at the Toilet:" for here too, was a "corpse dressed for a ball!"

But, if our sympathies had been excited for the dying, there was one among the living, who was, if possible a greater sufferer. This was the wretched mother, who had urged the child on to self-destruction. Driven to insanity by the tortures of remorse, she was continually calling upon her murdered child, and saying that the blood of her soul was upon her hands!

Do I see the tear of sympathy glistening in some parent's eye, as they peruse the sad fate of this heart-stricken mother? O, beware, lest you be compelled to take up the fearful lamentation, "I have murdered my child!"

And you, heedless youth, whose eye may glance over these pages; is there no warning here for you? Are you not even now, indulging a procrastinating spirit, putting off for a more convenient season, the great work of repentance, resolving "*once more*," to taste the cup of worldly pleasure? To you also, I would say, "Beware, lest that fatal *once more* lead you on to irretrievable ruin!

POCAHONTAS.

BY MARY GRACE HALPING.

Brave, noble princess, Pocahontas! When
Exposed to cruel death by savage men,—
With sinking heart, and forehead pale as clay,
The gallant Captain bound and helpless lay;
And the proud chieftain of that mighty band
Raised the dread weapon in his powerful hand!

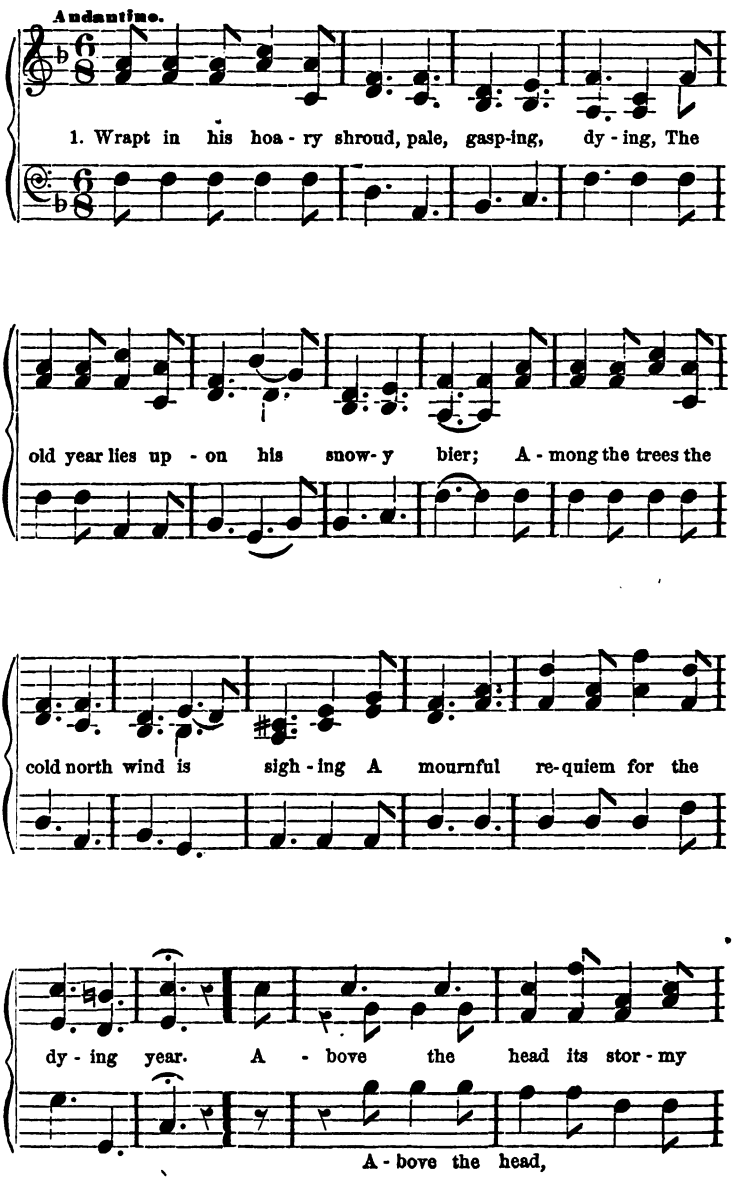
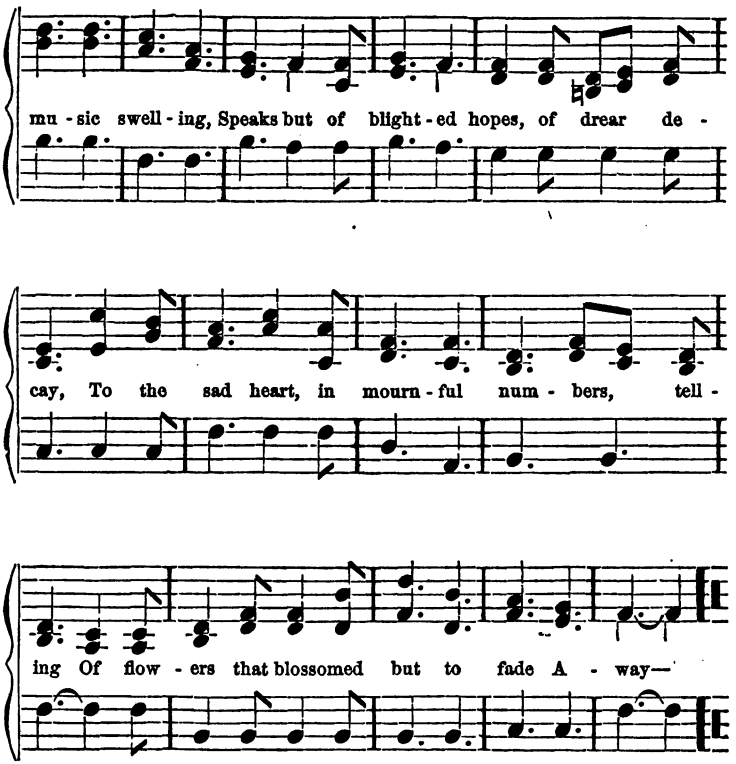
Quick to his side his royal daughter flew,
Around the Captain's form her arms she threw;
"Strike! father," she exclaimed, with gasping breath,
"And doom, with cruel hand, your child to death."

The club dropped low, the savage eye grew mild,
(For well the royal chieftain loved his child,)
"Daughter," he said, "harm may not come to thee,
I let the Captain, for thy sake, go free."

Heroic maiden! with the dusky brow,
But pure, self-sacrificing spirit, how
Does thy warm zeal, all fear of death above,
Rebuke our feebler trust, our colder love!

THE DYING YEAR.

Words by MARY GRACE HALPINE. Music by L. H. SOUTHARD.


Andantino.
1. Wrapt in his hoa - ry shroud, pale, gasp-ing, dy - ing, The
old year lies up - on his snow- y bier; A - mong the trees the
cold north wind is sigh - ing A mournful re-quiem for the
dy - ing year. A - bove the head its stor - my
A - bove the head,

mu - sic swell - ing, Speaks but of blight - ed hopes, of drear de -
cay, To the sad heart, in mourn - ful num - bers, tell -
ing Of flow - ers that blossomed but to fade A - way—

2.

Speaks softly of the dear ones calmly sleeping,
  Who taste no more earth's dark, corroding fears,
Whom God has taken to his holy keeping,
  And given a heritage of endless years—
Tells sadly of the joys we might have tasted,
  But for dark passion's wild and stormy sway,
Of days misspent, of precious moments wasted,
  And opportunities now passed away.

3.

A little while, and Spring's refulgent glory,
  Beamed like a halo, round his form; but now
His head with Winter's snow is bowed and hoary,
  And lines of care are graven on his brow;
And when his farewell requiem is blending
  With the glad anthem of the new born year,
He will, to the Almighty's throne ascending,
  Present his record dimmed with many a tear.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEMOIR OF REV. DR. JUDSON. By Dr. Wayland. In two volumes. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co: Boston.—These volumes, so anxiously expected, have made their appearance. In mechanical execution, they do credit to the publishers, as all their books do. The Life of Mrs. Judson, a book read, we believe, with delight, by all denominations of Christians, has greatly contributed, we have no doubt, to pave the way for a hearty welcome to these volumes. Dr. Judson was a man of extraordinary character, and eminently fitted to perform the prominent part Providence seemed to have assigned him in the great work of the conversion of the world. He carried to his self-denying labors, a patience and an indomitable perseverance, which no discouragements or obstacles could repress. His ambition, sanctified by piety, carried him through dangers, difficulties and duties, which would have appalled ordinary men. He was an indefatigable student, a devoted missionary, an affectionate husband, a kind father, and a faithful friend. These volumes are intensely interesting, and will serve greatly to increase the missionary spirit. We would suggest that they contain too much, namely, 1066 pages, for the great bulk of readers. Books are so rapidly multiplying, that authors and compilers must study condensation and brevity.

LECTURES TO YOUNG WOMEN. By William G. Eliot. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston.—This book is a series of sermons, upon the duties and responsibilities of woman. It has reached its third edition,—a proof of its popularity and adaptation to the purpose for which it is written. Inculcating the purest morality, and deeply imbued with the spirit of religion, it is one of those very few books, that a father may safely place in the hands of his daughter.

THE CHILD'S MATIN AND VESPERS. By a Mother. Published by Crosby, Nichols & Co. Boston.—This is a very excellent little manual, designed for the use of children. We earnestly recommend it to the attention of every mother, who is desirous of early leading her children to Him who has said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

NEW MUSIC. Published by O. Ditson, 115 Washington Street, Boston. *Farewell*,—composed by B. C. Converse; *Little Topsy's Song*,—Words by Miss Eliza Cook, Music, by Asa B. Hutchinson. This song and music are deservedly as popular, in the music world, as Uncle Tom's Cabin in the literary, and will outlive it; *Mary O'Shane*,—Music by Mrs. Johnson; *The Dying Soldier*, quartette, sung by the Baker family,—Music by N. Baker; *Hope On, and yet Rejoice*,—Words by Charles Jeffreys; Music, by Charles W. Glover; *Something Pretty*, Polka composed by Alonzo D. Greely; *Poor Folks Polka*, by Charles C. Converse.

LIGHT ON THE DARK RIVER; *or Memorials of Mrs. Henrietta A. L. Hamlin*, Missionary to Turkey. By Margarette Woods Lawrence. Boston: Tickner, Reed & Fields. — This is a volume of rare excellence, both in its style, compilation, and character delineated. The subject of it was the daughter of Rev. Wm. Jackson, of Dorset, Vt., and the wife of the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, a Missionary in Turkey. She was one of those highly accomplished and devoted female missionaries, whose love to the Saviour, and his cause, in Mahommedan and Pagan lands, was holier and stronger, than to father and mother, friends and country, yea, and their own lives, also. In this Memoir, we have an embodiment of this spirit, in real life. This is a work which we can cheerfully recommend to our readers.

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